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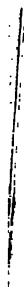


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COWE

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THE
POEMS
OF
WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ
WITH
NOTES
FROM HIS OWN CORRESPONDENCE,
AND
A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

EMBELLISHED
With Engravings from Original Designs,
AND A
PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

London :
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143, STRAND.

1824.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

IF there is one individual whose memoir it is less necessary to prefix to an edition of his works than another, it is the poet, Cowper; nor is it merely on the ground of the particulars of his life being so well known, but because his feelings, character, and situation, are so powerfully and correctly depicted in his poems, that to read them is to make you master of his whole history, character and conduct. It is true the dates of his birth and death, or the fact that he died a bachelor, may not be recorded in his works; but his character is there portrayed in colours the most vivid and the most correct.

William Cowper, the religious poet, as he has been correctly designated, was the son of the Rev. John Cowper, chaplain to his majesty, George II., and rector of Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, where the poet was born, on the 26th of November, 1731. Mr. Cowper's father was the son of the Judge, and nephew of the Lord Chancellor of that name. His mother, in whose veins the blood of Henry III. flowed, was the daughter of Roger Donne, Esq., of Ludlam Hall, in the county of Norfolk; and a woman of the most amiable disposition, and of great mental endowments.

It was under this parent that Cowper first imbibed the rudiments of education, and with them those moral feelings and principles which distinguished him through life. On her death, when in his sixth year, he was consigned to a village school, and afterwards he was sent to that of Westminster, where, in despite of a constitution remarkably delicate, he made great progress.

In 1749, he was articled to an attorney for the most unsuitable to Cowper, and consequent the period, and was afterwards entered of practised the law as a profession. Literary attention, and renewing his acquaintance (the elder,) and Bonnell Thornton, he continued *Connoisseur* for which others got the credit

As the connections of Cowper were of was at the age of thirty-four appointed one of Lords, but his extreme sensibility prevailed his constitution was weak, and had a ten which afterwards, indeed, brought on a clouded the brilliant genius of Cowper. To life is to linger over infirmity and calamity nor were the incidents in the life of Cowper detailed recital. In 1765, he settled at Hulse the Rev. Mr. Unwin; and when this gentleman reside with his widow, one of the most amiable in Buckinghamshire, where he became acquainted with Newton, the author of the "Letters of Omar"

It was not until the year 1782, that Cowper published a volume of his poems, and then it was published with success which attended it induced him to success in the following pages; in addition to the translation of "Homer," in blank verse. The last of those of mental derangement, with lucid intervals by a resignation to the will of providence, scarcely equalled; at length, on the 25th of April 1800, he died of all his sufferings, and he died at Der-

The poetical works of Cowper have been of form, yet such is their popularity, that none called for. The one now offered to the public is elegant; and is embellished with numerous designs, made expressly for the work. See *Cowper's Correspondence*, as well as some in an Appendix, which render this edition has hitherto appeared.

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POEMS.

TABLE TALK.

*Si te fortè meo gravis uret sarcina chartæ,
Abjicito.* *Hor. Lib. 1. Epist. 13.*

A. You told me, I remember, "Glory, built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt;
The deeds, that men admire as half-divine,
Stark naught, because corrupt in their design."
Strange doctrine this! that without scruple tears
The laurel, that the very lightning spares;
Brings down the warrior's trophy to the dust,
And eats into his bloody sword like rust.

B. I grant that, men continuing what they are,
Fierce, avaricious, proud, there must be war:
And never meant the rule should be applied
To him, that fights with justice on his side.

Let laurels, drench'd in pure Parnassian dews,
Reward his mem'ry, dear to ev'ry muse,
Who, with a courage of unshaken root,
In honour's field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that Justice draws,
And will prevail or perish in her cause.
'Tis to the virtues of such men, man owes
His portion in the good that Heav'n bestows.

TABLE TALK.

ing History displays
 enough wrought in ancient days ;
 hearts, that fought and died,
 them, at their country's side ;
 not mov'd with what he reads,
 at their heroic deeds,
 blessings of the brave,
 and born to be a slave.
 infamy pursue
 ought but his ambition true ;
 of filling with one blast
 all Europe, lays her waste.
 -ion'd on a tow'ring rock,
 utter'd like a flock,
 panting at their heels,
 e thirst a tiger feels ;
 proclaim'd in a gazette,
 has plagu'd the nations yet.
 ore in such hands misplac'd
 ominion, how disgrac'd !
 s man mark the fleeting ho
 ythe would better speak hi
 y phantom in their ste
 oulder-knot and gay
 thren in each other's
 apation and success
 ef the world was n
 n on the self-same
 you cannot their
 n to think, man
 the pow'r of lo
 ncy in royal b
 like an inver
 base to stan
 s ! those op
 y, rather, t
 a king-enn

The diadem, with mighty projects lin'd,
To catch renown by ruining mankind,
Is worth, with all its gold and glitt'ring store,
Just what the toy will sell for, and no more.

Oh! bright occasions of dispensing good,
How seldom us'd, how little understood!
To pour in Virtue's lap her just reward;
Keep Vice restrain'd behind a double guard;
To quell the faction that affronts the throne,
By silent magnanimity alone;
To nurse with tender care the thriving arts,
Watch ev'ry beam Philosophy imparts;
To give Religion her unbridled scope,
Nor judge by statute a believer's hope;
With close fidelity and love unfeign'd,
To keep the matrimonial bond unstain'd;
Covetous only of a virtuous praise;
His life a lesson to the land he sways;
To touch the sword with conscientious awe,
Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw;
To sheath it in the peace-restoring close,
With joy beyond what victory bestows;—
Blest country, where these kingly glories shine!
Blest England, if this happiness be thine!

A. Guard what you say; the patriotic tribe
Will sneer and charge you with a bribe.—*B.* A bribe?
The worth of his three kingdoms I defy,
To lure me to the baseness of a lie:
And, of all lies (be that one poet's boast),
The lie that flatters I abhor the most.
Those arts be theirs, who hate his gentle reign;
But he that loves him has no need to feign.

A. Your smooth eulogium to one crown address'd,
Seems to imply a censure on the rest.

B. Quevedo, as he tells his sober tale,
Ask'd, when in hell, to see the royal jail;
Approv'd their method in all other things;
“But where, good sir, do you confine your kings?”

"There" said his guide—"th
 "Indred!" replied the don—
 His black interpreter the cha
 "Few, fellow?—there are all
 Wit, undistinguishing, is apt
 The guilty and not guilty bot
 I grant the sarcasm is too sev
 And we can readily refute it
 While Alfred's name, the fatl
 And the Sixth Edward's, gra

A. Kings, then, at last, hav
 By their own conduct they m

B. True. While they live, t
 His quit-rent ode, his pepper
 And many a dunce, whose fir
 Adds, as he can, his tributary
 A subject's faults a subject n
 A monarch's errors are forbi
 Thus, free from censure, ove
 And prais'd for virtues that
 The fleeting forms of majest
 Respect, while stalking o'er
 Then leave their crimes for
 And ask, with busy scorn,

I pity kings, whom Woi
 Obsequious from the cradl
 Before whose infant eyes t
 And binds a wreath about
 Whom Education stiffens
 And Death awakens from
 Oh! if Servility, with sur
 Whose trade it is to smil
 If smooth Dissimulation,
 A devil's purpose with a
 If smiling peeresses, an
 Encompassing his throi
If the guilt carriage, and
That wants no driving,

If guards, mechanically form'd in ranks,
 Playing, at beat of drum, their martial pranks,
 Should ring, and standing as if struck to stone,
 While condescending majesty looks on!—
 If monarchy consist in such base things,
 Sighing, I say again, "I pity kings!"

To be suspected, thwarted, and withstood,
 E'en when he labours for his country's good;
 To see a band, call'd patriot for no cause,
 But that they catch at popular applause,
 Careless of all th' anxiety he feels,
 Hook disappointment on the public wheels;
 With all their flippant fluency of tongue,
 Most confident, when palpably most wrong;—
 If this be kingly, then farewell for me
 All kingship; and may I be poor and free!

To be the Table Talk of clubs up-stairs,
 To which th' unwash'd artificer repairs,
 T' indulge his genius after long fatigue,
 By diving into cabinet intrigue
 (For what kings deem a toil, as well they may,
 To him is relaxation and mere play);
 To win no praise when well-wrought plans prevail,
 But to be rudely censur'd when they fail;
 To doubt the love his fav'rites may pretend,
 And in reality to find no friend;
 If he indulge a cultivated taste,
 His galleries with the works of art well grac'd,
 To hear it call'd extravagance and waste;
 If these attendants, and if such as these,
 Must follow royalty, then welcome ease;
 However humble and confin'd the sphere,
 Happy the state that has not these to fear.

A. Thus men, whose thoughts contemplative have
 dwelt

On situations that they never felt,
 Start up sagacious, covered with the dust
 Of dreaming, study, and pedantic rust,

And prate and preach about what others prove,
 As if the world and they were hand and glove.
 Leave kingly backs to cope with kingly cares ;
 They have their weight to carry, subjects theirs ;
 Poets, of all men, ever least regret
 Increasing taxes and the nation's debt.
 Could you contrive the payment, and rehearse
 The mighty plan, oracular, in verse,
 No bard, howe'er majestic, old or new,
 Should claim my fix'd attention more than you.

B. Not Brindley nor Bridgewater would essay
 To turn the course of Helicon that way ;
 Nor would the Nine consent the sacred tide
 Should purl amidst the traffic of Cheapside,
 Or tinkle in 'Change Alley, to amuse
 The leathern ears of stock-jobbers and Jews.

A. Vouchsafe, at least, to pitch the key of rhyme
 To themes more pertinent, if less sublime.
 When ministers and ministerial arts ;
 Patriots, who love good places at their hearts ;
 When admirals, extoll'd for standing still,
 Or doing nothing with a deal of skill ;
 Gen'als, who will not conquer when they may,
 Firm friends to peace, to pleasure, and good pay ;
 When Freedom, wounded almost to despair,
 Though Discontent alone can find out where ;
 When themes like these employ the poet's tongue,
 I hear as mute as if a syren sung.
 Or tell me, if you can, what pow'r maintains
 A Briton's scorn of arbitrary chains :
 That were a theme might animate the dead,
 And move the lips of poets cast in lead.

B. The cause, tho' worth the search, may yet elude
 Conjecture and remark, however shrewd.
 They take, perhaps, a well-directed aim,
 Who seek it in his climate and his frame.
 Lib'ral in all things else, yet Nature here
 With stern severity deals out the year.

Winter invades the spring, and often pours
 A chilling flood on summer's drooping flow'rs ;
 Unwelcome vapours quench autumnal beams,
 Ungenial blasts attending curl the streams :
 The peasants urge their harvest, ply the fork
 With double toil, and shiver at their work ;
 Thus with a rigour, for his good design'd,
 She rears her fav'rite man of all mankind.
 His form robust and of elastic tone,
 Proportion'd well, half muscle and half bone,
 Supplies with warm activity and force
 A mind well-lodg'd and masculine of course.
 Hence Liberty, sweet Liberty, inspires
 And keeps alive his fierce but noble fires.
 Patient of constitutional control,
 He bears it with meek manliness of soul :
 But, if Authority grows wanton, woe
 To him that treads upon his free-born toe ;
 One step beyond the bound'ry of the laws
 Fires him at once in Freedom's glorious cause.
 Thus proud Prerogative, not much rever'd,
 Is seldom felt, though sometimes seen and heard ;
 And in his cage, like parrot fine and gay,
 Is kept to strut, look big, and talk away.

Born in a climate softer far than ours,
 Not form'd, like us, with such Herculean pow'rs,
 The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk,
 Give him his lass, his fiddle, and his frisk,
 Is always happy, reign whoever may,
 And laughs the sense of mis'ry far away.
 He drinks his simple bev'rage with a gust ;
 And, feasting on an onion and a crust,
 We never feel th' alacrity and joy,
 With which he shouts and carols *Vive le Roy !*
 Fill'd with as much true merriment and glee,
 As if he heard his king say—"Slave, be free."
 Thus happiness depends, as Nature shows,
 Less on exterior things than most suppose.

Vigilant over all that he has made,
 Kind Providence attends with gracious aid ;
 Bids equity throughout his works prevail,
 And weighs the nations in an even scale ;
 He can encourage Slav'ry to a smile,
 And fill with Discontent a British isle.

A. Freeman and slave, then, if the case be such,
 Stand on a level ; and you prove too much :
 If all men indiscriminately share
 His fost'ring pow'r and tutelary care,
 As well be yok'd by Despotism's hand,
 As dwell at large in Britain's charter'd land.

B. No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
 That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
 The mind attains, beneath her happy reign,
 The growth that Nature meant she should attain ;
 The varied fields of science, ever new,
 Op'ning and wider op'ning on her view,
 She ventures onward with a prosp'rous force,
 While no base fear impedes her in her course.
 Religion, richest favour of the skies,
 Stands most reveal'd before the freeman's eyes ;
 No shades of superstition blot the day,
 Liberty chases all that gloom away ;
 The soul emancipated, unoppress'd,
 Free to prove all things, and hold fast the best,
 Learns much ; and to a thousand list'ning minds
 Communicates with joy the good she finds ;
 Courage in arms, and ever prompt to show
 His manly forehead to the fiercest foe ;
 Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,
 His spirits rising as his toils increase,
 Guards well what arts and industry have won,
 And Freedom claims him for her first-born son.
 Slaves fight for what were better cast away—
 The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway ;
But they, that fight for freedom, undertake
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake :—

Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
 A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.
 O Liberty! the pris'ner's pleasing dream,
 The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme;
 Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse;
 Lost without thee th' ennobling pow'rs of verse;
 Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
 Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires:
 Place me where Winter breathes his keenest air,
 And I will sing, if Liberty be there;
 And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
 In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

A. Sing where you please; in such a cause I grant
 An English poet's privilege to rant;
 But is not Freedom—at least is not ours
 Too apt to play the wanton with her pow'rs,
 Grow freakish, and, o'erleaping ev'ry mound,
 Spread anarchy and terror all around?

B. Agreed. But would you sell or slay your horse
 For bounding and curvetting in his course?
 Or if, when ridden with a careless rein,
 He break away, and seek the distant plain?
 No. His high mettle under good control,
 Gives him Olympic speed, and shoots him to the goal.

Let Discipline employ her wholesome arts;
 Let magistrates alert perform their parts;
 Not skulk or put on a prudential mask,
 As if their duty were a desp'rate task;
 Let active Laws apply the needful curb,
 To guard the Peace, that Riot would disturb;
 And Liberty preserv'd from wild excess,
 Shall raise no feuds for armies to suppress,
 When Tumult lately burst his prison-door,
 And set plebeian thousands in a roar;
 When he usurp'd Authority's just place,
 And dar'd to look his master in the face;
 When the rude rabble's watchword was—Destroy,
 And blazing London seem'd a second Troy;

Liberty blush'd, and hung her drooping head,
Beheld their progress with the deepest dread;
Blush'd, that effects like these she should produce
Worse than the deeds of galley-slaves broke loose
She loses in such storms her very name,
And fierce Licentiousness should bear the blame.

Incomparable gem! thy worth untold;
Cheap tho' blood-bought, and thrown away when so
May no foes ravish thee, and no false friend
Betray thee, while professing to defend!
Prize it, ye ministers; ye monarchs, spare;
Ye patriots, guard it with a miser's care.

A. Patriots, alas! the few that have been found
Where most they flourish, upon English ground,
The country's need have scantily supplied,
And the last left the scene when Chatham died.

B. Not so—the virtue still adorns our age,
Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
In him Demosthenes was heard again;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;
She cloth'd him with authority and awe,
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood, as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave, that dar'd oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembl'd when he rose;
And ev'ry venal stickler for the yoke
Felt himself crush'd at the first word he spoke.

Such men are rais'd to station and command,
When Providence means mercy to a land.
He speaks, and they appear; to him they owe
Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow;
To manage with address, to seize with pow'r
The crisis of a dark, decisive hour:
*So Gideon earn'd a victory not his own;
Subserviency his praise, and that alone.*

Poor England! thou art a devoted deer,
 Beset with ev'ry ill but that of fear.
 Thee nations hunt; all mark thee for a prey;
 They swarm around thee, and thou stand'st at bay.
 Undaunted still, though wearied and perplex'd;
 Once Chatham sav'd thee; but who saves thee next?
 Alas! the tide of pleasure sweeps along
 All, that should be the boast of British Song.
 'Tis not the wreath, that once adorn'd thy brow,
 The prize of happier times, will serve thee now.
 Our ancestry, a gallant, Christian race,
 Patterns of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
 Confess'd a God; they kneel'd before they fought,
 And prais'd him in the victories he wrought.
 Now from the dust of ancient days bring forth
 Their sober zeal, integrity, and worth;
 Courage, ungrac'd by these, affronts the skies,
 Is but the fire without the sacrifice.
 The stream, that feeds the well-spring of the heart,
 Not more invigorates life's noblest part,
 Than Virtue quickens, with a warmth divine,
 The pow'rs, that Sin has brought to a decline.

A. Th' inestimable Estimate of Brown
 Rose like a paper-kite, and charm'd the town;
 But measures plann'd and executed well,
 Shifted the wind that rais'd it, and it fell.
 He trod the very self-same ground you tread,
 And Victory refuted all he said.

B. And yet his judgment was not fram'd amiss;
 Its error, if it err'd, was merely this—
 He thought the dying hour already come,
 And a complete recov'ry struck him dumb.

But that effeminacy, folly, lust,
 Enervate and enfeeble, and needs must;
 And that a nation shamefully debas'd,
 Will be despis'd and tramp'd on at last,
*Unless sweet Penitence her pow'rs renew,
 Is truth, if history itself be true.*

There is a time, and Justice marks the date,
For long-forbearing Clemency to wait;
That hour elaps'd, th' incurable revolt
Is punish'd, and down comes the thunderbolt.
If Mercy *then* put by the threat'ning blow,
Must she perform the same kind office *now*?
May she! and, if offended Heav'n be still
Accessible, and pray'r prevail, she will.
'Tis not, however, insolence and noise,
The tempest of tumultuary joys,
Nor is it yet despondence and dismay
Will win her visits, or engage her stay;
Pray'r only, and the penitential tear,
Can call her smiling down, and fix her here.

But when a country (one that I could name)
In prostitution sinks the sense of shame;
When infamous Venality, grown bold,
Writes on his bosom, *To be let or sold*;
When Perjury, that Heav'n-defying vice,
Sells oaths by tale, and at the lowest price,
Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
To turn a penny in the way of trade;
When Av'rice starves (and never hides his face)
Two or three millions of the human race,
And not a tongue inquires, how, where, or when,
Though conscience will have twinges now and then;
When profanation of the sacred cause
In all its parts, times, ministry, and laws,
Bespeaks a land, once Christian, fall'n and lost,
In all, that wars against that title most;
What follows next, let cities of great name,
And regions long since desolate proclaim.
Nineveh, Babylon, and ancient Rome,
Speak to the present times, and times to come;
They cry aloud, in ev'ry careless ear,
Stop, while ye may; suspend your mad career;
O! learn from our example and our fate,
Learn wisdom and repentance, ere too late.

Not only Vice disposes and preparēs
 The Mind that slumbers sweetly in her snares,
 To stoop to Tyranny's usurp'd command,
 And bend her polish'd neck beneath his hand,
 (A dire effect, by one of Nature's laws,
 Unchangeably connected with its cause ;)
 But Providence himself will intervene,
 To throw his dark displeasure o'er the scene.
 All are his instruments ; each form of war,
 What burns at home, or threatens from afar,
 Nature in arms, her elements at strife,
 The storms that overset the joys of life,
 Are but his rods to scourge a guilty land,
 And waste it at the bidding of his hand.
 He gives the word, and Mutiny soon roars
 In all her gates, and shakes her distant shores ;
 The standards of all nations are unfurl'd ;
 She has one foe, and that one foe the world :
 And, if he doom that people with a frown,
 And mark them with a seal of wrath press'd down,
 Obduracy takes place ; callous and tough,
 The reprobated race grows judgment-proof :
 Earth shakes beneath them, and Heav'n roars above ;
 But nothing scares them from the course they love.
 To the lascivious pipe and wanton song,
 That charm down fear, they frolic it along,
 With mad rapidity and unconcern,
 Down to the gulf, from which is no return.
 They trust in navies, and their navies fail—
 God's curse can cast away ten thousand sail !
 They trust in armies, and their courage dies ;
 In wisdom, wealth, in fortune, and in lies ;
 But all they trust in withers, as it must,
 When He commands, in whom they place no trust.
 Vengeance at last pours down upon their coast
 A long despis'd, but now victorious, host ;
Tyranny sends the chain, that must abridge
The noble sweep of all their privilege ;

Gives liberty the last, the mortal shock ;
Slips the slave's collar on, and snaps the lock.

A. Such lofty strains embellish what you teach.
Mean you to prophesy, or but to preach ?

B. I know the mind, that feels indeed the fire
The muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
Acts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
If human woes her soft attention claim,
A tender sympathy pervades the frame ;
She pours a sensibility divine
Along the nerve of ev'ry feeling line.
But if a deed, not tamely to be borne,
Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,
The strings are swept with such a pow'r, so loud,
The storm of music shakes th' astonished crowd.
So, when remote futurity is brought
Before the keen inquiry of her thought,
A terrible sagacity informs
The poet's heart ; he looks to distant storms ;
He hears the thunder ere the tempest low'rs ;
And, arm'd with strength surpassing human pow'rs ;
Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of prophet and of poet was the same ;
Hence British poets too the priesthood shared,
And every hallow'd druid was a bard.
But no prophetic fires to me belong ;
I play with syllables, and sport in song.

A. At Westminster, where little poets strive
To set a distich upon six and five,
Where Discipline helps th' op'ning buds of sense,
And makes his pupils proud with silver pence,
I was a poet too ; but modern taste
Is so refin'd, and delicate, and chaste,
That verse, whatever fire the fancy warms,
Without a creamy smoothness has no charm

Thus, all success depending on an ear,
 And thinking I might purchase it too dear,
 If sentiment were sacrific'd to sound,
 And truth cut short to make a period round,
 I judg'd a man of sense could scarce do worse,
 Then caper in the morris-dance of verse.

♪ *B.* Thus reputation is a spur to wit,
 And some wits flag through fear of losing it.
 Give me the line, that ploughs its stately course
 Like a proud swan, conqu'ring the stream by force ;
 That, like some cottage beauty, strikes the heart,
 Quite unindebted to the tricks of art.
 When Labour and when Dulness, club in hand,
 Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's, stand,
 Beating alternately, in measur'd time,
 The clock-work tintinnabulum of rhyme,
 Exact and regular the sounds will be ;
 But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me.

From him who rears a poem lank and long,
 To him who strains his all into a song ;
 Perhaps some bonny Caledonian air,
 All birks and braes, though he was never there ;
 Or, having whelped a prologue with great pains,
 Feels himself spent, and fumbles for his brains ;
 A prologue interdash'd with many a stroke—
 An art contrived to advertise a joke,
 So that the jest is clearly to be seen,
 Not in the words—but in the gap between :
 Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,
 The substitute for genius, sense, and wit.

To dally much with subjects mean and low,
 'Proves that the mind is weak, or makes it so.
 Neglected talents rust into decay,
 And ev'ry effort ends in push-pin play.
 The man that means success, should soar above
 Soldier's feather, or a lady's glove ;
 He, summoning the muse to such a theme,
 'fruit of all her labour is whipp'd cream.

As if an eagle flew aloft, and then
 Stoop'd from its highest pitch to pounce a wren.
 As if the poet, purposing to wed,
 Should carve himself a wife in gingerbread.

Ages elaps'd ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
 And ages ere the Mantuan swain was heard:
 To carry nature lengths unknown before,
 To give a Milton birth, ask ages more.
 Thus Genius rose and set at order'd times,
 And shot a day-spring into distant climes,
 Ennobling ev'ry region that he chose;
 He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose;
 And, tedious years of Gothic darkness pass'd,
 Emerg'd, all splendour, in our isle at last.
 Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
 Then show far off their shining plumes again.

A. Is genius only found in epic lays?
 Prove this, and forfeit all pretence to praise.
 Make their heroic pow'rs your own at once,
 Or candidly confess yourself a dunce.

B. These were the chief: each interval of night
 Was grac'd with many an undulating light.
 In less illustrious bards his beauty shone
 A meteor, or a star; in these, the sun.

The nightingale may claim the topmost bough,
 While the poor grasshopper must chirp below.
 Like him unnotic'd, I, and such as I,
 Spread little wings, and rather skip than fly;
 Perch'd on the meagre produce of the land,
 An ell or two of prospect we command;
 But never peep beyond the thorny bound,
 Or oaken fence, that hems the paddock round.

In Eden, ere yet innocence of heart
 Had faded, poetry was not an art:
 Language, above all teaching, or, if taught,
 Only by gratitude and glowing thought;
Elegant as simplicity, and warm
As ecstasy, unmanacled by form;

Not prompted, as in our degen'rate days,
 By low ambition and the thirst of praise :
 Was natural as is the flowing stream,
 And yet magnificent—A God the theme !
 That theme on earth exhausted, though above
 'Tis found as everlasting as his love,
 Man lavish'd all his thoughts on human things—
 The feats of heroes, and the wrath of kings ;
 But still, while Virtue kindled his delight,
 The song was moral, and so far was right.
 'Twas thus, till Luxury seduc'd the mind
 To joys less innocent, as less refin'd ;
 Then Genius danc'd a bacchanal ; he crown'd
 The brimming goblet, seiz'd the thyrsus, bound
 His brows with ivy, rush'd into the field
 Of wild imagination, and there reel'd,
 The victim of his own lascivious fires,
 And, dizzy with delight, profan'd the sacred wires.
 Anacreon, Horace, play'd in Greece and Rome
 This bedlam part ; and others nearer home.
 When Cromwell fought for pow'r, and while he reign'd
 The proud protector of the pow'r he gained,
 Religion harsh, intolerant, austere,
 Parent of manners like himself severe,
 Drew a rough copy of the Christian face,
 Without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace ;
 The dark and sullen humour of the time
 Judg'd ev'ry effort of the muse a crime ;
 Verse, in the finest mould of fancy cast,
 Was lumber in an age so void of taste ;
 But when the Second Charles assum'd the sway,
 And arts reviv'd beneath a softer day,
 Then, like a bow long forc'd into a curve,
 The mind, releas'd from too constrain'd a nerve,
 Flew to its first position with a spring,
 That made the vaulted roofs of Pleasure ring.
 His court, the dissolute and hateful school
 Of Wantonness, where vice was taught by rule.

Swarm'd with a scribbling herd, as deep inlaid
 With brutal lust as ever Circe made.
 From these a long succession, in the rage
 Of rank obscenity, debauch'd their age;
 Nor ceas'd, till, ever anxious to redress
 The abuses of her sacred charge, the press,
 The Muse instructed a well-nurtur'd train
 Of abler votaries to cleanse the stain,
 And claim the palm for purity of song,
 That Lewdness had usurp'd and worn so long.
 Then decent Pleasantry and sterling Sense,
 That neither gave nor would endure offence,
 Whipp'd out of sight, with Satire just and keen,
 The puppy pack that had defil'd the scene.

In front of these came Addison. In him
 Humour in holiday and sightly trim,
 Sublimity and Attic taste, combin'd,
 To polish, furnish, and delight the mind.
 Then Pope, as harmony itself exact,
 In verse well disciplin'd, complete, compact,
 Gave virtue and morality a grace,
 That, quite eclipsing Pleasure's painted face,
 Levied a tax of wonder and applause,
 E'en on the fools that trampled on their laws.
 But he (his musical finesse was such,
 So nice his ear, so delicate his touch)
 Made poetry a mere mechanic art;
 And ev'ry warbler has his tune by heart.
 Nature imparting her satiric gift,
 Her serious mirth, to Arbuthnot and Swift,
 With droll sobriety they rais'd a smile
 At Folly's cost, themselves unmov'd the while.
 That constellation set, the world in vain
 Must hope to look upon their like again.

A. Are we, then, left?—*B.* Not wholly in the dark;
 Wit now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark,
*Sufficient to redeem the modern race
 From total night and absolute disgrace.*

While servile trick and imitative knack
 Confine the million in the beaten track,
 Perhaps some courser, who disdains the road,
 Snuffs up the wind, and flings himself abroad.
 ~ Contemporaries all surpass'd, see one ;
 Short his career indeed, but ably run ;
 Churchill, himself unconscious of his powers,
 In penury consum'd his idle hours ;
 And, like a scatter'd seed at random sown,
 Was left to spring by vigour of his own.
 Lifted at length, by dignity of thought,
 And dint of genius, to an affluent lot,
 He laid his head in Luxury's soft lap,
 And took, too often, there his easy nap.
 If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,
 'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth.
 Surly, and slovenly, and bold, and coarse,
 Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force,
 Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
 Always at speed, and never drawing bit,
 He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
 And so disdain'd the rules he understood,
 The laurel seem'd to wait on his command,
 He snatch'd it rudely from the Muses' hand.
 Nature, exerting an unwearied power,
 Forms, opens, and gives scent to ev'ry flower ;
 Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads
 The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads :
 She fills profuse ten thousand little throats
 With music, modulating all their notes ;
 And charms the woodland scenes and wilds unknown,
 With artless airs and concerts of her own :
 But seldom (as if fearful of expense)
 Vouchsafes to man a poet's just pretence—
 Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
 Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought ;
*Fancy, that, from the bough that spans the sky,
 Brings colours, dipp'd in Heav'n, that never die ;*

A soul exalted above Earth, a mind
 Skill'd in the characters that form mankind;
 And, as the Sun in rising beauty dress'd,
 Looks to the westward from the dappled east,
 And marks, whatever clouds may interpose,
 Ere yet his race begins, its glorious close;
 An eye like his to catch the distant goal;
 Or, ere the wheels of verse begin to roll,
 Like his to shed illuminating rays
 On every scene and subject it surveys:
 Thus grac'd, the man asserts a poet's name,
 And the world cheerfully admits the claim.
 Pity Religion has so seldom found
 A skilful guide into poetic ground! [stray,
 The flowers would spring where'er she deign'd to
 And every muse attend her in her way.
 Virtue, indeed, meets many a rhyming friend,
 And many a compliment politely pen'd;
 But, unattir'd in that becoming vest
 Religion weaves for her, and half undress'd,
 Stands in the desert, shiv'ring and forlorn,
 A wintry figure, like a wither'd thorn.
 The shelves are full, all other themes are sped;
 Hackney'd and worn to the last flimsy thread,
 Satire has long since done his best; and curst
 And loathsome Ribaldry has done his worst;
 Fancy has sported all her powers away
 In tales, in trifles, and in children's play;
 And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
 Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new.
 'Twere new indeed to see a bard all fire,
 Touch'd with a coal from Heav'n, assume the lyre,
 And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
 With more than mortal music on his tongue,
 That He, who died below, and reigns above,
 Inspires the song, and that his name is Love.
 For, after all, if merely to beguile,
 By flowing numbers and a flow'ry style,

The tædium that the lazy rich endure,
 Which now and then sweet poetry may cure ;
 Or, if to see the name of idle self,
 Stamp'd on the well-bound quarto, grace the shelf,
 To float a bubble on the breath of Fame,
 Prompt his endeavour and engage his aim,
 Debas'd to servile purposes of pride,
 How are the powers of genius misapplied !
 The gift, whose office is the Giver's praise,
 To trace him in his word, his works, his ways !
 Then spread the rich discov'ry, and invite
 Mankind to share in the divine delight ;
 Distorted from its use and just design,
 To make the pitiful possessor shine,
 To purchase, at the fool-frequented fair
 Of vanity, a wreath for self to wear,
 Is profanation of the basest kind—
 Proof of a trifling and a worthless mind.

A. Hail Sternhold, then ; and Hopkins, hail !—

B. Amen.

If flatt'ry, folly, lust, employ the pen ;
 If acrimony, slander, and abuse,
 Give it a charge to blacken and traduce ;
 Though Butler's wit, Pope's numbers, Prior's case,
 With all that fancy can invent to please,
 Adorn the polish'd periods as they fall,
 One madrigal of theirs is worth them all.

A. 'Twould thin the ranks of the poetic tribe,
 To dash the pen through all that you proscribe.

B. No matter—we could shift when they were not ;
 And should, no doubt, if they were all forgot.

THE
PROGRESS OF ERROR.

Si quid loquar audiendum. Hor. Lib. iv. Od. 2.

✓

SING, muse (if such a theme, so dark, so long,
May find a muse to grace it with a song),
By what unseen and unsuspected arts
The serpent Error twines round human hearts ;
Tell where she lurks, beneath what flow'ry shades,
That not a glimpse of genuine light pervades,
The pois'nous, black, insinuating worm
Successfully conceals her loathsome form.
Take, if ye can, ye careless and supine,
Counsel and caution from a voice like mine !
Truths, that the theorist could never reach,
And observation taught me, I would teach.

Not all, whose eloquence the fancy fills,
Musical as the chime of tinkling rills,
Weak to perform, though mighty to pretend,
Can trace her mazy windings to their end ;
Discern the fraud beneath the specious lure,
Prevent the danger, or prescribe the cure.
The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,
Falls soporific on the listless ear ;
Like quicksilver, the rhet'ric they display
Shines as it runs, but grasp'd at, slips away.
*Plac'd for his trial on this bustling stage,
From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,*

Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
 Man may improve the crisis, or abuse ;
 Else, on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,
 Say to what bar amenable were man ?
 With naught in charge, he could betray no trust ;
 And, if he fell, would fall because he must ;
 If Love reward him, or if Vengeance strike,
 His recompense in both unjust alike.
 Divine authority within his breast
 Brings ev'ry thought, word, action, to the test ;
 Warns him or prompts, approves him or restrains,
 As Reason, or as Passion, takes the reins.
 Heav'n from above, and Conscience from within,
 Cries in his startl'd ear—Abstain from sin !
 The world around solicits his desire,
 And kindles in his soul a treach'rous fire ;
 While, all his purposes and steps to guard,
 Peace follows Virtue as its sure reward ;
 And Pleasure brings us surely in her train
 Remorse, and Sorrow, and vindictive Pain.

Man, thus endu'd with an elective voice,
 Must be supply'd with objects of his choice,
 Where'er he turns, enjoyment and delight,
 Or present, or in prospect, meet his sight ;
 Those open on the spot their honey'd store ;
 These call him loudly to pursuit of more.
 His unexhausted mine the sordid vice
 Avarice shows, and virtue is the price.
 Her various motives his ambition raise—
 Power, pomp, and splendour, and the thirst of praise ;
 There Beauty woos him with expanded arms ;
 E'en Bacchanalian madness has its charms.

Nor these alone, whose pleasures less refin'd
 Might well alarm the most unguarded mind,
 Seek to supplant his inexperience'd youth,
 Or lead him devious from the path of truth ;
*Hourly allurements on his passions press,
 Safe in themselves, but dang'rous in th' excess.*

Hark ! how it floats upon the dewy air !
 O, what a dying, dying close was there !
 'Tis harmony from yon sequester'd bow'r,
 Sweet harmony, that soothes the midnight hour ?
 Long ere the charioteer of day had run
 His morning course, th' enchantment was begun ;
 And he shall gild yon mountain's height again,
 Ere yet the pleasing toil becomes a pain.

Is this the rugged path, the steep ascent,
 That Virtue points to ? Can a life thus spent
 Lead to the bliss she promises the wise,
 Detach the soul from Earth, and speed her to the skies ?
 Ye devotees to your ador'd employ,
 Enthusiasts, drunk with an unreal joy,
 Love makes the music of the blest above,
 Heav'n's harmony is universal love ;
 And earthly sounds, tho' sweet and well combin'd,
 And lenient as soft opiates to the mind,
 Leave Vice and Folly unsubdu'd behind.

✓ Gray dawn appears : the sportsman and his train
 Speckle the bosom of the distant plain ;
 'Tis he, the Nimrod of the neighb'ring lairs ;
 Save that his scent is less acute than theirs,
 For persevering chase, and headlong leaps,
 True beagle as the staunchest hound he keeps.
 Charg'd with the folly of his life's mad scene,
 He takes offence, and wonders what you mean ;
 The joy, the danger and the toil o'er pays—
 'Tis exercise, and health, and length of days.
 Again impetuous to the field he flies ;
 Leaps ev'ry fence but one, there falls and dies ;
 Like a slain deer, the tumbrel brings him home,
 Miss'd but by his dogs and by his groom.

Ye Clergy, while your orbit is your place,
 Lights of the world, and stars of human race ;
But if eccentric ye forsake your sphere,
Prodigies ominous, and view'd with fear ;





The comet's baneful influence is a dream ;
 Yours, real and pernicious in the extreme.
 What then?—are appetites and lusts laid down
 With the same ease that man puts on his gown?
 Will Av'rice and Concupiscence give place,
 Charm'd by the sounds—Your Rev'rence, or Your
 Grace?

No. But his own engagement binds him fast ;
 Or, if it does not, brands him to the last,
 What atheists call him—a designing knave,
 A mere church juggler, hypocrite, and slave.
 Oh, laugh or mourn with me the rueful jes',
 A cassock'd huntsman, and a fiddling priest!
 He from Italian songsters takes his cue:
 Set Paul to music, he shall quote him too.
 He takes the field, the master of the pack
 Cries—Well done saint! and claps him on the back.
 Is this the path of sanctity? Is this
 To stand a waymark in the road to bliss?
 Himself a wand'rer from the narrow way,
 His silly sheep, what wonder if they stray?
 Go, cast your orders at your Bishop's feet,
 Send your dishonour'd gown to Moumouth-street!
 The sacred function in your hands is made—
 Sad sacrilege! no function, but a trade!

Occidius is a pastor of renown,
 When he has pray'd and preach'd the Sabbath down,
 With wire and catgut he concludes the day,
 Quav'ring and semiquav'ring care away.
 The full concerto swells upon your ear;
 All elbows shake. Look in, and you would swear
 The Babylonian tyrant with a nod
 Had summon'd them to serve his golden god.
 So well that thought th' employment seems to suit,
 Psalt'ry and sackbut, dulcimer and flute.
 Oh, fie! 'tis evangelical and pure:
Observe each face, how sober and demure!

Ecstasy sets her stamp on ev'ry mien ;
 Chins fall'n, and not an eye-ball to be seen.
 Still I insist, though music heretofore
 Has charm'd me much (not e'en Occiduu's more),
 Love, joy, and peace, make harmony more meet
 For Sabbath ev'nings, and perhaps as sweet.

Will not the sickliest sheep of ev'ry flock
 Resort to this example as a rock ;
 There stand, and justify the foul abuse
 Of Sabbath hours with plausible excuse ?
 If apostolic gravity be free
 To play the fool on Sundays, why not we ?
 If he the tinkling harpsichord regards
 As inoffensive, what offence in cards ?
 Strike up the fiddles, let us all be gay,
 Laymen have leave to dance, if parsons play.

Oh, Italy !—thy Sabbaths will be soon
 Our Sabbaths, clos'd with mumm'ry and buffoon.
 Preaching and pranks will share the motley scene,
 Our's parcell'd out, as thine have ever been,
 God's worship and the mountebank between.
 What says the prophet ? Let that day be blest
 With holiness and consecrated rest.
 Pastime and business both it should exclude,
 And bar the door the moment they intrude :
 Nobly distinguish'd above all the six
 By deeds, in which the world must never mix.
 Hear him again. He calls it a delight,
 A day of luxury observ'd aright,
 When the glad soul is made Heav'n's welcome guest,
 Sits banquetting, and God provides the feast.
 But triflers are engag'd and cannot come ;
 Their answer to the call is—*Not at home.*

O, the dear pleasures of the velvet plain,
 The painted tablets, dealt and dealt again !
 Cards with what rapture, and the polish'd die,
 The yawning chasm of indolence supply !

Then to the dance, and make the sober moon
 Witness of joys that shun the sight of noon.
 Blame, Cynic, if you can, quadrille or ball,
 The snug close party, or the splendid hall,
 Where Night, down-stooping from her ebon throne,
 Views constellations brighter than her own.
 'Tis innocent, and harmless, and refin'd,
 The balm of care, Elysium of the mind.
 Innocent! Oh if venerable Time
 Slain at the foot of Pleasure be no crime,
 Then, with his silver beard and magic wand,
 Let Comus rise archbishop of the land;
 Let him your rubric and your feasts prescribe,
 Grand metropolitan of all the tribe.

Of manners rough, and coarse athletic cast,
 The rank debauch suits Clodio's filthy taste.
 Rufillus, exquisitely form'd by rule,
 Not of the moral but the dancing school,
 Wonders at Clodio's follies, in a tone
 As tragical, as others at his own.
 He cannot drink five bottles, bilk the score,
 Then kill a constable, and drink five more;
 But he can draw a pattern, make a tart,
 And has the ladies' etiquette by heart.
 Go, fool; and, arm-in-arm with Clodio, plead
 Your cause before a bar you little dread;
 But know, the law that bids the drunkard die,
 Is far too just to pass the trifle by.
 Both baby-featur'd, and of infant size,
 View'd from a distance, and with heedless eyes,
 Folly and Innocence are so alike,
 The difference, though essential, fails to strike.
 Yet Folly ever has a vacant stare,
 A simp'ring count'nance, and a trifling air;
 But Innocence, sedate, serene, erect,
 Delights us, by engaging our respect.
*Man, Nature's guest by invitation sweet,
 Receives from her both appetite and treat;*

But, if he play the glutton and exceed,
 His benefactress blushes at the deed,
 For Nature, nice, as lib'ral to dispense,
 Made nothing but a brute the slave of sense.
 Daniel ate pulse by choice—example rare!
 Heav'n bless'd the youth, and made him fresh and fair.
 Gorgonius sits, abdominous and wan,
 Like a fat squab upon a Chinese fan:
 He snuffs far off th' anticipated joy;
 Turtle and ven'son all his thoughts employ;
 Prepares for meals as jockeys take a sweat,
 Oh, nauseous!—an emetic for a whet!
 Will Providence o'erlook the wasted good?
 Temperance were no virtue if he could.

That pleasures, therefore, or what such we call,
 Are hurtful, is a truth confess'd by all.
 And some, that seem to threaten virtue less,
 Still hurtful in th' abuse, or by th' excess.

Is man, then, only for his torment plac'd
 The centre of delights he may not taste?
 Like fabl'd Tantalus, condemn'd to hear
 The precious stream still purling in his ear,
 Lip-deep in what he longs for, and yet curst
 With prohibition and perpetual thirst?
 No, wrangler—destitute of shame and sense,
 The precept that enjoins him abstinence,
 Forbids him none but the licentious joy,
 Whose fruit, though fair, tempts only to destroy.
 Remorse, the fatal egg by pleasure laid
 In ev'ry bosom where her nest is made,
 Hatch'd by the beams of Truth, denies him rest,
 And proves a raging scorpion in his breast.
 No pleasure? Are domestic comforts dead?
 Are all the nameless sweets of friendship fled?
 Has time worn out, or fashion put to shame,
 Good sense, good health, good conscience, and good
All these belong to virtue, and all prove [same?
That virtue has a title to your love.

Have you no touch of pity, that the poor
 Stand starv'd at your inhospitable door?
 Or if yourself, too scantily supplied,
 Need help, let honest industry provide.
 Earn, if you want; if you abound, impart:
 These both are pleasures to the feeling heart.
 No pleasure? has some sickly eastern waste
 Sent us a wind to parch us at a blast?
 Can British Paradise no scenes afford
 To please her sated and indiff'rent lord?
 Are sweet philosophy's enjoyments run
 Quite to the lees? And has religion none?
 Brutes capable would tell you 'tis a lie,
 And judge you from the kennel and the sty.
 Delights like these, ye sensual and profane,
 Ye are bid, begg'd, besought to entertain;
 Call'd to these crystal streams, do ye turn off
 Obscene to swill and swallow at a trough?
 Envy the beast, then, on whom Heav'n bestows
 Your pleasures, with no curses in the close.

✓ Pleasure admitted in undue degree
 Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.
 'Tis not alone the grape's enticing juice
 Unnerves the moral pow'rs, and mars their use;
 Ambition, av'rice, and the lust of fame,
 And woman, lovely woman, does the same.
 The heart, surrender'd to the ruling power
 Of some ungovern'd passion ev'ry hour,
 Finds by degrees the truths, that once bore sway,
 And all their deep impressions, wear away;
 So coin grows smooth, in traffic current pass'd,
 Till Cæsar's image is effac'd at last.
 The breach, tho' small at first, soon op'ning wide,
 In rushes folly with a full-moon tide,
 Then welcome errors of whatever size,
 To justify it by a thousand lies.
*As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,
 And hides the ruin that it feeds upon;*

So sophistry cleaves close to and protects
Sin's rotten trunk, concealing its defects.
Mortals, whose pleasures are their only care,
First wish to be impos'd on, and then are.
And, lest the fulsome artifice should fail,
Themselves will hide its coarseness with a veil.
Not more industrious are the just and true,
To give to Virtue what is Virtue's due—
The praise of wisdom, comeliness, and worth,
And call her charms to public notice forth—
Than Vice's mean and disingenuous race,
To hide the shocking features of her face.
Her form with dress and lotion they repair;
Then kiss their idol, and pronounce her fair.

The sacred implement I now employ
Might prove a mischief, or at best a toy;
A trifle, if it move but to amuse;
But, if to wrong the judgment and abuse,
Worse than a poniard in the basest hand,
It stabs at once the morals of a land.

Ye writers of what none with safety reads,
Footing it in the dance that Fancy leads;
Ye novelists, who mar what ye would mend,
Sniv'ling and driv'ling folly without end;
Whose corresponding misses fill the ream
With sentimental frippery and dream,
Caught in a delicate, soft, silken net
By some lewd earl, or rakehell baronet:
Ye pimps, who, under virtue's fair pretence,
Steal to the closet of young innocence,
And teach her, inexperienced yet and green,
To scribble as you scribbl'd at fifteen;
Who, kindling a combustion of desire,
With some cold moral think to quench the fire;
Though all your engineering proves in vain,
The dribbling stream ne'er puts it out again:
O, that a verse had power, and could command
Far, far away these flesh-flies of the land;

Who fasten without mercy on the fair,
And suck, and leave a craving maggot there !
Howe'er disguis'd th' inflammatory tale,
And cover'd with a fine-spun specious veil ;
Such writers, and such readers, owe the gust
And relish of their pleasure all to lust.

But the muse, eagle-pinion'd, has in view
A quarry more important still than you ;
Down, down the wind she swims, and sails away,
Now stoops upon it, and now grasps the prey.

Petronius ! all the Muses weep for thee ;
But ev'ry tear shall scald thy memory :
The Graces, too, while Virtue at their shrine
Lay bleeding under that soft hand of thine,
Felt each a mortal stab in her own breast,
Abhorr'd the sacrifice, and curs'd the priest.
Thou polish'd and high-finish'd foe to truth,
Graybeard corrupter of our list'ning youth,
To purge and skim away the filth of vice,
That so refin'd it might the more entice,
Then pour it on the morals of thy son ;
To taint *his* heart, was worthy of *thine own* !
Now, while the poison all high life pervades,
Write, if thou canst, one letter from the shades,
One, and one only, charg'd with deep regret,
That thy worse part, thy principles, live yet :
One sad epistle thence may cure mankind
Of the plague spread by bundles left behind.
'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest years ;
The Mind, impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
And through life's labyrinth hol.'s fast the clew
That Education gives her, false or true.
Plants rais'd with tenderness are seldom strong ;
Man's coltish disposition asks the thong ;
And without discipline, the fav'rite child,
Like a neglected forester, runs wild.

But we, as if good qualities would grow
Spontaneous, take but little pains to sow ;
We give some Latin, and a smatch of Greek ;
Teach him to fence and figure twice a-week ;
And having done, we think the best we can,
Praise his proficiency, and dub him man.

From school to Cam or Isis, and thence home ;
And thence with all convenient speed to Rome,
With rev'rend tutor clad in habit lay,
To tease for cash, and quarrel with all day ;
With memorandum-book for ev'ry town,
And ev'ry post, and where the chaise broke down ;
His stock, a few French phrases got by heart,
With much to learn, but nothing to impart.
The youth, obedient to his sire's commands,
Sets off a wand'rer into foreign lands.
Surpris'd at all they meet, the gosling pair,
With awkward gait, stretch'd neck, and silly stare,
Discover huge cathedrals built with stone,
And steeples tow'ring high much like our own ;
But show peculiar light by many a grin,
At popish practices observ'd within.

Ere long, some bowing, smirking, smart Abbé
Remarks two loit'ers, that have lost their way ;
And being always prim'd with *politcsse*
For men of their appearance and address,
With much compassion undertakes the task,
To tell them more than they have wit to ask ;
Points to inscriptions whereso'er they tread,
Such as, when legible, were never read,
But, being canker'd now and half worn out,
Craze antiquarian brains with endless doubt ;
Some heedless hero, or some Cæsar shows—
Defective only in his Roman nose ;
Exhibits elevations, drawings, plans,
Models of Herculean pots and pans ;
And sells them medals, which, if neither rare
Nor ancient, will be so, preserv'd with care.

Strange the recital ! from whatever cause
His great improvement and new light he draws,
The squire, once bashful, is shamefac'd no more,
But teems with powers he never felt before ;
Whether increas'd momentum, and the force,
With which from clime to clime he sped his course
(As axles sometimes kindle as they go),
Chaf'd him, and brought dull nature to a glow ;
Or whether clearer skies and softer air,
That make Italian flowers so sweet and fair,
Fresh'ning his lazy spirits as he ran,
Unfolded genially and spread the man ;
Returning he proclaims by many a grace,
By shrugs and strange contortions of his face,
How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce, that has been kept at home.

Accomplishments have taken virtue's place,
And wisdom falls before exterior grace ;
We slight the precious kernel of the stone,
And toil to polish its rough coat alone.
A just deportment, manners grac'd with ease,
Elegant phrase, and figure form'd to please,
Are qualities, that seem to comprehend
Whatever parents, guardians, schools intend,
Hence an unfurnish'd and a listless mind,
Though busy, trifling ; empty, though refin'd ;
Hence all that interieres, and dares to clash
With indolence and luxury, is trash :
While learning, once the man's exclusive pride,
Seems verging fast towards the female side.
Learning itself, receiv'd into a mind
By nature weak, or viciously inclin'd,
Serves but to lead philosophers astray,
Where children would with ease discern the way.
And of all arts sagacious dupes invent,
To cheat themselves and gain the world's assent,
The worst is—Scripture warp'd from its intent.

The carriage bowls along, and all are pleas'd
 If Tom be sober, and the wheels well greas'd ;
 But if the rogue have gone a cup too far,
 Left out his linchpin, or forgot his tar,
 It suffers interruption and delay,
 And meets with hindrance in the smoothest way.
 When some hypothesis, absurd and vain,
 Has fill'd with all its fumes a critic's brain,
 The text that sorts not with his darling whim,
 Though plain to others, is obscure to him,
 The will made subject to a lawless force,
 All is irregular and out of course ;
 And Judgment drunk, and brib'd to lose his way
 Winks hard, and talks of darkness at noonday.

A critic on the sacred book should be
 Candid and learn'd, dispassionate and free ;
 Free from the wayward bias bigots feel,
 From fancy's influence, and intemp'rate zeal :
 But above all, (or let the wretch refrain,
 Nor touch the page he cannot but profane,)
 Free from the domineering pow'r of lust ;
 A lewd interpreter is never just.

How shall I speak thee, or thy pow'r address,
 Thou god of our idolatry, the Press ?
 By thee religion, liberty, and laws,
 Exert their influence, and advance their cause :
 By thee worse plagues than Pharaoh's land beset,
 Diffus'd, make Earth the vestibule of Hell ;
 Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise ;
 Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies ;
 Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
 Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,
 Till half mankind were like himself possess'd.
 Philosophers, who darken and put out
 Eternal truth by everlasting doubt ;
Church quacks, with passions under no command,
Who fill the world with doctrines contraband,

Discov'ers of they know not what, confin'd
 Within no bounds—the blind that lead the blind ;
 To streams of popular opinion drawn,
 Deposite in those shallows all their spawn.
 The wriggling fry soon fill the creaks around,
 Pois'ning the waters where their swarms abound.
 Scorn'd by the nobler tenants of the flood,
 Minnows and gudgeons gorge th' unwholesome food.
 The propagated myriads spread so fast,
 E'en Lewenhoeck himself would stand aghast,
 Employ'd to calculate th' enormous sum,
 And own his crab-computing pow'rs o'ercome.
 Is this hyperbole ? The world well known,
 Your sober thoughts will hardly find it one.

Fresh confidence the speculatist takes
 From ev'ry hair-brain'd proselyte he makes ;
 And therefore prints. Himself but half deceiv'd,
 Till others have the soothing tale believ'd.
 Hence comment after comment, spun as fine
 As bloated spiders draw the flimsy line :
 Hence the same word, that bids our lusts obey,
 Is misapplied to sanctify their sway.
 If stubborn Greek refuse to be his friend,
 Hebrew or Syriac shall be forc'd to bend :
 If languages and copies all cry, No—
 Somebody prov'd it centuries ago.
 Like trout pursu'd, the critic in despair
 Darts to the mud, and finds his safety there.
 Woman, whom custom has forbid to fly
 The scholar's pitch (the scholar best knows why,)
 With all the simple and unletter'd poor,
 Admire his learning, and almost adore.
 Whoever errs, the priest can ne'er be wrong,
 With such fine words familiar to his tongue.
 Ye ladies ! (for indiff'rent in your cause,
 I should deserve to forfeit all applause,)
 Whatever shocks or gives the least offence
 To virtue, delicacy, truth, or sense,

(Try the criterion, 'tis a faithful guide,) Nor has, nor can have, Scripture on its side.

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.
Committed once into the public arms,
The baby seems to smile with added charms.
Like something precious ventur'd far from shore,
'Tis valued for the danger's sake the more.
He views it with complacency supreme,
Solicits kind attention to his dream;
And daily more enamour'd of the cheat,
Kneels, and asks Heav'n to bless the dear deceit.
So one, whose story serves at least to show
Men lov'd their own productions long ago,
Woo'd an unfeeling statue for his wife,
Nor rested till the gods had giv'n it life.
If some mere driv'ler suck the sugar'd fib,
One that still needs his leading-string and bib,
And praise his genius, he is soon repaid
In praise applied to the same part—his head:
For 'tis a rule that holds for ever true,
Grant me discernment, and I grant it you.

Patient of contradiction as a child,
Affable, humble, diffident, and mild;
Such was Sir Isaac, and such Boyle and Locke:
Your blund'rer is as sturdy as a rock.
The creature is so sure to kick and bite,
A muleteer's the man to set him right.
First Appetite enlists him Truth's sworn foe,
Then obstinate Self-will confirms him so.
Tell him he wanders; that his error leads
To fatal ills; that, though the path he treads
Be flow'ry, and he see no cause of fear,
Death and the pains of Hell attend him there:
In vain; the slave of arrogance and pride,
He has no hearing on the prudent side.
His still refuted quirks he still repeats;
New rais'd objections with new quibbles meets;

Till, sinking in the quicksand he defends,
He dies disputing, and the contest ends—
But not the mischiefs; they, still left behind,
Like thistle-seeds, are sown by ev'ry wind.

Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill;
Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will;
And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for a guide.
Halting on crutches of unequal size,
One leg by truth supported, one by lies;
They sidle to the goal with awkward pace,
Secure of nothing—but to lose the race.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these reciprocally those again.
The mind and conduct mutually imprint
And stamp their image in each other's mint:
Each, sire and dam, of an infernal race,
Begetting and conceiving all that's base.

None sends his arrow to the mark in view,
Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue.
For though, ere yet the shaft is on the wing,
Or when it first forsakes th' elastic string,
It err but little from th' intended line,
It falls at last far wide of his design:
So he, who seeks a mansion in the sky,
Must watch his purpose with a stedfast eye;
That prize belongs to none but the sincere;
The least obliquity is fatal here.

With caution taste the sweet Circean cup:
He that sips often, at last drinks it up.
Habits are soon assum'd; but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flay'd alive.
Call'd to the temple of impure delight,
He that abstains, and he alone, does right.
If a wish wander that way, call it home;
He cannot long be safe whose wishes roam.
But, if you pass the threshold, you are caught;
Die then, if pow'r Almighty save you not.

There, hard'ning by degrees, till double steel'd,
Take leave of nature's God, and God reveal'd;
Then laugh at all you trembled at before;
And, joining the free-thinkers' brutal roar,
Swallow the two grand nostrums they dispense—
That Scripture lies, and blasphemy is sense:
If clemency, revolted by abuse
Be damnable, then damn'd without excuse.

Some dream that they can silence when they will,
The storm of passion, and say, *Peace, be still*;
But "*Thus far and no further*," when address'd
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,
Implies authority that never can,
That never ought to be the lot of man.

But muse, forbear; long flights forebode a fall;
Strike on the deep-ton'd chord the sum of all.

Hear the just law—the judgment of the skies!
He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies:
And he that *will* be cheated to the last,
Delusions strong as Hell shall bind him fast.
But if the wand'rer his mistake discern,
Judge his own ways, and sigh for a return,
Bewilder'd once, must he bewail his loss
For ever and for ever? No—the cross!
There and there only (though the deist rave,
And athiest, if Earth bear so base a slave);
There and there only is the pow'r to save.
There no delusive hope invites despair:
No mock'ry meets you, no deception there.
The spells and charms, that blinded you before,
All vanish there, and fascinate no more.

I am no preacher, let this hint suffice—
The cross, once seen, is death to ev'ry vice:
Else he that hung there suffer'd all his pain,
Bled, groan'd, and agoniz'd, and died, in vain.

TRUTH.

‘*Pensatur trutina.*’ Hor. Lib. ii. Epist. 1.

MAN, on the dubious waves of error toss’d,
 His ship half-founder’d, and his compass lost,
 Sees, far as human optics may command,
 A sleeping fog, and fancies it dry land :
 Spreads all his canvass, ev’ry sinew plies ;
 Pants for’t, aims at it, enters it, and dies !
 Then, farewell all self-satisfying schemes,
 His well-built systems, philosophic dreams ;
 Deceitful views of future bliss farewell !
 He reads his sentence at the flames of Hell.

Hard lot of man—to toil for the reward
 Of virtue, and yet lose it ! Wherefore hard ?
 He that would win the race must guide his horse
 Obedient to the customs of the course ;
 Else, though unequall’d to the goal he flies,
 A meaner than himself shall gain the prize.
 Grace leads the right way : if you choose the wrong,
 Take it and perish ; but restrain your tongue ;
 Charge not, with light sufficient, and left free,
 Your wilful suicide on God’s decree.

O, how unlike the complex works of man
 Heav’n’s easy, artless, unencumber’d plan !
 No meretricious graces to beguile,
 No clust’ring ornaments to clog the pile ;
 From ostentation as from weakness free,
 It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.

Inscrib'd above the portal, from afar
 Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
 Legible only by the light they give,
 Stand the soul-quick'ning words—*Believe and live.*
 Too many, shock'd at what should charm them most,
 Despise the plain direction, and are lost.
 Heav'n on such terms! (they cry with proud disdain,)
 Incredible, impossible, and vain!—
 Rebel, because 'tis easy to obey;
 And scorn, for its own sake, the gracious way.
 These are the sober, in whose cooler brains
 Some thought of immortality remains;
 The rest, too busy or too gay to wait
 On the sad theme, their everlasting state,
 Sport for a day, and perish in a night,
 The foam upon the waters not so light.

Who judg'd the Pharisee? What odious cause
 Expos'd him to the vengeance of the laws?
 Had he seduc'd a virgin, wrong'd a friend,
 Or stabb'd a man to serve some private end?
 Was blasphemy his sin? Or did he stray
 From the strict duties of the sacred day?
 Sit long and late at the carousing board?
 (Such were the sins with which he charg'd his Lord.)
 No—the man's morals were exact, what then?
 'Twas his ambition to be seen of men;
 His virtues were his pride; and that one vice
 Made all his virtues gewgaws of no price;
 He wore them as fine trappings for a show,
 A praying, synagogue-frequenting beau.

The self-applauding bird, the peacock, see—
 Mark what a sumptuous Pharisee is he!
 Meridian sun-beams tempt him to unfold
 His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold:
 He treads as if, some solemn music near,
 His measur'd step were govern'd by his ear:
 And seems to say—Ye meaner fowl, give place,
I am all splendour, dignity, and grace!

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TRUTH.

Not so the pheasant on his charms presumes,
Though he too has a glory in his plumes.
He, christian-like, retreats with modest mien
To the close copse, or far sequester'd green,
And shines without desiring to be seen.
The plea of works, as arrogant and vain,
Heav'n turns from with abhorrence and disdain;
Not more affronted by avow'd neglect,
'Than by the mere dissembler's feign'd respect.
What is all righteousness that men devise?
What—but a sordid bargain for the skies?
But Christ as soon would abdicate his own,
As stoop from Heav'n to sell the proud a throne.

His dwelling a recess in some rude rock,
Book, beads, and maple-dish, his meagre stock;
In shirt of hair and weeds of canvass dress'd,
Girt with a bell-rope that the pope has bless'd;
Aust with stripes told out for ev'ry crime,
And sore tormented long before his time;
His pray'r preferr'd to saints that cannot aid;
His praise postpon'd, and never to be paid.
See the sage hermit, by mankind admir'd,
With all that bigotry adopts inspir'd,
Vearing out life in his religious whim,
All his religious whimsey wears out him.
His works, his abstinence, his zeal allow'd,
You think him humble—God accounts him proud;
High in demand, though lowly in pretence,
All his conduct this the genuine sense—
penitential stripes, my streaming blood,
He purchas'd Heav'n, and prove my title good.
Turn eastward now, and Fancy shall apply
Our weak sight her telescopic eye,
Brahmin kindles on his own bare head
Sacred fire, self-torturing his trade,
Voluntary pains, severe and long,
And give a barb'rous air to British song;

No grand inquisitor could worse invent,
Than he contrives to suffer well content.

Which is the saintlier worthy of the two ?
Past all dispute, yon anchorite, say you.
Your sentence and mine differ. What's a name !
I say the Brahmin has the fairer claim.
If suff'rings, Scripture nowhere recommends,
Devis'd by self to answer selfish ends,
Give saintship, then all Europe must agree
Ten starv'ling hermits suffer less than he.

The truth is (if the truth may suit your ear,
And prejudice have left a passage clear),
Pride has attain'd its most luxuriant growth,
And poison'd ev'ry virtue in them both.
Pride may be pamper'd while the flesh grows lean;
Humility may clothe an English dean ;
That grace was Cowper's—his, confess'd by all—
Though plac'd in golden Durham's second stall.
Not all the plenty of a bishop's board,
His palace, and his lacqueys, and " My Lord,"
More nourish pride, that condescending vice,
Than abstinence, and beggary, and lice ;
It thrives in mis'ry, and abundant grows :
In mis'ry fools upon themselves impose.

But why before us protestants produce
An Indian mystic, or a French recluse ?
Their sin is plain ; but what have we to fear,
Reform'd and well instructed ? You shall hear.

Yon ancient prude, whose wither'd features show
She might be young some forty years ago,
Her elbows pinioned close upon her hips,
Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
Her eye-brows arch'd, her eyes both gone astray
To watch yon am'rous couple in their play,
With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies
The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
*And sails with lappet-head and mincing airs
Duly at chink of bell to morning pray'rs.*

To thrift and parsimony much inclin'd,
 She yet allows herself that boy behind ;
 The shiv'ring urchin, bending as he goes,
 With slipshod heels, and dewdrop at his nose ;
 His predecessor's coat advanc'd to wear,
 Which future pages yet are doomed to share,
 Carries her Bible tuck'd beneath his arm,
 And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm.

She, half an angel in her own account,
 Doubts not hereafter with the saints to mount,
 Though not a grace appears on strictest search,
 But that she fasts, and *item* goes to church.
 Conscious of age, she recollects her youth,
 And tells, not always with an eye to truth,
 Who spann'd her waist, and who, where'er he came,
 Scrawl'd upon glass Miss Bridget's lovely name ;
 Who stole her slipper, fill'd it with tokay,
 And drank the little bumper ev'ry day.
 Of temper as envenom'd as an asp,
 Censorious, and her ev'ry word a wasp ;
 In faithful mem'ry she records the crimes ;
 Or real, or fictitious, of the times ;
 Laughs at the reputations she has torn,
 And holds them dangling at arm's length in scorn.

Such are the fruits of sanctimonious pride,
 Of malice fed while flesh is mortified :
 Take, Madam, the reward of all your pray'rs,
 Where hermits and where Brahmins meet with theirs ;
 Your portion is with them.—Nay, never frown,
 But, if you please, some fathoms lower down.
 — Artist attend—your brushes and your paint—
 Produce them—take a chair—now draw a saint.
 Oh, sorrowful and sad ! the streaming tears
 Channel her cheeks—a Niobe appears !
 Is this a saint ? Throw tints and all away—
 True Piety is cheerful as the day,
 Will weep, indeed, and heave a pitying groan
 For others' woes, but smiles upon her own.

What purpose has the King of saints in view ?
 Why falls the Gospel like a gracious dew ?
 To call up plenty from the teeming earth,
 Or curse the desert with a tenfold dearth ?
 Is it that Adam's offspring may be sav'd
 From servile fear, or be the more enslav'd ?
 To loose the links that gall'd mankind before,
 Or bind them faster on, and add still more ?
 The freeborn Christian has no chains to prove,
 Or, if a chain, the golden one of love :
 No fear attends to quench his glowing fires,
 What fear he feels, his gratitude inspires.
 Shall he, for such deliv'rance freely wrought,
 Recompense ill ? He trembles at the thought.
 His Master's int'rest and his own combin'd
 Prompt ev'ry movement of his heart and mind :
 Thought, word, and deed, his liberty evince,
 His freedom is the freedom of a prince.

Man's obligations infinite, of course
 His life should prove that he perceives their force ;
 His utmost he can render is but small—
 The principle and motive all in all.
 You have two servants—Tom, an arch, sly rogue,
 From top to toe the Geta now in vogue,
 Genteel in figure, easy in address,
 Moves without noise, and swift as an express,
 Reports a message with a pleasing grace,
 Expert in all the duties of his place ;
 Say, on what hinge does his obedience move ?
 Has he a world of gratitude and love ?
 No, not a spark—'tis all mere sharper's play ;
 He likes your house, your housemaid, and your pay ;
 Reduce his wages, or get rid of her,
 Tom quits you, with—Your most obedient, Sir.
 The dinner serv'd, Charles takes his usual stand,
 Watches your eye, anticipates command ;
Sighs if perhaps your appetite should fail ;
And if he but suspects a frown, turns pale ;

Consults all day your int'rest and your ease,
Richly rewarded if he can but please ;
And, proud to make his firm attachment known,
To save your life would nobly risk his own.

Now which stands highest in your serious thought ?
Charles, without doubt, say you—and so he ought ;
One act, that from a thankful heart proceeds,
Excels ten thousand mercenary deeds.

Thus Heav'n approves, as honest and sincere,
The work of gen'rous love and filial fear ;
But with averted eyes th' omniscient Judge
Scorns the base hireling, and the slavish drudge.
Where dwell these matchless saints ? old Curio cries.
E'en at your side, Sir, and before your eyes,
The favour'd few—th' enthusiasts you despise.
And pleas'd at heart, because on holy ground
Sometimes a canting hypocrite is found,
Reproach a people with his single fall,
And cast his filthy raiment at them all ;
Attend !—an apt similitude shall show
Whence springs the conduct that offends you so.

See where it smokes along the sounding plain,
Blown all aslant, a driving, dashing rain,
Peal upon peal redoubling all around,
Shakes it again and faster to the ground ;
Now flashing wide, now glancing as in play,
Swift beyond thought the lightnings dart away.
Ere yet it came the trav'ler urg'd his steed,
And hurried, but with unsuccessful speed ;
Now drench'd throughout, and hopeless of his case,
He drops the rein, and leaves him to his pace.
Suppose, unlook'd for in a scene so rude,
Long hid by interposing hill or wood,
Some mansion, neat and elegantly dress'd,
By some kind hospitable heart possess'd,
Offer him warmth, security, and rest ;
Think with what pleasure, safe and at his ease,
He hears the tempest howling in the trees ;

What glowing thanks his lips and heart employ,
While danger past is turn'd to present joy.
So fares it with the sinner, when he feels
A growing dread of vengeance at his heels:
His conscience, like a glassy lake before,
Lash'd into foaming waves, begins to roar;
The law grown clamorous, though silent long,
Arraigns him—charges him with ev'ry wrong—
Asserts the rights of his offended Lord
And death or restitution is the word:
The last impossible, he fears the first,
And, having well deserv'd, expects the worst.
Then welcome refuge, and a peaceful home;
Oh, for a shelter from the wrath to come!
Crush me, ye rocks! ye falling mountains hide,
Or bury me in ocean's angry tide.—
The scrutiny of those all-seeing eyes
I dare not—And you need not, God replies;
The remedy you want I freely give:
The Book shall teach you—read, believe, and live!
'Tis done—the raging storm is heard no more,
Mercy receives him on her peaceful shore:
And Justice, guardian of the dread command,
Drops the red vengeance from his willing hand.
A soul redeem'd demands a life of praise;
Hence the complexion of his future days,
Hence a demeanour holy and unspeck'd,
And the world's hatred as its sure effect.
Some lead a life unblameable and just,
Their own dear virtue their unshaken trust:
They never sin—or if (as all offend)
Some trivial slips their daily walk attend,
The poor are near at hand, the charge is small,
A slight gratuity atones for all.
For though the pope has lost his int'rest here,
And pardons are not sold as once they were,
No papist more desirous to compound,
Than some grave sinners upon English ground.

That plea refuted, other quirks they seek—
Mercy is infinite, and man is weak ;
The future shall obliterate the past,
And Heav'n no doubt shall be their home at last.

Come then—a still, small whisper in your ear—
He has no hope who never had a fear ;
And he that never doubted of his state,
He may perhaps—perhaps he may—too late.

The path to bliss abounds with many a snare ;
Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
The Frenchman, first in literary fame,
(Mention him if you please. Voltaire?—The same,)
With spirit, genius, eloquence, supplied,
Liv'd long, wrote much, laugh'd heartily, and died.
The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon mots to gall the Christian and the Jew ;
An infidel in health, but what when sick ?
Oh—then a text would touch him at the quick :
View him at Paris in his last career,
Surrounding throngs the demigod revere ;
Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
And fum'd with frankincense on ev'ry side.
He begs their flatt'ry with his latest breath,
And smother'd in't at last, is prais'd to death.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store ;
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light ;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit,
Receives no praise ; but, though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent) she renders much ;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew ;
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
Her title to a treasure in the skies.

O, happy peasant! Oh, unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He prais'd perhaps for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home:
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers.

Not many wise, rich, noble, or profound
In science, win one inch of heav'nly ground.
And is it not a mortifying thought
The poor should gain it, and the rich should not?
No—the voluptuaries, who ne'er forget
One pleasure lost, lose Heav'n without regret;
Regret would rouse them, and give birth to pray'r;
Pray'r would add faith, and faith would fix them there.

Not that the Former of us all, in this,
Or aught he does, is govern'd by caprice;
The supposition is replete with sin,
And bears the brand of blasphemy burnt in.
Not so—the silver trumpet's heav'nly call
Sounds for the poor, but sounds alike for all:
Kings are invited, and would kings obey,
No slaves on earth more welcome were than they:
But royalty, nobility, and state,
Are such a dead preponderating weight,
That endless bliss (how strange soe'er it seem)
In counterpoise, flies up and kicks the beam.
'Tis open, and ye cannot enter—why?
Because ye will not, Conyers would reply—
And he says much that many may dispute,
And cavil at with ease, but none refute.
O, bless'd effect of penury and want;
The seed sown there, how vig'rous is the plant!
No soil like poverty for growth divine,
As leanest land supplies the richest wine.
Earth gives too little, giving only bread,
To nourish pride, or turn the weakest head:
*To them the sounding jargon of the schools
Seems what it is—a cap and bell for fools:*

The light they walk by, kindled from above,
Shows them the shortest way to life and love :
They, strangers to the controversial field,
Where deists, always foil'd, yet scorn to yield,
And never check'd by what impedes the wise,
Believe, rush forward, and possess the prize.

Envy, ye great, the dull unletter'd small :
Ye have much cause for envy—but not all.
We boast some rich ones whom the Gospel sways,
And one who wears a coronet and prays ;
Like gleanings of an olive-tree they show,
Here and there one upon the topmost bough.
✓ How readily upon the Gospel plan,
That question has its answer—What is man ?
Sinful and weak, in ev'ry sense a wretch ;
An instrument, whose chords upon the stretch,
And strain'd to the last screw that he can bear,
Yield only discord in his Maker's ear :
Once the bless'd residence of truth divine,
Glorious as Solyma's interior shrine,
Where, in his own oracular abode,
Dwelt visibly the light-creating God ;
But made long since, like Babylon of old,
A den of mischiefs never to be told ;
And she, once mistress of the realms around,
Now scatter'd wide, and nowhere to be found,
As soon shall rise and reascend the throne,
By native pow'r and energy her own,
As Nature, at her own peculiar cost,
Restore to man the glories he has lost.
Go—bid the winter cease to chill the year,
Replace the wand'ring comet in his sphere,
Then boast (but wait for that unhop'd-for hour)
The self-restoring arm of human pow'r.
But what is man in his own proud esteem ?
Hear him—himself the poet and the theme :
A monarch cloth'd with majesty and awe,
His mind his kingdom, and his will his law,

Grace in his mien, and glory in his eyes,
Supreme on earth, and worthy of the skies,
Strength in his heart, dominion in his nod,
And, thunderbolts excepted, quite a God!
So sings he, charm'd with his own mind and form,
The song magnificent—the theme a worm!
Himself so much the source of his delight,
His Maker has no beauty in his sight.
See where he sits, contemplative and fix'd,
Pleasure and wonder in his features mix'd,
His passions tam'd and all at his control,
How perfect the composure of his soul!
Complacency has 'breath'd a gentle gale
O'er all his thoughts, and swell'd his easy sail:
His books well trimm'd and in the gayest style,
Like regimental coxcombs, rank and file,
Adorn his intellects as well as shelves,
And teach him notions splendid as themselves:
The Bible only stands neglected there,
Though that of all most worthy of his care;
And, like an infant troublesome awake,
Is left to sleep for peace and quiet' sake.

What shall the man deserve of human kind,
Whose happy skill and industry combin'd
Shall prove (what argument could never yet)
The Bible an imposture and a cheat?
The praises of the libertine profess'd,
The worst of men, and curses of the best.
Where should the living, weeping o'er his woes;
The dying, trembling at the awful close;
Where the betray'd, forsaken and oppress'd,
The thousands whom the world forbids to rest;
Where should they find (those comforts at an end
The Scripture yields), or hope to find, a friend?
Sorrow might muse herself to madness then,
And seeking exile from the sight of men,
Bury herself in solitude profound,
Grow frantic with her pangs, and bite the ground.

Thus often Unbelief, grown sick of life,
 Flies to the tempting pool, or felon knife.
 The jury meet, the coroner is short,
 And lunacy the verdict of the court;
 Reverse the sentence, let the truth be known,
 Such lunacy is ignorance alone;
 They knew not, what some bishops may not know,
 That Scripture is the only cure of woe;
 That field of promise, how it flings abroad
 Its odour o'er the Christian's thorny road!
 The soul, reposing on assur'd relief,
 Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,
 Forgets her labour as she toils along,
 Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

But the same word, that like the polish'd share,
 Ploughs up the roots of a believer's care,
 Kills too the flow'ry weeds, where'er they grow,
 That bind the sinner's Bacchanalian brow.
 Oh, that unwelcome voice of heav'nly love,
 Sad messenger of mercy from above!
 How does it grate upon his thankless ear,
 Crippling his pleasures with the cramp of fear!
 His will and judgment at continual strife,
 That civil war imbitters all his life:
 In vain he points his pow'rs against the skies,
 In vain he closes or averts his eyes,
 Truth will intrude—she bids him yet beware;
 And shakes the sceptic in the scorner's chair.

Though various foes against the Truth combine;
 Pride above all opposes her design;
 Pride, of a growth superior to the rest,
 The subtlest serpent with the loftiest crest,
 Swells at the thought and kindling into rage,
 Would hiss the cherub Mercy from the stage.

And is the soul indeed so lost—she cries,
 Fall'n from her glory, and too weak to rise?
 Torpid and dull beneath a frozen zone,
Has she no spark that may be deem'd her own?

Grant her indebted to what zealots call
 Grace undeserv'd, yet surely not for all—
 Some beams of rectitude she yet displays,
 Some love of virtue, and some pow'r to praise :
 Can lift herself above corporeal things,
 And, soaring on her own unborrow'd wings,
 Possess herself of all that's good or true,
 Assert the skies, and vindicate her due.
 Past indiscretion is a venial crime,
 And if the youth, unmellow'd yet by time,
 Bore on his branch, luxuriant then and rude,
 Fruits of a blighted size, austere and crude,
 Maturer years shall happier stores produce,
 And meliorate the well-concocted juice.
 Then, conscious of her meritorious zeal,
 To Justice she may make her bold appeal,
 And leave to Mercy, with a tranquil mind,
 The worthless and unfruitful of mankind.
 Hear then how Mercy slighted and defied,
 Retorts th' affront against the crown of Pride.

Perish the virtue, as it ought, abhorr'd,
 And the fool with it, who insults his Lord.
 Th' atonement, a Redeemer's love has wrought,
 Is not for you—the righteous need it not.
 Seest thou yon harlot, wooing all she meets,
 The worn-out nuisance of the public streets,
 Herself from morn to night, from night to morn,
 Her own abhorrence, and as much your scorn.
 The gracious show'r, unlimited and free,
 Shall fall on her, when Heav'n denies it thee.
 Of all that wisdom dictates, this the drift,
 That man is dead in sin, and life a gift.
 ✓ Is virtue, then, unless of Christian growth,
 Mere fallacy, or foolishness, or both ?
 Ten thousand sages lost in endless woe,
 For ignorance of what they could not know ?
 That speech betrays at once a bigot's tongue,
 Charge not a God with such outrageous wrong.

Truly not I—the partial light men have,
 My creed persuades me, well employ'd, may save;
 While he that scorns the noonday beam, perverse,
 Shall find the blessing, unimprov'd, a curse.
 Let heathen worthies, whose exalted mind
 Left sensuality and dross behind,
 Possess for me their undisputed lot,
 And take unenvied the reward they sought:
 But still in virtue of a Saviour's plea,
 Not blind by choice, but destin'd not to see.
 Their fortitude and wisdom were a flame
 Celestial, though they knew not whence it came,
 Deriv'd from the same source of light and grace,
 That guides the Christian in his swifter race;
 Their judge was conscience, and her rule their law,
 That rule, pursued with rev'rence and with awe,
 Led them, however falt'ring, faint, and slow,
 From what they knew, to what they wish'd to know.
 But let not him, that shares a brighter day,
 Traduce the splendour of a noontide ray,
 Prefer the twilight of a darker time,
 And deem his base stupidity no crime:
 The wretch, who slights the bounty of the skies,
 And sinks, while favour'd with the means to rise,
 Shall find them rated at their full amount;
 The good he scorn'd all carried to account.

Marhalling all his terrors as he came,
 Thunder, and earthquake, and devouring flame,
 From Sinai's top Jehovah gave the law
 Life for obedience, death for ev'ry flaw.
 When the great Sov'reign would his will express,
 He gives a perfect rule; what can he less?
 And guards it with a sanction as severe
 As vengeance can inflict, or sinners fear:
 Else his own glorious rights he would disclaim,
 And man might safely trifle with his name.
 He bids *him* glow with unremitting love
 To all on earth, and to himself above;

Condemns th' injurious deed, the sland'rous tongue,
The thought that meditates a brother's wrong :
Brings not alone the more conspicuous part,
His conduct, to the test, but tries his heart.

Hark ! universal nature shook and groan'd,
'Twas the last trumpet—see the Judge enthron'd !
Rouse all your courage at your utmost need,
Now summon ev'ry virtue, stand and plead.
What ! silent ? Is your boasting heard no more ?
That self-renouncing wisdom, learn'd before,
Had shed immortal glories on your brow,
That all your virtues cannot purchase now.

All joy to the believer ! He can speak—
Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek.

Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but thine,
Nor hop'd, but in thy righteousness divine :
My pray'rs and alms, imperfect and defil'd,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child ;
Howe'er perform'd, it was their brightest part,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart :
Cleans'd in thine own all purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good ;
I cast them at thy feet—my only plea
Is what it was, dependence upon thee,
While struggling in the vale of tears below,
That never fail'd, nor shall it fail me now.

Angelic gratulations rend the skies,
Pride falls unpitied, never more to rise,
Humility is crown'd, and Faith receives the prize.

EXPOSTULATION.

'Tantane, tam patiens, nullo certamine tolli
Dona sines?' Virg.

WHY weeps the muse for England? What appears
In England's case, to move the muse to tears?
From side to side of her delightful isle
Is she not cloth'd with a perpetual smile?
Can Nature add a charm, or Art confer
A new-found luxury not seen in her?
Where under heav'n is pleasure more pursued,
Or where does cold reflection less intrude?
Her fields a rich expanse of wavy corn,
Pour'd out from Plenty's overflowing horn;
Ambrosial gardens, in which Art supplies
The fervour and the force of Indian skies;
Her peaceful shores, where busy Commerce waits
To pour his golden tide through all her gates;
Whom fiery suns, that scorch the russet spice
Of eastern groves, and oceans floor'd with ice,
Forbid in vain to push his daring way
To darker climes, or climes of brighter day;
Whom the winds waft where'er the billows roll,
From the world's girdle to the frozen pole;
The chariots bounding in her wheel-worn streets,
Her vaults below, where ev'ry vintage meets;
Her theatres, her revels, and her sports;
The scenes to which not youth alone resorts,
But age, in spite of weakness and of pain,
Still haunts, in hope to dream of youth again;

All speak her happy ; let the muse look round
From East to West, no sorrow can be found :
Or only what, in cottages confin'd,
Sighs unregarded to the passing wind.
Then wherefore weep for England ? What appears
In England's case to move the muse to tears ?

The prophet wept for Israel ; wish'd his eyes
Were fountains fed with infinite supplies :
For Israel dealt in robbery and wrong ;
There were the scorner's and the sland'rer's tongue ;
Oaths, us'd as playthings or convenient tools,
As int'rest biass'd knaves, or fashion fools ;
Adult'ry, neighing at his neighbour's door ;
Oppression, lab'ring hard to grind the poor ;
The partial balance, and deceitful weight ;
The treach'rous smile, a mask for secret hate ;
Hypocrisy, formality in pray'r,
And the dull service of the lip were there.
Her women, insolent and self-caress'd,
By Vanity's unwearied finger dress'd,
Forgot the blush, that virgin fears impart
To modest cheeks, and borrow'd one from art ;
Were just such trifles, without worth or use,
As silly pride and idleness produce ;
Curl'd, scented, furbelow'd, and flounc'd around,
With feet too delicate to touch the ground,
They stretch'd the neck, and roll'd the wanton eye,
And sigh'd for ev'ry fool that flutter'd by.

He saw his people slaves to ev'ry lust,
Lewd, avaricious, arrogant, unjust ;
He heard the wheels of an avenging God
Groan heavily along the distant road ;
Saw Babylon set wide her two-leav'd brass
To let the military deluge pass ;
Jerusalem a prey, her glory soil'd,
Her princes captive, and her treasures spoil'd :
Wept till all Israel heard his bitter cry,
Stamp'd with his foot, and smote upon his thigh :

ept, and stamp'd, and smote his thigh in vain ;
 re is deaf when told of future pain,
 ounds prophetic are too rough to suit
 ng accustom'd to the pleasing lute :
 scorn'd his inspiration and his theme,
 unc'd him frantic, and his fears a dream ;
 self-indulgence wing'd the fleeting hours,
 e foe found them, and down fell the tow'rs.
 g time Assyria bound them in her chain,
 nitence had purg'd the public stain,
 yrus, with relenting pity mov'd,
 a'd them happy to the land they lov'd ;
 , proof against prosperity, awhile
 stood the test of her ensnaring smile,
 ad the grace in scenes of peace to show
 irtue they had learn'd in scenes of woe.
 an is frail, and can but ill sustain
 g immunity from grief and pain ;
 fter all the joys that Plenty leads,
 tiptoe step Vice silently succeeds.
 en he that rul'd them with a shepherd's rod
 m a man, in dignity a God,
 , not expected in that humble guise,
 t and search them with unerring eyes,
 and conceal'd beneath a fair outside,
 lth of rottenness, and worm of pride ;
 piety a system of deceit,
 ure employ'd to sanctify the cheat ;
 'harisee the dupe of his own art,
 oliz'd, and yet a knave at heart.
 en nations are to perish in their sins,
 a the church the leprosy begins ;
 riest, whose office is with zeal sincere
 tch the fountain, and preserve it clear,
 ssly nods and sleeps upon the brink,
 e others poison what the flock must drink ;
 aking at the call of lust alone,
 s lies and errors of his own ;

His unsuspecting sheep believe it pure ;
And, tainted by the very means of cure,
Catch from each other a contagious spot,
The foul forerunner of a gen'ral rot.
Then Truth is hush'd, that Heresy may preach ;
And all is trash, that Reason cannot reach :
Then God's own image on the soul impress'd
Becomes a mock'ry, and a standing jest ;
And faith, the root whence only can arise
The graces of a life that wins the skies,
Loses at once all value and esteem,
Pronounc'd by graybeards a pernicious dream :
Then Ceremony leads her bigots forth,
Prepar'd to fight for shadows of no worth ;
While truths, on which eternal things depend,
Find not, or hardly find, a single friend :
As soldiers watch the signal of command,
They learn to bow, to kneel, to sit, to stand ;
Happy to fill religion's vacant place
With hollow form, and gesture, and grimace.
Such, when the Teacher of his church was there,
People and priest, the sons of Israel were ;
Stiff in the letter, lax in the design
And import, of their oracles divine ;
Their learning legendary, false, absurd,
And yet exalted above God's own word ;
They drew a curse from an intended good,
Puff'd up with gifts they never understood.
He judg'd them with as terrible a frown,
As if not love, but wrath, had brought him down :
Yet he was gentle as soft summer airs,
Had grace for others' sins, but not for theirs ;
Through all he spoke a noble plainness ran—
Rhet'ric is artifice, the work of man ;
And tricks and turns, that fancy may devise,
Are far too mean for Him that rules the skies.
Th' astonish'd vulgar trembled when he tore
The mask from faces never seen before ;

He stripp'd th' impostors in the noonday sun,
Show'd that they follow'd all they seem'd to shun ;
Their pray'rs made public, their excesses kept
As private as the chambers where they slept ;
The temple and its holy rites profan'd
By mumm'ries, he that dwelt in it disdain'd ;
Uplifted hands, that at convenient times
Could act extortion and the worst of crimes,
Wash'd with a neatness scrupulously nice,
And free from ev'ry taint but that of vice.
Judgment, however tardy, mends her pace
When Obstinacy once has conquer'd Grace.
They saw distemper heal'd, and life restor'd,
In answer to the fiat of his word ;
Confess'd the wonder, and with daring tongue
Blasphem'd th' authority from which it sprung.
They knew by sure prognostics seen on high,
The future tone and temper of the sky ;
But, grave dissemblers ! could not understand
That Sin let loose speaks Punishment at hand.
Ask now of history's authentic page,
And call up evidence from ev'ry age ;
Display with busy and laborious hand
The blessings of the most indebted land ;
What nation will you find, whose annals prove
So rich an int'rest in Almighty love ?
Where dwell they now, where dwelt in ancient day
A people planted, water'd, blest as they ?
Let Egypt's plagues and Canaan's woes proclaim
The favours pour'd upon the Jewish name :
Their freedom purchas'd from them at the cost
Of all their hard oppressors valued most ;
Their title to a country not their own
Made sure by prodigies till then unknown ;
For them the states they left, made waste and void ;
For them the states to which they went, destroy'd ;
A cloud to measure out their march by day,
By night a fire to cheer the gloomy way ;

That moving signal summoning, when best,
Their host to move, and when it stay'd, to rest.
For them the rocks dissolv'd into a flood,
The dews condens'd into angelic food,
Their very garments sacred, old yet new,
And Time forbid to touch them as he flew;
Streams, swell'd above the bank, enjoin'd to stand,
While they pass'd through to their appointed land;
Their leader arm'd with meekness, zeal, and love,
And grac'd with clear credentials from above;
Themselves secur'd beneath th' Almighty wing!
Their God their captain,* lawgiver, and king;
Crown'd with a thousand vict'ries, and at last
Lords of the conquer'd soil, there rooted fast,
In peace possessing what they won by war,
Their name far publish'd, and rever'd as far;
Where will you find a race like theirs, endow'd
With all that man e'er wish'd, or Heav'n bestow'd?
They, and they only, amongst all mankind,
Receiv'd the transcript of th' eternal mind;
Were trusted with his own engraven laws,
And constituted guardians of his cause;
Theirs were the prophets, theirs the priestly call,
And theirs by birth the Saviour of us all.
In vain the nations, that had seen them rise
With fierce and envious yet admiring eyes,
Had sought to crush them, guarded as they were
By pow'r divine, and skill that could not err.
Had they maintain'd allegiance firm and sure,
And kept the faith immaculate and pure,
Then the proud eagles of all-conq'ring Rome
Had found one city not to be o'ercome;
And the twelve standards of the tribes unfurl'd
Had bid defiance to the warring world.
But grace abus'd brings forth the foulest deeds,
As richest soil the most luxuriant weeds.

* Vide Joshua, v. 14.

Cur'd of the golden calves, their fathers' sin,
They set up self, that idle god, within ;
View'd a Deliv'rer with disdain and hate,
Who left them still a tributary state ;
Seiz'd fast his hand, held out to see them free
From a worse yoke, and nail'd it to the tree :
There was the consummation and the crown,
The flow'r of Israel's infamy full blown ;
Thence date their sad declension and their fall,
Their woes not yet repeal'd, thence date them all.

Thus fell the best instructed in her day,
And the most favour'd land, look where we may.
Philosophy indeed on Grecian eyes
Had pour'd the day, and clear'd the Roman skies ;
In other climes perhaps creative Art,
With pow'r surpassing theirs, perform'd her part,
Might give more life to marble, or might fill
The glowing tablets with a juster skill ;
Might shine in fable, and grace idle themes
With all th' embroidery of poetic dreams ;
'Twas theirs alone to dive into the plan
That Truth and Mercy had reveal'd to man ;
And while the World beside, that plan unknown,
Deify'd useless wood, or senseless stone,
They breath'd in faith their well-directed pray'rs,
And the true God, the God of truth, was theirs.

Their glory faded, and their race dispers'd,
The last of nations now, though once the first ;
They warn and teach the proudest, would they learn,
Keep wisdom, or meet vengeance in your turn :
If we escap'd not, if Heav'n spar'd not us,
Peel'd, scatter'd, and exterminated thus ;
If Vice receiv'd her retribution due,
When we were visited, what hope for you ?
When God arises with an awful frown
To punish lust, or pluck presumption down ;
When gifts perverted, or not duly priz'd,
Pleasure o'ervalued, and his grace despis'd,

Provoke the vengeance of his righteous hand
To pour down wrath upon a thankless land;
He will be found impartially severe,
Too just to wink, or speak the guilty clear.

O Israel, of all nations most undone!
Thy diadem displac'd, thy sceptre gone;
Thy temple, once thy glory, fall'n and raz'd,
And thou a worshipper e'en where thou mayst;
Thy services once holy, without spot,
Mere shadows now their ancient pomp forgot;
Thy Levites, once a consecrated host,
No longer Levites, and their lineage lost,
And thou thyself o'er ev'ry country sown,
With none on Earth that thou canst call thine own
Cry aloud, thou that sittest in the dust,
Cry to the proud, the cruel, and unjust;
Knock at the gates of nations, rouse their fears;
Say wrath is coming, and the storm appears;
But raise the shrillest cry in British ears.

What ails thee, restless as the waves that roar,
And fling their foam against thy chalky shore?
Mistress, at least while Providence shall please,
And trident-bearing queen of the wide seas—
Why, having kept good faith, and often shown
Friendship and truth to others, find'st thou none?
Thou that hast set the persecuted free,
None interposes now to succour thee.
Countries indebted to thy pow'r, that shine
With light deriv'd from thee, would smother thine
Thy very children watch for thy disgrace—
A lawless brood, and curse thee to thy face.
Thy rulers load thy credit, year by year,
With sums Peruvian mines could never clear;
As if, like arches built with skilful hand,
The more 'twere press'd the firmer it would stand.

The cry in all thy ships is still the same,
Speed us away to battle and to fame.

Thy mariners explore the wide expanse,
 Impatient to descry the flags of France;
 But, though they fight as thine have ever fought,
 Return asham'd without the wreaths they sought.
 Thy senate is a scene of civil jar,
 Chaos of contrarieties at war;
 Where sharp and solid, phlegmatic and light,
 Discordant atoms meet, ferment, and fight;
 Where Obstinacy takes his sturdy stand,
 To disconcert what Policy has plann'd;
 Where Policy is busied all night long
 In setting right what faction has set wrong;
 Where flails of oratory thrash the floor,
 That yields them chaff and dust, and nothing more.
 Thy rack'd inhabitants repine, complain,
 Tax'd till the brow of Labour sweats in vain;
 War lays a burden on the reeling state,
 And peace does nothing to relieve the weight;
 Successive loads succeeding broils impose,
 And sighing millions prophesy the close.

Is adverse Providence, when ponder'd well,
 So dimly writ, or difficult to spell,
 Thou canst not read with readiness and ease
 Providence adverse in events like these?
 Know then that heav'nly wisdom on this ball
 Creates, gives birth to, guides, consummates all;
 That, while laborious and quick-thoughted man
 Snuffs up the praise of what he seems to plan,
 He first conceives, then perfects his design,
 As a mere instrument in hands divine:
 Blind to the working of that secret pow'r,
 That balances the wings of ev'ry hour,
 The busy trifler dreams himself alone,
 Frames many a purpose, and God works his own.
 States thrive and wither as moons wax and wane,
 E'en as his will and his decrees ordain;
 While honour, virtue, piety, bear sway,
 They flourish; and as these decline, decay:

In just resentment of his injur'd laws,
He pours contempt on them and on their cause;
Strikes the rough thread of error right athwart
The web of ev'ry scheme they have at heart;
Bids rottenness invade and bring to dust
The pillars of support, in which they trust,
And do his errand of disgrace and shame
On the chief strength and glory of the frame.
None ever yet impeded what he wrought,
None bars him out from his most secret thought:
Darkness itself before his eye is light,
And Hell's close mischief naked in his sight.

Stand now and judge thyself—Hast thou incurr'd
His anger, who can waste thee with a word,
Who poises and proportions sea and land,
Weighing them in the hollow of his hand,
And in whose awful sight all nations seem
As grasshoppers, as dust, a drop, a dream?
Hast thou (a sacrilege his soul abhors)
Claim'd all the glory of thy prosp'rous wars?
Proud of thy fleets and armies, stol'n the gem
Of his just praise, to lavish it on them?
Hast thou not learn'd, what thou art often told,
A truth still sacred, and believ'd of old,
That no success attends on spears and swords
Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's?
That courage is his creature; and dismay
The post, that at his bidding speeds away,
Ghastly in feature, and his stamm'ring tongue
With doleful humour and sad presage hung,
To quell the valour of the stoutest heart,
And teach the combatant a woman's part?
That he bids thousands fly when none pursue,
Saves as he will by many or by few,
And claims for ever, as his royal right,
Th' event and sure decision of the fight?
*Hast thou, tho' suckled at fair Freedom's breast,
Exported slav'ry to the conquer'd East?*

Pull'd down the tyrants India serv'd with dread,
 And rais'd thyself, a greater, in their stead?
 Gone thither arm'd and hungry, return'd full,
 Fed from the richest veins of the Mogul,
 A despot big with pow'r obtain'd by wealth,
 And that obtain'd by rapine and by stealth?
 With Asiatic vices stor'd thy mind,
 But left their virtues and thine own behind?
 And having truck'd thy soul, brought home the fee,
 To tempt the poor to sell himself to thee?

✓ Hast thou by statute shov'd from its design
 The Saviour's feast, his own blest bread and wine,
 And made the symbols of atoning grace
 An office-key, a picklock to a place,
 That infidels may prove their title good
 By an oath dipp'd in sacramental blood?
 A blot that will be still a blot, in spite
 Of all that grave apologists may write;
 And though a bishop toil to cleanse the stain,
 He wipes and scours the silver cup in vain.
 And hast thou sworn on every slight pretence,
 Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
 While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
 Kiss the book's outside, who ne'er look'd within?

Hast thou, when Heav'n has cloth'd thee with dis-
 And, long provok'd, repaid thee to thy face, [grace,
 (For thou hast known eclipses, and endur'd
 Dimness and anguish, all thy beams obscur'd,
 When sin has shed dishonour on thy brow;
 And never of a sabler hue than now),
 Hast thou, with heart perverse and conscience sear'd,
 Despising all rebuke, still persever'd,
 And having chosen evil, scorn'd the voice
 That cried, Repent!—and gloried in thy choice?
 Thy fastings, when calamity at last
 Suggests the expedient of a yearly fast,
 What mean they? Canst thou dream there is a
 In lighter diet at a later hour,

To charm to sleep the threat'ning of the skies,
And hide past folly from all-seeing eyes?
The fast, that wins deliv'rance, and suspends
The stroke, that a vindictive God intends,
Is to renounce hypocrisy ; to draw
Thy life upon the pattern of the law ;
To war with pleasure, idoliz'd before ;
To vanquish lust, and wear its yoke no more.
All fasting else, whate'er be the pretence,
Is wooing mercy by renew'd offence.

Hast thou within the sin, that in old time
Brought fire from Heav'n, the sex-abusing crime,
Whose horrid perpetration stamps disgrace,
Baboons are free from, upon human race ?
Think on the fruitful and well water'd spot,
That fed the flocks and herds of wealthy Lot,
Where Paradise seem'd still vouchsaf'd on earth,
Burning and scorch'd into perpetual dearth,
Or, in his words who damn'd the base desire,
Suff'ring the vengeance of eternal fire :
Then nature injur'd, scandaliz'd, defil'd,
Unveil'd her blushing cheek, look'd on, and smil'd ;
Beheld with joy the lovely scene defac'd,
And praised the wrath that laid her beauties waste.
Far be the thought of any verse of mine,
And farther still the form'd and fix'd design,
To thrust the charge of deeds that I detest,
Against an innocent, unconscious breast :
The man that dares traduce, because he can
With safety to himself, is not a man :
An individual is a sacred mark,
Not to be pierced in play, or in the dark ;
But public censure speaks a public foe,
Unless a zeal for virtue guide the blow.

The priestly brotherhood, devout, sincere,
From mean self-int'rest and ambition clear,
Their hope in heav'n, servility their scorn,
rompt to persuade, expostulate, and warn,

Their wisdom pure, and giv'n them from above,
Their usefulness ensur'd by zeal and love,
As meek as the man Moses, and withal
As bold as in Agrippa's presence Paul,
Should fly the world's contaminating touch,
Holy and unpolluted:—are thine such?
Except a few with Eli's spirit blest,
Hophni and Phineas may describe the rest.

Where shall a teacher look, in days like these,
For ears and hearts, that he can hope to please?
Look to the poor—the simple and the plain
Will hear perhaps thy salutary strain.
Humility is gentle, apt to learn,
Speak but the word, will listen and return.
Alas, not so! the poorest of the flock
Are proud, and set their faces as a rock;
Denied that earthly opulence they choose,
God's better gift they scoff at and refuse.
The rich, the produce of a nobler stem,
Are more intelligent at least—try them.
O vain inquiry! they without remorse
Are altogether gone a devious course;
When beck'ning pleasure leads them, wildly stray;
Have burst the bands, and cast the yoke away.

Now borne upon the wings of truth sublime,
Review thy dim original and prime.
This island, spot of unreclaim'd rude earth,
The cradle that receiv'd thee at thy birth,
Was rock'd by many a rough Norwegian blast,
And Danish howling scar'd thee as they pass'd;
For thou wast born amid the din of arms,
And suck'd a breast that panted with alarms.
While yet thou wast a grov'ling puling chit,
Thy bones not fashion'd, and thy joints not knit,
The Roman taught thy stubborn knee to bow,
Though twice a Cæsar could not bend thee now.
His victory was that of orient light,
When the sun's shafts disperse the gloom of night.

Thy language at this distant moment shows
 How much the country to the conqueror owes ;
 Expressive, energetic, and refin'd,
 It sparkles with the gems he left behind :
 He brought thy land a blessing when he came,
 He found thee savage, and he left thee tame ;
 Taught thee to clothe thy pink'd and painted hide,
 And grace thy figure with a soldier's pride ;
 He sow'd the seeds of order where he went,
 Improv'd thee far beyond his own intent,
 And, while he rul'd thee by the sword alone,
 Made thee at last a warrior like his own.
 Religion, if in heav'nly truths attir'd,
 Needs only to be seen to be admir'd ;
 But thine, as dark as witch'ries of the night,
 Was form'd to harden hearts and shock the sight ;
 Thy Druids struck the well-hung harps they bore
 With fingers deeply dyed in human gore ;
 And, while the victim slowly bled to death,
 Upon the rolling chords rung out his dying breath.
 Who brought the lamp, that with awaking beams
 Dispell'd thy gloom, and broke away thy dreams,
 Tradition, now decrepit and worn out,
 Babbler of ancient fables, leaves a doubt :
 But still light reach'd thee ; and those gods of thine,
 Woden and Thor, each tott'ring in his shrine,
 Fell broken and defac'd at his own door,
 As Dagon in Philistia long before.
 But Rome, with sorceries and magic wand,
 Soon rais'd a cloud that darken'd ev'ry land ;
 And thine was smother'd in the stench and fog
 Of Tiber's marshes and the papal bog.
 Then priests, with bulls and briefs, and shaven crowns,
 And griping fists, and unrelenting frowns,
 Legates and delegates with pow'rs from hell,
 Though heav'nly in pretension, fleec'd thee well :
 And to this hour, to keep it fresh in mind,
 Some twigs of that old scourge are left behind,*

* Which may be found at Doctors' Commons.

Thy soldiery, the Pope's well manag'd pack,
Were train'd beneath his lash, and knew the smack,
And, when he laid them on the scent of blood,
Would hunt a Saracen through fire and flood.
Lavish of life, to win an empty tomb,
That prov'd a mint of wealth, a mine to Rome,
They left their bones beneath unfriendly skies,
His worthless absolution all the prize.
Thou wast the veriest slave in days of yore,
That ever dragg'd a chain or tugg'd an oar ;
Thy monarchs, arbitrary, fierce, unjust,
Themselves the slaves of bigotry or lust,
Disdain'd thy counsels, only in distress
Found thee a goodly sponge for Pow'r to press.
Thy chiefs, the lords of many a petty fee,
Provok'd and harass'd, in return plagu'd thee ;
Call'd thee away from peaceable employ,
Domestic happiness and rural joy,
To waste thy life in arms, or lay it down
In causeless feuds and bick'ring of their own.
Thy parliaments ador'd on bended knees
The sov'reignty they were conven'd to please ;
Whate'er was ask'd, too timid to resist,
Complied with, and were graciously dismiss'd ;
And if some Spartan soul a doubt express'd,
And, blushing at the tameness of the rest,
Dar'd to suppose the subject had a choice,
He was a traitor by the gen'ral voice.
Oh, slave ! with pow'rs thou didst not dare exert,
Verse cannot stoop so low as thy desert ;
It shakes the sides of splenetic Disdain,
Thou self-entitled ruler of the main,
To trace thee to the date when yon fair sea,
That clips thy shores, had no such charms for thee ;
When other nations flew from coast to coast,
And thou hadst neither fleet nor flag to boast.
*Kneel now, and lay thy forehead in the dust ;
Blush, if thou canst ; not petrified, thou must :*

Act but an honest and a faithful part ;
Compare what then thou wast with what thou art ;
And God's disposing Providence confess'd,
Obduracy itself must yield the rest.—
Then thou art bound to serve him, and to prove,
Hour after hour, thy gratitude and love.
* Has he not hid thee, and thy favour'd land,
For ages safe beneath his shelt'ring hand,
Giv'n thee his blessing on the clearest proof,
Bid nations leagu'd against thee stand aloof,
And charg'd Hostility and Hate to roar
Where else they would, but not upon thy shore ?
His pow'r secur'd thee, when presumptuous Spain
Baptiz'd her fleet invincible in vain ;
Her gloomy monarch, doubtful and resign'd
To ev'ry pang that racks an anxious mind,
Ask'd of the waves, that broke upon his coast,
What tidings ? and the surge replied—All lost !
And when the Stuart leaning on the Scot,
Then too much fear'd, and now too much forgot,
Pierc'd to the very centre of the realm,
And hop'd to seize his abdicated helm,
'Twas but to prove how quickly with a frown
He that had rais'd thee could have pluck'd thee down.
Peculiar is the grace by thee possess'd,
Thy foes implacable, thy land at rest ;
Thy thunders travel over earth and seas,
And all at home is pleasure, wealth, and ease.
'Tis thus, extending his tempestuous arm,
Thy Maker fills the nations with alarm,
While his own Heav'n surveys the troubled scene,
And feels no change, unshaken and serene.
Freedom, in other lands scarce known to shine,
Pours out a flood of splendour upon thine ;
Thou hast as bright an int'rest in her rays
As ever Roman had in Rome's best days.
True freedom is where no restraint is known,
That Scripture, justice, and good sense disown, ...

Where only vice and injury are tied,
 And all from shore to shore is free beside.
 Such freedom is—and Windsor's hoary tow'rs
 Stood trembling at the boldness of thy pow'rs,
 That won a nymph on that immortal plain
 Like her the fabled Phœbus woo'd in vain :
 He found the laurel only—happier you
 Th' unfading laurel, and the virgin too !*
 ✓ Now think, if Pleasure have a thought to spare ;
 If God himself be not beneath her care ;
 If Business, constant as the wheels of time,
 Can pause an hour to read a serious rhyme ;
 If the new mail thy merchants now receive,
 Or expectation of the next, give leave ;
 Oh, think ! if chargeable with deep arrears
 For such indulgence gilding all thy years,
 How much, though long neglected, shining yet,
 The beams of heav'nly truth have swell'd the debt.
 When persecuting zeal made royal sport
 With tortur'd innocence in Mary's court,
 And Bonner, blithe as shepherd at a wake,
 Enjoy'd the show, and danc'd about the stake ;
 The sacred Book, its value understood,
 Receiv'd the seal of martyrdom in blood.
 Those holy men, so full of truth and grace,
 Seem to reflection of a diff'rent race ;
 Meek, modest, venerable, wise, sincere,
 In such a cause they could not dare to fear ;
 They could not purchase earth with such a prize,
 Or spare a life too short to reach the skies.
 From them to thee convey'd along the tide,
 Their streaming hearts pour'd freely when they died
 Those truths, which neither use nor years impair,
 Invite thee, woo thee, to the bliss they share.
 What dotage will not vanity maintain ?
 What web too weak to catch a modern brain ?

* Alluding to the grant of Magna Charta, which was extorted from
 King John by the barons at Runnymede near Windsor.

The moles and bats in full assembly find,
 One special search, the keen-ey'd eagle blind.
 And did they dream, and art thou wiser now?
 Prove it—if better, I submit and bow.

Wisdom and goodness are twin born, one heart
 Must hold both sisters, never seen apart.

So then—as darkness overspread the deep,
 Ere nature rose from her eternal sleep,
 And this delightful earth, and that fair sky,
 Leap'd out of nothing, call'd by the Most High;
 By such a change thy darkness is made light,
 Thy chaos order, and thy weakness might;
 And He, whose pow'r mere nullity obeys,
 Who found thee nothing, form'd thee for his praise.

To praise him is to serve him, and fulfil,
 Doing and suff'ring, his unquestion'd will;
 'Tis to believe what men inspir'd of old,
 Faithful, and faithfully inform'd, unfold;
 Candid and just, with no false aim in view,
 To take for truth what cannot but be true;
 To learn in God's own school the Christian part,
 And bind the task assign'd thee to thine heart.
 Happy the man there seeking and there found,
 Happy the nation where such men abound.

✓ How shall a verse impress thee? by what name
 Shall I adjure thee not to court thy shame?
 By theirs, whose bright example unimpeach'd
 Directs thee to that eminence they reach'd,
 Heroes and worthies of days past, thy sires?
 Or his, who touch'd their hearts with hallow'd fires?
 Their names, alas! in vain reproach an age,
 Whom all the vanities they scorn'd engage!
 And His, that seraphs tremble at, is hung
 Disgracefully on ev'ry trifler's tongue,
 Or serves the champion in forensic war
 To flourish and parade with at the bar.
 Pleasure herself perhaps suggests a plea,
If int'rest move thee, to persuade e'en thee;

By ev'ry charm that smiles upon her face,
 By joys possess'd, and joys still held in chase,
 If dear society be worth a thought,
 And if the feast of freedom cloy thee not,
 Reflect that these, and all that seems thine own,
 Held by the tenure of his will alone,
 Like angels in the service of their Lord,
 Remain with thee, or leave thee at his word ;
 That gratitude and temp'rance in our use
 Of what he gives, unsparing and profuse,
 Secure the favour, and enhance the joy,
 That thankless waste and wild abuse destroy.
 But above all reflect, how cheap soe'er
 Those rights, that millions envy thee, appear,
 And, though resolv'd to risk them, and swim down
 The tide of pleasure, heedless of His frown,
 That blessings truly sacred, and when giv'n
 Mark'd with the signature and stamp of Heav'n,
 The word of prophecy, those truths divine,
 Which make that Heav'n, if thou desire it, thine,
 (Awful alternative ! believ'd, belov'd,
 Thy glory, and thy shame if unimprov'd,)
 Are never long vouchsaf'd, if pushed aside
 With cold disgust or philosophic pride !
 And that judicially withdrawn, disgrace,
 Error and darkness occupy their place.
 A world is up in arms, and thou, a spot
 Not quickly found, if negligently sought,
 Thy soul as ample as thy bounds are small,
 Endur'st the brunt, and dar'st defy them all :
 And wilt thou join to this bold enterprize
 A bolder still, a contest with the skies ?
 Remember, if He guard thee and secure,
 Whoe'er assails thee, thy success is sure ;
 But if he leave thee, though the skill and pow'r
 Of nations sworn to spoil thee and devour,
 Were all collected in thy single arm,
 And thou couldst laugh away the fear of harm,

That strength would fail, oppos'd against the push
And feeble onset of a pigmy rush.

Say not (and if the thought of such defence
Should spring within thy bosom, drive it thence)
What nation amongst all my foes is free
From crimes as base as any charg'd on me?
Their measure fill'd, they too shall pay the debt,
Which God, though long forborne, will not forget.
But know that wrath divine, when most severe,
Makes justice still the guide of his career,
And will not punish, in one mingled crowd,
Them without light, and thee without a cloud.

Muse, hang this harp upon yon aged beech,
Still murm'ring with the solemn truths I teach;
And while at intervals a cold blast sings
Through the dry leaves, and pants upon the strings;
My soul shall sigh in secret, and lament
A nation scourg'd, yet tardy to repent.
I know the warning song is sung in vain;
That few will hear, and fewer heed the strain;
But if a sweeter voice, and one design'd
A blessing to my country and mankind,
Reclaim the wand'ring thousands, and bring home
A flock so scatter'd and so wont to roam,
Then place it once again between my knees;
The sound of truth will then be sure to please;
And truth alone, where'er my life be cast,
In scenes of plenty, or the pining waste,
Shall be my chosen theme, my glory to the last.

H O P E.

- - - doceas iter, et sacra otia pandas.
Virg. *Æn.* vi. 109.

Ask what is human life—the sage replies,
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes,
A painful passage o'er a restless flood,
A vain pursuit of fugitive, false good,
A scene of fancied bliss and heart-felt care,
Closing at last in darkness and despair,
The poor, inur'd to drudg'ry and distress,
Act without aim, think little, and feel less,
And no where, but in feign'd Arcadian scenes,
Taste happiness, or know what pleasure means.
Riches are pass'd away from hand to hand,
As fortune, vice, or folly, may command ;
As in a dance the pair that take the lead
Turn downward, and the lowest pair succeed,
So shifting and so various is the plan,
By which Heav'n rules the mix'd affairs of man ;
Vicissitude wheels round the motley crowd,
The rich grow poor, the poor become purse-proud ;
Bus'ness is labour, and man's weakness such,
Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much,
The very sense of it foregoes its use,
By repetition pall'd, by age obtuse.
Youth lost in dissipation we deplore,
Through life's sad remnant, what no sighs restore ;
Our years, a fruitless race without a prize,
Too many, yet too few to make us wise.

Dangling his cane about, and taking snuff,
Lothario cries, What philosophic stuff—

O, querulous and weak !—whose useless brain
Once thought of nothing, and now thinks in vain ;
Whose eye reverted weeps o'er all the past,
Whose prospect shows thee a disheart'ning waste ;
Would age in thee resign his wintry reign,
And youth invigorate that frame again,
Renew'd desire would grace with other speech
Joys always priz'd, when plac'd within our reach.

For lift thy palsied head, shake off the gloom
That overhangs the borders of thy tomb,
See Nature gay, as when she first began
With smiles alluring her admirer, man ;
She spreads the morning over eastern hills,
Earth glitters with the drops the night distils ;
The Sun obedient at her call appears,
To fling his glories o'er the robe she wears ;
Banks cloth'd with flow'rs, groves fill'd with sprightly
sounds,

Thy yellow tilth, green meads, rocks, rising grounds,
Streams edg'd with osiers, fatt'ning ev'ry field,
Where'er they flow, now seen and now conceal'd ;
From the blue rim, where skies and mountains meet,
Down to the very turf beneath thy feet,
Ten thousand charms, that only fools despise,
Or Pride can look at with indiff'rent eyes,
All speak one language, all with one sweet voice
Cry to her universal realm, Rejoice !
Man feels the spur of passions and desires,
And she gives largely more than he requires ;
Not that his hours devoted all to Care,
Hollow-ey'd Abstinence and lean Despair,
The wretch may pine, while to his smell, taste, sight,
She holds a paradise of rich delight ;
But gently to rebuke his awkward fear,
To prove that what she gives, she gives sincere ;
To banish hesitation, and proclaim
His happiness, her dear, her only aim.

'Tis grave philosophy's absurdest dream,
 That Heav'n's intentions are not what they seem.
 That only shadows are dispens'd below,
 And Earth has no reality but woe.

✓ Thus things terrestrial wear a diff'rent hue,
 As youth or age persuades ; and neither true.
 So Flora's wreath, through colour'd crystal seen,
 The rose or lily appear blue or green,
 But still th' imputed tints are those alone
 The medium represents, and not their own.

To rise at noon, sit slipshod and undress'd,
 To read the news, or fiddle, as seems best,
 Till half the world comes rattling at his door,
 To fill the dull vacuity till four ;
 And, just when ev'ning turns the blue vault gray,
 To spend two hours in dressing for the day ;
 To make the sun a bauble without use,
 Save for the fruits his heav'nly beams produce ;
 Quite to forget, or deem it worth no thought,
 Who bids him shine, or if he shine or not ;
 Through mere necessity to close his eyes
 Just when the larks and when the shepherds rise ;
 Is such a life, so tediously the same,
 So void of all utility or aim,
 That poor *Jonquil*, with almost ev'ry breath
 Sighs for his exit, vulgarly call'd death ?
 For he, with all his follies, has a mind
 Not yet so blank, or fashionably blind,
 But now and then perhaps a feeble ray
 Of distant wisdom shoots across his way,
 By which he reads, that life without a plan,
 As useless as the moment it began,
 Serves merely as a soil for discontent
 To thrive in ; an encumbrance ere half spent.
 Oh ! weariness beyond what asses feel,
 That tread the circuit of the cistern wheel ;
 A dull rotation, never at a stay,
 Yesterday's face twin-image of to day ;

While conversation, an exhausted stock,
Grows drowsy as the clicking of a clock.
No need, he cries, of gravity stuff'd out
With academic dignity devout,
To read wise lectures, vanity the text :
Proclaim the remedy, ye learned, next ;
For truth self-evident, with pomp impress'd,
Is vanity surpassing all the rest.
↓ That remedy, not hid in deeps profound,
Yet seldom sought where only to be found,
While passion turns aside from its due scope
Th' inquirer's aim, that remedy is hope.
Life is His gift, from whom whate'er life needs,
With ev'ry good and perfect gift, proceeds ;
Bestow'd on man, like all that we partake,
Royally, freely, for his bounty's sake ;
Transcient indeed, as is the fleeting hour,
And yet the seed of an immortal flow'r ;
Design'd in honour of his endless love,
To fill with fragrance his abode above ;
No trifle, howsoever short it seem,
And, howsoever shadowy, no dream ;
Its value, what no thought can ascertain,
Nor all an angel's eloquence explain ;
Men deal with life as children with their play
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away ;
Live to no sober purpose, and contend
That their Creator had no serious end.
When God and man stand opposite in view,
Man's disappointment must of course ensue.
The just Creator condescends to write,
In beams of inextinguishable light,
His names of wisdom, goodness, pow'r, and love,
On all that blooms below, or shines above ;
To catch the wand'ring notice of mankind,
And teach the world, if not perversely blind,
His gracious attributes, and prove the share
His offspring hold in his paternal care.

If, led from earthly things to things divine,
His creature thwart not his august design,
Then praise is heard instead of reasoning pride,
And captious cavil and complaint subside.
Nature, employ'd in her allotted place,
Is hand-maid to the purposes of Grace;
By good vouchsaf'd makes known superior good,
And bliss not seen by blessings understood :
That bliss, reveal'd in Scripture, with a glow
Bright as the covenant-ensuring bow
Fires all his feelings with a noble scorn
Of sensual evil, and thus Hope is born.
Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all
That men have deem'd substantial since the fall,
Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe
From emptiness itself a real use ;
And while she takes, as at a father's hand,
What health and sober appetite demand,
From fading good derives, with chymic art,
That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.
Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
On steady wings sails through th' immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bow'rs of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
Hope ! nothing else can nourish and secure
His new-born virtues, and preserve him pure.
Hope ! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,
What treasures centre, what delights in thee.
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land
That boasts the treasure, all at his command ;
The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine,
Were light, when weigh'd against one smile of thine.

* Though clasp'd and cradled in his nurse's arms,
He shines with all a cherub's artless charms,
Man is the genuine offspring of revolt,
Stubborn and sturdy, a wild ass's colt ;
His passions, like the wat'ry stores that sleep
Beneath the smiling surface of the deep,
Wait but the lashes of a wintry storm,
To frown and roar, and shake his feeble form.
From infancy through childhood's giddy maze,
Forward at school, and fretful in his plays,
The puny tyrant burns to subjugate
The free republic of the whip-gig state.
If one, his equal in athletic frame,
Or, more provoking still, of nobler name,
Dare step across his arbitrary views,
An Iliad, only not in verse, ensues :
The little Greeks look trembling at the scales,
Till the best tongue, or heaviest hand prevails.

Now see him launch'd into the world at large ;
If priest, supinely droning o'er his charge,
Their fleece his pillow and his weekly drawl,
Though short, too long, the price he pays for all.
If lawyer, loud, whatever cause he plead,
But proudest of the worst, if that succeed.
Perhaps a grave physician, gath'ring fees,
Punctually paid for length'ning out disease ;
No Corron, whose humanity sheds rays,
That make superior skill his second praise.
If arms engage him, he devotes to sport
His date of life, so likely to be short ;
A soldier may be any thing, if brave,
So may a tradesman, if not quite a knave.
Such stuff the world is made of ; and mankind
To passion, int'rest, pleasure, whim resign'd,
Insist on, as if each were his own pope,
Forgiveness, and the privilege of hope.
But Conscience, in some awful, silent hour,
When captivating lusts have lost their pow'r,

Perhaps when sickness, or some fearful dream,
Reminds him of religion, hated theme !
Starts from the down, on which she lately slept,
And tells of laws despis'd, at least not kept ;
Shows with a pointing finger, but no noise,
A pale procession of past sinful joys,
All witnesses of blessings foully scorn'd,
And life abus'd, and not to be suborn'd.
Mark these, she says ; these summon'd from afar,
Begin their march to meet thee at the bar ;
There find a Judge inexorably just,
And perish there as all presumption must.
Peace be to those (such peace as Earth can give)
Who live in pleasure, dead e'en while they live ;
Born capable indeed of heav'nly truth ;
But down to latest age, from earliest youth,
Their mind a wilderness through want of care,
The plough of wisdom never ent'ring there.
Peace (if insensibility may claim
A right to the meek honours of her name)
To men of pedigree, their noble race,
Emulous always of the nearest place
To any throne, except the throne of Grace.
Let cottagers and unenlighten'd swains
Revere the laws they hear that Heav'n ordains ;
Resort on Sundays to the house of pray'r,
And ask, and fancy they find, blessings there.
Themselves, perhaps, when weary they retreat
To enjoy cool nature in a country seat,
To exchange the centre of a thousand trades,
For clumps, and lawns, and temples, and cascades,
May now and then their velvet cushions take,
And seem to pray for good example's sake ;
Judging, in charity no doubt, the town
Pious enough, and having need of none.
Kind souls ! to teach their tenantry to prize
What they themselves, without remorse, despise :

HOPE.

He is not pedlar's tramp'ry bought and sold :
He *will* give freely, or he *will* withhold ;
His soul abhors a mercenary thought,
And him as deeply who abhors it not ;
He stipulates indeed, but merely this,
That man will freely take an unbought bliss,
Will trust him for a faithful gen'rous part,
Nor set a price upon a willing heart.
Of all the ways that seem to promise fair,
To place you where his saints, his presence share,
This only can ; for this plain cause, express'd
In terms as plain, Himself has shut the rest.
But, oh, the strife, the bick'ring, and debate,
The tidings of unpurchas'd Heav'n create !
The flirt'd fan, the bridle, and the toss,
All speakers, yet all language at a loss.
From stucco'd walls smart arguments rebound,
And beaus, adept in ev'ry thing profound,
Die of disdain, or whistle off the sound.
Such is the clamour of rooks, daws, and kites,
Th' explosion of the levell'd tube excites,
Where mould'ring abbey-walls o'erhang the glade,
And oaks coeval spread a mournful shade ;
The screaming nations, hov'ring in mid air,
Loudly resent the stranger's freedom there,
And seem to warn him never to repeat
His bold intrusion on their dark retreat.
Adieu, Vinosa cries, ere yet he sips
The purple bumper trembling at his lips,
Adieu to all morality ! if Grace
Make works a vain ingredient in the case.
The Christian hope is—Waiter, draw the cork—
If I mistake not—Blockhead ! with a fork !
Without good works, whatever some may boast,
Mere folly and delusion—Sir, your toast.
My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes,
That Heav'n will weigh man's virtues and his cri

With nice attention, in a righteous scale,
And save or damn as these or those prevail.
I plant my foot upon this ground of trust,
And silence ev'ry fear with—God is just.
But if perchance on some dull drizzling day
A thought intrude, that says, or seems to say,
If thus th' important cause is to be tried,
Suppose the beam should dip on the wrong side ;
I soon recover from these needless frights,
And God is merciful—sets all to rights.
Thus between justice, as my prime support,
And mercy, fled to as the last resort,
I glide and steal along with Heav'n in view,
And,—pardon me, the bottle stands with you.

✓ I never will believe, the Col'nel cries,
The sanguinary scheme that some devise,
Who make the good Creator on their plan,
A being of less equity than man.
If appetite, or what divines call lust,
Which men comply with, e'en because they must,
Be punish'd with perdition, who is pure ?
Then theirs, no doubt, as well as mine, is sure.
If sentence of eternal pain belong
To ev'ry sudden slip and transient wrong,
Then Heav'n enjoins the fallible and frail
A hopeless task, and damns them if they fail.
My creed (whatever some creed-makers mean
By Athanasian nonsense, or Nicene)—
My creed is, he is safe that does his best,
And death's a doom sufficient for the rest.

Right says an ensign ; and for aught I see,
Your faith and mine substantially agree ;
The best of every man's performance here
Is to discharge the duties of his sphere.
A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair,
Honesty shines with great advantage there.
Fasting and pray'r sit well upon a priest,
A decent caution and reserve at least.

A soldier's best is courage in the field,
With nothing here that wants to be conceal'd.
Manly deportment, gallant, easy, gay ;
A hand as liberal as the light of day.
The soldier thus endow'd, who never shrinks,
Nor closets up his thoughts, whate'er he thinks,
Who scorns to do an injury by stealth,
Must go to Heav'n—and I must drink his health.
Sir Smug, he cries (for lowest at the board,
Just made fifth chaplain of his patron lord,
His shoulders witnessing, by many a shrug,
How much his feelings suffer'd, sat Sir Smug),
Your office is to winnow false from true ;
Come, prophet, drink, and tell us what think you ?
Sighing and smiling as he takes his glass,
Which they that woo preferment rarely pass,
Fallible man, the church-bred youth replies,
Is still found fallible, however wise ;
And diff'ring judgments serve but to declare,
That truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where.
Of all it ever was my lot to read,
Of critics now alive or long since dead,
The book of all the world that charm'd me most,
Was,—welladay, the titlepage was lost ;
The writer well remarks, a heart that knows
To take with gratitude what Heav'n bestows,
With prudence always ready at our call,
To guide our use of it, is all in all.
Doubtless it is.—To which, of my own store,
I superadd a few essentials more ;
But these, excuse the liberty I take,
I wave just now, for conversation's sake.—
Spoke like an oracle, they all exclaim,
And a'd Right Rev'rend to Smug's honour'd name.
And yet our lot is giv'n us in a land
Where busy arts are never at a stand ;
Where Science points her telescopic eye,
Familiar with the wonders of the sky ;

Where bold Inquiry, diving out of sight,
Brings many a precious pearl of truth to light ;
Where naught eludes the persevering quest
That fashion, taste, or luxury, suggest.

But, above all, in her own light array'd,
See Mercy's grand apocalypse display'd !
The sacred book no longer suffers wrong,
Bound in the fetters of an unknown tongue ;
But speaks with plainness, art could never mend,
What simplest minds can soonest comprehend.
God gives the word, the preachers throng around,
Live from his lips, and spread the glorious sound :
That sound bespeaks Salvation on her way,
The trumpet of a life-restoring day ;
'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,
And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.
And still it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her sons* to pour it on the farthest north :
Fir'd with a zeal peculiar, *they* defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains, and in eternal snows.

↓ O, blest within th' enclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks ;
No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
That show revers'd the villas on their side ;
No groves have ye ; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard ;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those, that walk at ev'ning where ye dwell :
But Winter, arm'd with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne ;
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast ;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes, to make your land a prey ;

* The Moravian Missionaries in Greenland. See Cranta.

Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
Yet Truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle !
And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile ;
The pride of letter'd Ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplish'd minds,
That decks, with all the splendour of the true,
A false religion is unknown to you.
Nature, indeed, vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night ;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flow'r, and ev'ry creature here ;
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies,
Have ris'n at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day,
From which our nicer optics turn away.

Here see th' encouragement Grace gives to vice,
The dire effect of mercy without price !
What were they ? what some fools are made by art,
They were by nature, atheists, head and heart.
The gross idolatry blind heathens teach
Was too refin'd for them, beyond their reach.
Not e'en the glorious Sun, though men revere
The monarch most, that seldom will appear,
And tho' his beams, that quicken where they shine,
May claim some right to be esteem'd divine,
Not e'en the sun, desirable as rare,
Could bend one knee, engage one votary there ;
They were, what base Credulity believes
True Christians are, dissemblers, drunkards, thieves.
The full-gorg'd savage, at his nauseous feast,
Spent half the darkness, and snor'd out the rest,
Was one, whom Justice, on an equal plan,
Denouncing death upon the sins of man,
Might almost have indulg'd with an escape,
Chargeable only with a human shape.

What are they now ?—Morality may spare
Her grave concern, her kind suspicions there ;

The wretch, who once sang wildly, danc'd, and laugh'd,
And suck'd in dizzy madness with his draught,
Has wept a silent flood, revers'd his ways,
Is sober, meek, benevolent, and prays,
Feeds sparingly, communicates his store,
Abhors the craft he boasted of before,
And he that stole, has learn'd to steal no more.
Well spake the prophet, Let the desert sing,
Where sprang the thorn, the spiry fir shall spring,
And where unsightly and rank thistles grew,
Shall grow the myrtle and luxuriant yew.

Go now, and with important tone demand
On what foundation virtue is to stand,
If self-exhorting claims be turn'd adrift,
And grace be grace indeed, and life a gift;
The poor reclaim'd inhabitant, his eyes
Glist'ning at once with pity and surprise,
Amaz'd that shadows should obscure the sight
Of one, whose birth was in a land of light,
Shall answer, Hope, sweet Hope, has set me free,
And made all pleasures else mere dross to me.

These, amidst scenes as waste as if denied
The common care that waits on all beside,
Wild as if Nature there, void of all good,
Play'd only gambols in a frantic mood
(Yet charge not heav'nly skill with having plann'd
A plaything world, unworthy of his hand),
Can see his love, though secret evil lurks
In all we touch, stamp'd plainly on his works,
Deem life a blessing with its num'rous woes,
Nor spurn away a gift a God bestows.
Hard task, indeed, o'er arctic seas to roam!
Is hope exotic? grows it not at home?
Yes, but an object, bright as orient morn,
May press the eye too closely to be borne;
A distant virtue we can all confess,
It hurts our pride, and moves our envy, less.

✓ **Leuconomus** (beneath well-sounding Greek
I slur a name a poet must not speak)
Stood pilloried on Infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting score of half an age;
The very butt of slander and the blot
For ev'ry dart that Malice ever shot.
The man that mentioned *him* at once dismiss'd
All mercy from his lips, and sneer'd and hiss'd;
His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
And Perjury stood up to swear all true;
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
His speech rebellion against common sense;
A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule;
And when by that of reason, a mere fool;
The world's best comfort was, his doom was pass'd,
Die when he might, he must be damn'd at last.
Now, Truth, perform thine office; waft aside
The curtain drawn by Prejudice and Pride,
Reveal, (the man is dead) to wond'ring eyes
This more than monster, in his proper guise.
He lov'd the World that hated him: the tear
That dropp'd upon his Bible was sincere:
Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forg'd, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's int'rest in his heart.
Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbrib'd,
Were copied close in him, and well transcrib'd.
He follow'd Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same.
Like him, cross'd cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease:
Like him he labour'd, and like him content
To bear it, suffer'd shame where'er he went.
Blush, Calumny! and write upon his tomb,
If honest Eulogy can spare thee room,
Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
Which, aim'd at him, have pierc'd th' offended skies!

And say, Blot out my sin, confess'd, deplor'd,
Against thine image, in thy saint, O Lord!
No blinder bigot, I maintain it still,
Than he who must have pleasure, come what will:
He laughs, whatever weapon Truth may draw,
And deems her sharp artillery mere straw.
Scripture indeed is plain; but God and he
On Scripture ground are sure to disagree;
Some wiser rule must teach him how to live,
Than this his Maker has seen fit to give;
Supple and flexible as Indian cane,
To take the bend his appetites ordain;
Contriv'd to suit frail Nature's crazy case,
And reconcile his lusts with saving grace.
By this, with nice precision of design,
He draws upon life's map a zigzag line,
That shows how far 'tis safe to follow sin,
And where his danger and God's wrath begin.
And this he forms, as pleas'd he sports along,
His well-pois'd estimate of right and wrong;
And finds the modish manners of the day,
Though loose, as harmless as an infant's play.

Build by whatever plan Caprice decrees,
With what materials, on what ground you please;
Your hope shall stand unblam'd, perhaps admir'd,
If not that hope the Scripture has requir'd.
The strange conceits, vain projects, and wild dreams,
With which hypocrisy for ever teems
(Though other follies strike the public eye,
And raise a laugh), pass unmolested by;
But if, unblameable in word and thought,
A *man* arise, a man whom God has taught,
With all Elijah's dignity of tone,
And all the love of the belov'd John,
To storm the citadels they build in air,
And smite th' untemper'd wall; 'tis death to spare.
To sweep away all refuges of lies,
And place, instead of quirks themselves devise,

HOPE.

ma Sabacthani before their eyes ;
prove, that without Christ all gain is loss
I hope despair, that stands not on his cross ;
except the few his God may have impress'd,
tenfold frenzy seizes all the rest.
Throughout mankind, the Christian kind at least,
here dwells a consciousness in ev'ry breast,
That folly ends where genuine hope begins,
And he that finds his Heav'n must lose his sins.
Nature opposes with her utmost force
This riving stroke, this ultimate divorce ;
And, while religion seems to be her view,
Hates with a deep sincerity *the true* :
For this, of all that ever influenc'd man,
Since Abel worshipp'd, or the world began,
This only spares no lust, admits no plea,
But makes him, if at all, completely free ;
Sounds forth the signal as she mounts her car,
Of an eternal, universal war ;
Rejects all treaty, penetrates all wiles,
Scorns with the same indifference frowns and
smiles ;
Drives through the realms of Sin, where Riot reels,
And grinds his crown beneath her burning wheels !
Hence all that is in man, pride, passion, art,
Pow'rs of the mind, and feelings of the heart,
Insensible of Truth's almighty charms,
Starts at her first approach, and sounds to arms !
While Bigotry, with well-dissembled fears,
His eyes shut fast, his fingers in his ears,
Mighty to parry and push by God's word,
With senseless noise, his argument the sword,
Pretends a zeal for godliness and grace,
And spits abhorrence in the Christian's face.
Parent of Hope, immortal Truth ! make known
Thy deathless wreaths, and triumphs all thine own :
The silent progress of thy pow'r is such,
Thy means so feeble, and despised so much,

That few believe the wonders thou hast wrought,
And none can teach them, but whom thou hast taught.
O, see me sworn to serve thee, and command
A painter's skill into a poet's hand,
That, while I trembling trace a work divine,
Fancy may stand aloof from the design,
And light and shade, and ev'ry stroke be thine.
✓ If ever thou hast felt another's pain,
If ever when he sigh'd has sigh'd again,
If ever on thy eyelid stood the tear,
That pity had engender'd, drop one here.
This man was happy—had the World's good word,
And with it ev'ry joy it can afford;
Friendship and love seem'd tenderly at strife,
Which most should sweeten his untroubled life;
Politely learn'd and of a gentle race,
Good breeding and good sense gave all a grace,
And whether at the toilette of the fair,
He laugh'd and trifled, made him welcome there,
Or if in masculine debate he shar'd,
Ensur'd him mute attention and regard.
Alas, how chang'd! Expressive of his mind,
His eyes are sunk, arms folded, head reclin'd;
Those awful syllables, Hell, death, and sin,
Though whisper'd, plainly tell what works within;
That Conscience there performs her proper part,
And writes a doomsday sentence on his heart;
Forsaking, and forsaken of all friends,
He now perceives where earthly pleasure ends;
Hard task! for one who lately knew no care,
And harder still as learnt beneath despair;
His hours no longer pass unmark'd away,
A dark importance saddens ev'ry day;
He hears the notice of the clock perplex'd,
And cries, Perhaps eternity strikes next;
Sweet music is no longer music here,
And laughter sounds like madness in his ear.

His grief the World of all her pow'r disarms,
Wine has no taste, and beauty has no charms :
God's Holy word, once trivial in his view,
Now by the voice of his experience true,
Seems, as it is, the fountain whence alone
Must spring that hope he pants to make his own.

Now let the bright reverse be known abroad ;
Say man's a worm, and power belongs to God.

As when a felon, whom his country's laws
Have justly doom'd for some atrocious cause,
Expects in darkness and heart-chilling fears,
The shameful close of all his mis-spent years ;
If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne,
A tempest usher in the dreadful morn,
Upon his dungeon walls the lightnings play,
The thunder seems to summon him away,
The warder at the door his key applies,
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies :
If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
When Hope, long ling'ring, at last yields the ghost,
The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,
He drops at once his fetters and his fear ;
A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,
And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks.
Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
The comfort of a few poor added days,
Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
Of him, whom Hope has with a touch made whole,
'Tis Heav'n, all Heav'n descending on the wings
Of the glad legions of the King of kings ;
'Tis more—'tis God diffus'd through ev'ry part,
'Tis God himself triumphant in his heart.
O, welcome now the Sun's once hated light,
His noonday beams were never half so bright.
Not kindred minds alone are call'd t' employ
Their hours, their days, in list'ning to his joy ;
Unconscious nature, all that he surveys,
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his praise

These are thy glorious works, eternal Truth,
The scoff of wither'd age, and beardless youth;
These move the censure and illib'ral grin
Of fools, that hate thee and delight in sin:
But these shall last when night has quench'd the pole,
And Heav'n is all departed as a scroll.
And when, as Justice has long since decreed,
This Earth shall blaze, and a new world succeed,
Then these thy glorious works, and they who share
That hope, which can alone exclude despair,
Shall live exempt from weakness and decay,
The brightest wonders of an endless day.

Happy the bard, if that fair name belong
To him, that blends no fable with his song,
Whose lines uniting, by an honest art,
The faithful monitor's and poet's part,
Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind,
And, while they captivate, inform the mind;
Still happier, if he till a thankful soil,
And fruit reward his honourable toil:
But happier far, who comfort those that wait
To hear plain truth at Judah's hallow'd gate:
Their language simple, as their manners meek,
No shining ornaments have they to seek,
Nor labour they, nor time nor talents waste,
In sorting flow'rs to suit a fickle taste;
But while they speak the wisdom of the skies,
Which art can only darken and disguise,
Th' abundant harvest, recompense divine,
Repays their work—the gleaning only mine.

CHARITY.

‘ Quo nihil majus meliusve terris
Fata donavere, bonique divi ;
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum.’
Hor. Lib. iv. Od. 2.

FAIREST and foremost of the train, that wait
On man's most dignified and happiest state,
Whether we name thee Charity or Love,
Chief grace below, and all in all above,
Prosper (I press thee with a pow'rful plea)
A task I venture on, impell'd by thee :
O, never seen but in thy blest effects,
Or felt but in the soul that Heav'n selects ;
Who seeks to praise thee, and to make thee known ;
To other hearts, must have thee in his own.
Come prompt me with benevolent desires,
Teach me to kindle at thy gentle fires,
And, though disgraced and slighted, to redeem
A poet's name, by making thee the theme.

God, working ever on a social plan,
By various ties attaches man to man :
He made at first, though free and unconfin'd,
One man the common father of the kind ;
That ev'ry tribe, though plac'd as he sees best,
Where seas or deserts part them from the rest,
Diff'ring in language, manners, or in face,
Might feel themselves allied to all the race.
When Cook—lamented, and with tears as just
As ever mingled with heroic dust,—

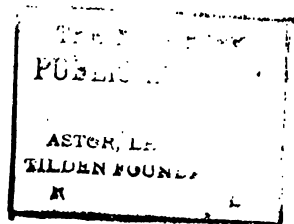
Steer'd Britain's oak into a world unknown,
And in his country's glory sought his own,
Wherever he found man to nature true,
The rights of man were sacred in his view ;
He sooth'd with gifts, and greeted with a smile,
The simple native of the new-found isle ;
He spurn'd the wretch, that slighted or withstood
The tender argument of kindred blood,
Nor would endure, that any should control
His freeborn brethren of the southern pole.

But though some nobler minds a law respect,
That none shall with impunity neglect,
In baser souls unnumber'd evils meet,
To thwart its influence, and its end defeat.
While Cook is lov'd for savage lives he sav'd,
See Cortez odious for a world enslav'd !
Where wast thou then, sweet Charity ? where then,
Thou tutelary friend of helpless men ?
Wast thou in monkish cells and nunn'ries found,
Or building hospitals on English ground ?
No.—Mammon makes the World his legatee
Through fear, not love ; and Heav'n abhors the fee.
Wherever found, (and all men need thy care,)
Nor age nor infancy could find thee there.
The hand, that slew till it could slay no more,
Was glued to the sword-hilt with Indian gore.
Their prince, as justly seated on his throne
As vain imperial Philip on his own,
Trick'd out of all his royalty by art,
That stripp'd him bare, and broke his honest heart,
Died by the sentence of a shaven priest,
For scorning what they taught him to detest.
How dark the veil, that intercepts the blaze
Of Heav'n's mysterious purposes and ways ;
God stood not, though he seem'd to stand aloof ;
And at this hour the conqueror feels the proof :
The wreath he won drew down an instant curse.
The fretting plague is in the public purse,

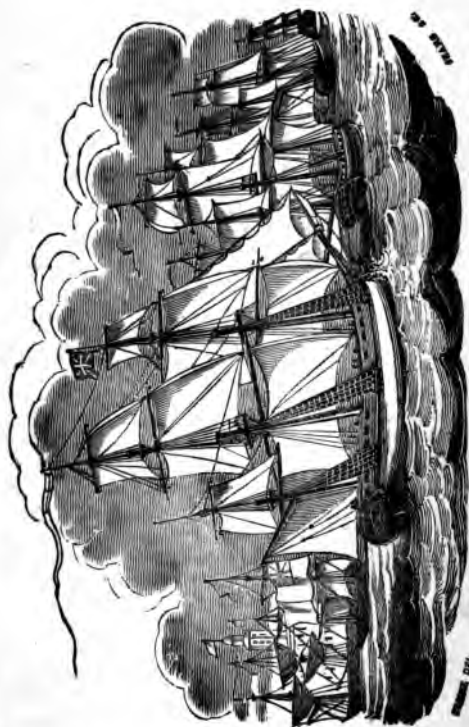
The canker'd spoil corrodes the pining state,
Starv'd by that indolence their minds create.

Oh, could their ancient Incas rise again,
How would they take up Israel's taunting strain !
Art thou too fall'n, Iberia ? Do we see
The robber and the murd'rer weak as we ?
Thou, that hast wasted Earth, and dar'd despise
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid
Low in the pits thine avarice has made.
We come with joy from our eternal rest,
To see th' oppressor in his turn oppress'd.
Art thou the god, the thunder of whose hand
Roll'd over all our desolated land,
Shook principalities and kingdoms down,
And made the mountains tremble at his frown ?
The sword shall light upon thy boasted pow'rs,
And waste them, as the sword has wasted ours.
'Tis thus Omnipotence his law fulfils,
And Vengeance executes what Justice wills.

Again—the band of commerce was design'd
T' associate all the branches of mankind ;
And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.
Wise to promote whatever end he means,
God opens fruitful nature's various scenes :
Each climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers something to the gen'ral use ;
No land but listens to the common call,
And in return receives supply from all.
This genial intercourse, and mutual aid,
Cheers what were else an universal shade,
Calls nature from her ivy-mantled den,
And softens human rock-work into men.
Ingenious Art ! with her expressive face,
Steps forth to fashion and refine the race ;
Not only fills Necessity's demand,
But overcharges her capacious hand :



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Wm. Dill

Capricious Taste itself can crave no more,
 Than she supplies from her abounding store ;
 She strikes out all that luxury can ask,
 And gains new vigour at her endless task.
 Hers is the spacious arch, the shapely spire,
 The painter's pencil, and the poet's lyre ;
 From her the canvass borrows light and shade,
 And verse, more lasting, hues that never fade,
 She guides the fingers o'er the dancing keys,
 Gives difficulty all the grace of ease,
 And pours a torrent of sweet notes around,
 Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound.

These are the gifts of Art, and Art thrives most
 Where commerce has enrich'd the busy coast ;
 He catches all improvements in his flight,
 Spreads foreign wonders in his country's sight,
 Imports what others have invented well,
 And stirs his own to match them, or excel.
 'Tis thus, reciprocating, each with each,
 Alternately the nations learn and teach ;
 While Providence enjoins to ev'ry soul
 An union with the vast torraqueous whole.

Heav'n speed the canvass, gallantly unfurl'd
 To furnish and accommodate a world,
 To give the pole the produce of the sun,
 And knit th' unsocial climates into one.—
 Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave
 Impel the fleet, whose errand is to save,
 To succour wasted regions, and replace
 The smile of Opulence on Sorrow's face.—
 Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,
 Impede the bark, that ploughs the deep serene.
 Charg'd with a freight, transcending in its worth
 The gems of India, Nature's rarest birth,
 That flies, like Gabriel on his Lord's commands,
 A herald of God's love to Pagan lands.
 But, ah ! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r,
 For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,

Who drive a loathsome traffic, gauge, and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man !
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end ;
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of Death.
The sable warrior, frantic with regret
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loses in tears the far-receding shore,
But not the thought, that they must meet no more ;
Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left that he can yet forego ?
Yes, to deep sadness, sullenly resign'd,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind ;
Puts off his gen'rous nature ; and, to suit
His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.

O, most degrading of all ills, that wait
On many a mourner in his best estate !
All other sorrows Virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure ;
Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestowed
T' improve the fortitude that bears the load,
To teach the wand'rer, as his woes increase,
The path of Wisdom, all whose paths are peace ;
But slav'ry !—Virtue dreads it as her grave :
Patience itself is meanness in a slave ;
Or if the will and sov'reignty of God
Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod,
Wait for the dawning of a brighter day
And snap the chain the moment when you may.
Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,
That has a heart and life in it, Be free ;
The beasts are charter'd—neither age nor force
Can quell the love of freedom in a horse :
He breaks the cord that held him at the rack ;
And, conscious of an unencumber'd back,
Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein ;
Loose fly his forelock and his ample main ;

Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs ;
 Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,
 He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

Canst thou, and honour'd with a Christian name,
 Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame ;
 Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
 Expedience as a warrant for the deed ?
 So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold,
 To quit the forest, and invade the fold :
 So may the ruffian, who, with ghostly glide,
 Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed-side :
 Not he, but his emergence forc'd the door,
 He found it inconvenient to be poor.
 Has God then given its sweetness to the cane,
 Unless his laws be trampled on—in vain ?
 Built a brave world, which cannot yet subsist,
 Unless his right to rule it be dismissed ?
 Impudent blasphemy ! So folly pleads,
 And, Av'rice being judge, with ease succeeds.

But grant the plea, and let it stand for just,
 That man make man his prey, because he *must* ;
 Still there is room for pity to abate,
 And sooth the sorrows of so sad a state.
 A Briton knows, or if he knows it not,
 The Scripture plac'd within his reach, he ought,
 That souls have no discriminating hue,
 Alike important in their Maker's view ;
 That none are free from blemish since the fall,
 And Love divine has paid one price for all.
 The wretch, that works and weeps without relief,
 Has one that notices his silent grief.
 He, from whose hands alone all pow'r proceeds,
 Ranks its abuse among the foulest deeds,
 Considers *all* injustice with a frown ;
 But *marks* the man that treads his fellow down.
 Begone—the whip and bell in that hard hand
 Are hateful ensigns of usurped command.

Not Mexico could purchase kings a claim
To scourge him, weariness his only blame.
Remember Heav'n has an avenging rod:
To smite the poor is treason against God.

Trouble is grudgingly and hardly brook'd,
While life's sublimest joys are overlook'd:
We wander o'er a sunburnt, thirsty soil,
Murm'ring and weary of our daily toil,
Forget t' enjoy the palm-tree's offer'd shade,
Or taste the fountain in the neighb'ring glade:
Else who would lose, that had the pow'r t' improve,
Th' occasion of transmuting fear to love!
O, 'tis a godlike privilege to save,
And he that scorns it is himself a slave.
Inform his mind; one flash of heav'nly day
Would heal his heart, and melt his chains away.
"Beauty for ashes" is a gift indeed,
And slaves, by truth enlarg'd, are doubly freed.
Then would he say, submissive at thy feet,
While gratitude and love made service sweet,—
My dear deliv'rer out of hopeless night,
Whose bounty bought me but to give me light,
I was a bondman on my native plain,
Sin forg'd, and Ignorance made fast, the chain;
Thy lips have shed instruction as the dew,
Taught me what path to shun and what pursue;
Farewell my former joys! I sigh no more
For Africa's once lov'd, benighted shore:
Serving a benefactor I am free;
At my best home, if not exil'd from thee.

Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds
A stream of lib'ral and heroic deeds;
The swell of pity, not to be confin'd
Within the scanty limits of the mind,
Disdains the bank, and throws the golden sands,
A rich deposit, on the bord'ring lands:
These have an ear for his paternal call,
Who makes some rich for the supply of all;

God's gift with pleasure in his praise employ ;
And *Thornton* is familiar with the joy.

O, could I worship aught beneath the skies,
That earth has seen, or fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.
Duly, as ever on the mountains' height
The peep of Morning shed a dawning light,
Again, when Ev'ning in her sober vest,
Drew the gray curtain of the fading west,
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise,
For the chief blessings of my fairest days ;
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine :
Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky.
This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home.
We feel thy force still active, at this hour
Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r,
While Conscience, happier than in ancient years,
Owns no superior but the God she fears.
Propitious spirit ! yet expunge a wrong
Thy rights have suffer'd, and our land, too long.
Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share
The fears and hopes of a commercial care.
Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt :
But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,
Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood ;
And honest Merit stands on slipp'ry ground,
Where covert, guile, and artifice abound.
Let just Restraint, for public peace design'd,
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind ;
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
But let insolvent Innocence go free.

(Patron of else the most despis'd of men,
Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen;
Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed,
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed;
I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
(Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
I must incur, forgetting *Howard's* name.
Blest with all wealth can give thee, to resign
Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine,
To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow,
To seek a nobler amidst scenes of woe,
To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring home,
Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
But knowledge such as only dungeons teach,
And only sympathy like thine could reach;
That grief, sequester'd from the public stage,
Might smooth her features, and enjoy her cage;
Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal,
The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.
O, that the voice of clamour and debate,
That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state,
Were hush'd in favour of thy gen'rous plea,
The poor thy clients, and Heav'n's smile thy fee!
Philosophy, that does not dream or stray,
Walks arm in arm with Nature all his way;
Compasses earth, dives into it, ascends
Whatever steep Inquiry recommends;
Sees planetary wonders smoothly roll
Round other systems under her control;
Drinks wisdom at the milky stream of light,
That cheers the silent journey of the night,
And brings at his return a bosom charg'd
With rich instruction, and a soul enlarg'd.
The treasur'd sweets of the capacious plan,
That Heav'n spreads wide before the view of man,
All prompt his pleas'd pursuit, and to pursue
Still prompt him, with a pleasure always new;

He too has a connecting pow'r, and draws
Man to the centre of the common cause,
Aiding a dubious and deficient sight
With a new medium and a purer light.
All truth is precious, if not all divine ;
And what dilates the pow'rs must needs refine.
He reads the skies, and, watching ev'ry change,
Provides the faculties an ampler range ;
And wins mankind, as his attempts prevail.
A prouder station on the gen'ral scale.
But Reason still, unless divinely taught,
Whate'er she learns, learns nothing as she ought :
The lamp of revelation only shows,
What human wisdom cannot but oppose,
That man, in nature's richest mantle clad,
And grac'd with all philosophy can add,
'Though fair without, and luminous within,
Is still the progeny and heir of sin.
Thus taught, down falls the plumage of his pride ;
He feels his need of an unerring guide,
And knows that falling he shall rise no more,
Unless the pow'r that bade him stand restore.
This is indeed philosophy ; this known
Makes wisdom, worthy of the name, his own :
And, without this whatever he discuss ;
Whether the space between the stars and us ;
Whether he measure earth, compute the sea ;
Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or spit a flea ;
The solemn trifler with his boasted skill
Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still :
Blind was he born, and his misguided eyes
Grown dim in trifling studies, blind he dies.
Self-knowledge truly learn'd of course implies
The rich possession of a nobler prize ;
For self to self, and God to man reveal'd
(Two themes to Nature's eye for ever seal'd),
Are taught by rays, that fly with equal pace
From the same centre of enlight'ning grace.

Here stay thy foot ; how copious, and how clear,
Th' o'erflowing well of Charity springs here !
Hark ! 'tis the music of a thousand rills,
Some thro' the groves, some down the sloping hills,
Winding a secret or an open course.

And all supplied from an eternal source.

The ties of Nature do but feebly bind ;

And Commerce partially reclaims mankind ;

Philosophy, without his heav'nly guide,

May blow up self-conceit, and nourish pride ;

But, while his promise is the reas'ning part,

Has still a veil of midnight on his heart :

'Tis Truth divine, exhibited on earth,

Gives Charity her being and her birth.

✓ Suppose (when thought is warm, and fancy flows
What will not argument sometimes suppose ?)

An isle possess'd by creatures of our kind,

Endued with reason, yet by nature blind.

Let Supposition lend her aid once more,

And land some grave optician on the shore :

He claps his lens, if haply they may see,

Close to the part where vision ought to be ;

But finds, that, though his tubes assist the sight,

They cannot give it, or make darkness light.

He reads wise lectures, and describes aloud

A sense they know not, to the wond'ring crowd ;

He talks of light, and the prismatic hues,

As men of depth in erudition use ;

But all he gains for his harangue is—Well,—

What monstrous lies some travellers will tell !

² The soul, whose sight all-quick'ning grace renews,

Takes the resemblance of the good she views,

As diamonds, stripp'd of their opaque disguise,

Reflect the noonday glory of the skies.

She speaks of him, her author, guardian, friend,

Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end,

In language warm as all that love inspires,

And in the glow of her intense desires,

Pants to communicate her noble fires.
She sees a world stark blind to what employs
Her eager thought, and feeds her flowing joys ;
Though Wisdom hail them, heedless of her call,
Flies to save some, and feels a pang for all ;
Herself as weak as her support is strong,
She feels that frailty she denied so long ;
And, from a knowledge of her own disease,
Learns to compassionate the sick she sees,
Here, see acquitted of all vain pretence,
The reign of genuine Charity commence.
Though scorn repay her sympathetic tears,
She still is kind, and still she perseveres ;
The truth she loves a sightless world blaspheme,
'Tis childish dotage, a delirious dream ;
The danger they discern not, they deny ;
Laugh at their only remedy, and die.
But still a soul thus touch'd can never cease,
Whoever threatens war, to speak of peace.
Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child :
She makes excuses where she might condemn,
Revil'd by those that hate her, prays for them :
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,
The worst suggested, she believes the best ;
Not soon provok'd, however stung and teas'd,
And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeas'd ;
She rather waves than will dispute her right,
And, injur'd, makes forgiveness her delight.

Such was the portrait an apostle drew,
The bright original was one he knew :
Heav'n held his hand, the likeness must be true.

When one, that holds communion with the skies,
Has fill'd his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings ;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.

So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropp'd her anchor, and her canvass furl'd,
In some safe haven of our western world,
'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went,
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

Some seek, when queasy conscience has its qualms,
To lull the painful malady with alms ;
But charity not feign'd intends alone
Another's good—theirs centres in their own ;
And, too short liv'd to reach the realms of peace,
Must cease for ever when the poor shall cease.
Flavia, most tender of her own good name,
Is rather careless of her sister's fame ;
Her superfluity the poor supplies,
But, if she touch a character, it dies.
The seeming virtue weigh'd against the vice,
She deems all safe, for she has paid the price :
No charity but alms aught values she,
Except in porc'lain on her mantel-tree.
How many deeds, with which the world has rung,
From Pride in league with Ignorance, have sprung !
But God o'errules all human follies still,
And bends the tough materials to his will.
A conflagration, or a wintry flood,
Has left some hundreds without home or food ;
Extravagance and Av'rice shall subscribe,
While fame and self-complacence are the bribe.
The brief proclaim'd, it visits ev'ry pew,
But first the squire's, a compliment but due :
With slow deliberation he unties
His glitt'ring purse, that envy of all eyes,
And, while the clerk just puzzles out the psalm,
Glides guinea behind guinea in his palm ;
Till finding, what he might have found before,
A smaller piece amidst the precious store,
Pinch'd close between his finger and his thumb,
He half exhibits, and then drops the sum.

to be sure!—Throughout the town 'tis told,
 the good squire gives never less than gold.
 motives such as his, though not the best,
 as in due time supply for the distress'd ;
 less effectual than what love bestows,
 apt that office clips it as it goes.
 lest I seem to sin against a friend,
 wound the grace I mean to recommend,
 though vice derided with a just design
 does no trespass against love divine,)

more I would adopt the graver style,
 rather should be sparing of his smile.
 as a love of virtue light the flame,
 as is, more than those he brands, to blame!
 hides behind a magisterial air
 own offences, and strips others bare ;
 tis, indeed, a most humane concern,
 men, if gently tutor'd, will not learn,
 mulish Folly, not to be reclaim'd
 after methods, must be made asham'd ;
 I might instance in St. Patrick's dean)
 often rails to gratify his spleen.
 sat'rists are indeed a public scourge ;
 the mildest physic is a farrier's purge ;
 the acrid temper turns, as soon as stirr'd,
 the milk of their good purpose all to curd.
 the zeal begotten, as their works rehearse,
 and despair upon an empty purse,
 wild assassins start into the street,
 ar'd to poniard whomsoe'er they meet.
 kill in swordmanship, however just,
 be secure against a madman's thrust ;
 even Virtue so unfairly match'd,
 though immortal, may be prick'd or scratch'd.
 In Scandal has new minted an old lie,
 and invention for a fresh supply,
 call'd a satire, and the world appears
 'ring around it with erected ears :

A thousand names are toss'd into the crowd ;
 Some whisper'd softly and some twang'd aloud ;
 Just as the sapience of an author's brain
 Suggests it safe or dang'rous to be plain.
 Strange ! how the frequent interjected dash
 Quickens a market, and helps off the trash ;
 Th' important letters, that include the rest,
 Serve as a key to those that are suppress'd ;
 Conjecture gripes the victims in his paw,
 The world is charm'd, and Scrib escapes the law.
 So, when the cold, damp shades of night prevail,
 Worms may be caught by either head or tail ;
 Forcibly drawn from many a close recess,
 They meet with little pity, no redress ;
 Plung'd in the stream they lodge upon the mud,
 Food for the famish'd rovers of the flood.
 ✓ All zeal for a reform, that gives offence
 To peace and charity, is mere pretence :
 A bold remark, but which, if well applied,
 Would humble many a tow'ring poet's pride.
 Perhaps the man was in a sportive fit,
 And had no other play-place for his wit ;
 Perhaps enchanted with the love of fame,
 He sought the jewel in his neighbour's shame ;
 Perhaps—whatever end he might pursue,
 The cause of virtue could not be his view.
 At ev'ry stroke wit flashes in our eyes ;
 The turns are quick, the polish'd points surprise,
 But shine with cruel and tremendous charms,
 That while they please, possess us with alarms ;
 So have I seen (and hasten'd to the sight
 On all the wings of holiday delight),
 Where stands that monument of ancient pow'r,
 Nam'd with emphatic dignity, the Tow'r.
 Guns, halberts, swords, and pistols, great and small,
 In starry forms dispos'd upon the wall ;
 We wonder, as we gazing stand below,
 That brass and steel should make so fine a show ;

But though we praise th' exact designer's skill,
Account them implements of mischief still.

No works shall find acceptance in that day,
When all disguises shall be rent away,
That square not truly with the Scripture plan,
Nor spring from love to God, or love to man.
As he ordains things sordid in their birth
To be resolv'd into their parent earth;
And, though the soul shall seek superior orbs,
Whate'er this world produces, it absorbs;
So self starts nothing, but what tends apace
Home to the goal, where it began the race.
Such as our motive is, our aim must be;
If this be servile, that can ne'er be free;
If self employ us, whatsoe'er is wrought,
We glorify that self, not him we ought;
Such virtues had need prove their own reward,
The judge of all men owes them no regard.
True Charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green:
Exub'rant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.
To look at him, who form'd us and redeem'd,
So glorious now, though once so disesteem'd,
To see a God stretch forth his human hand,
To uphold the boundless scenes of his command;
To recollect, that, in a form like ours,
He bruise'd beneath his feet th' infernal pow'rs,
Captivity led captive, rose to claim
The wreath he won so dearly in our name;
That, thron'd above all height, he condescends
To call the few that trust in him his friends;
That, in the Heav'n of heav'ns, that space he deems
Too scanty for th' exertion of his beams.
And shines, as if impatient to bestow
Life and a kingdom upon worms below;

That sight imparts a never-dying flame,
Though feeble in degree, in kind the same.
Like him the soul, thus kindled from above,
Spreads wide her arms of universal love ;
And, still enlarg'd as she receives the grace,
Includes creation in her close embrace.
Behold a Christian ! and without the fires
The founder of that name alone inspires,
Though all accomplishment, all knowledge meet,
To make the shining prodigy complete,
Whoever boasts that name—behold a cheat !
Were love, in these the world's last doting years,
As frequent as the want of it appears,
The churches warm'd, they would no longer hold
Such frozen figures, stiff as they are cold ;
Relenting forms would lose their pow'r, or cease ;
And e'en the dipp'd and sprinkl'd live in peace :
Each heart would quit its prison in the breast,
And flow in free communion with the rest.
The statesman, skill'd in projects dark and deep,
Might burn his useless Machiavel, and sleep ;
His budget often fill'd, yet always poor,
Might swing at ease behind his study door,
No longer prey upon our annual rents,
Or scare the nation with its big contents :
Disbanded legions freely might depart,
And slaying man would cease to be an art.
No learned disputants would take the field,
Sure not to conquer, and sure not to yield ;
Both sides deceiv'd, if rightly understood,
Pelting each other for the public good.
Did charity prevail, the press would prove
A vehicle of virtue, truth, and love ;
And I might spare myself the pains to show
What few can learn, and all suppose they know.
Thus have I sought to grace a serious lay
With many a wild, indeed, but flow'ry spray,

In hopes to gain, what else I must have lost,
Th' attention pleasure has so much engross'd.
But if, unhappily deceiv'd, I dream,
And prove too weak for so divine a theme,
Let Charity forgive me a mistake,
That zeal, not vanity, has chanc'd to make,
And spare the poet for his subject's sake.

v

CONVERSATION.

' Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxosæ inter decurrunt flumina valles.'

Virg. Ecl. 5.

' **THOUGH** nature weigh our talents, and dispense
 To ev'ry man his modicum of sense,
 And Conversation in its better part
 May be esteem'd a gift, and not an art,
 Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
 On culture, and the sowing of the soil.
 Words learn'd by rote a parrot may rehearse,
 But talking is not always to converse;
 Not more distinct from harmony divine,
 The constant creaking of a country sign.
 As alphabets in ivory employ,
 Hour after hour, the yet unletter'd boy,
 Sorting and puzzling with a deal of glee
 Those seeds of science call'd his A B C;
 So language in the mouths of the adult,
 Witness its insignificant result,
 Too often proves an implement of play,
 A toy to sport with, and pass time away.
 Collect at ev'ning what the day brought forth,
 Compress the sum into its solid worth,
 And if it weigh th' importance of a fly,
 The scales are false, or algebra a lie.
 Sacred interpreter of human thought,
 How few respect or use thee as they ought!

But all shall give account of ev'ry wrong,
Who dare dishonour or defile the tongue ;
Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,
Or sell their glory at a market-price ;
Who vote for hire, or point it with lampoon,
The dear-bought placeman, and the cheap buffoon.

There is a prurience in the speech of some,
Wrath stays him, or else God would strike them dumb :
His wise forbearance has their end in view,
They fill their measure, and receive their due.
The heathen law-givers of ancient days,
Names almost worthy of a Christian's praise,
Would drive them forth from the resort of men,
And shut up ev'ry satire in his den.

O, come not ye near innocence and truth,
Ye worms that eat into the bud of youth !
Infectious as impure, your blighting pow'r
Taints in its rudiments the promis'd flow'r ;
Its odour perish'd and its charming hue,
Thenceforth 'tis hateful, for it smells of you.
Not e'en the vigorous and headlong rage
Of adolescence, or a firmer age,
Affords a plea allowable or just
For making speech the pamperer of lust ;
But when the breath of age commits the fault,
'Tis nauseous as the vapour of a vault.
So wither'd stumps disgrace the sylvan scene,
No longer fruitful, and no longer green ;
The sapless wood, divested of the bark,
Grows fungous, and takes fire at ev'ry spark.

✓ Oaths terminate, as Paul observes, all strife—
Some men have surely then a peaceful life ;
Whatever subject occupy discourse,
The feats of Vestris, or the naval force,
Asseveration blust'ring in your face
Makes contradiction such a hopeless case :
In ev'ry tale they tell, or false or true,
Well known, or such as no man ever knew,

They fix attention, heedless of your pain,
With oaths like rivets forc'd into the brain;
And e'en when sober truth prevails throughout,
They swear it, till affirmance breeds a doubt.
A Persian, humble servant of the sun,
Who, though devout, yet bigotry had none,
Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,
With adjurations every word impress,
Suppos'd the man a bishop, or, at least,
God's name so much upon his lips, a priest;
Bow'd at the close with all his graceful airs,
And begg'd an int'rest in his frequent pray'rs.

Go, quit the rank to which ye stood preferr'd,
Henceforth associate in one common herd;
Religion, virtue, reason, common sense,
Pronounce your human form a false pretence;
A mere disguise, in which a devil lurks,
Who yet betrays his secret by his works.

Ye pow'rs who rule the tongue, if such there are,
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
A duel in the form of a debate.
The clash of arguments and jar of words,
Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,
Decide no question with their tedious length,
For opposition gives opinion strength.
Divert the champions prodigal of breath;
And put the peaceably-dispos'd to death.
O! thwart me not, Sir Soph, at ev'ry turn,
Nor carp at ev'ry flaw you may discern;
Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,
I am not surely always in the wrong;
'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,
A fool must now and then be right by chance.
Not that all freedom of dissent I blame;
No—there I grant the privilege I claim.
A disputable point is no man's ground;
Rove where you please, 'tis common all around.

Discourse may want an animated—No,
To brush the surface, and to make it flow ;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
The mark, at which my juster aim I take,
Is contradiction for its own dear sake.
Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
Knots and impediments make something hitch ;
Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,
Your thread of argument is snapp'd again ;
The wrangler, rather than accord with you,
Will judge himself deceiv'd, and prove it too.
Vociferated logic kills me quite,
A noisy man is always in the right :
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly—To be sure—no doubt !
Dubius is such a scrupulous good man—
Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can.
He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own ;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
His evidence, if he were call'd by law
To swear to some enormity he saw,
For want of prominence and just relief,
Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
He ties up all his hearers in suspense ;
Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not ;
What he remembers, seems to have forgot ;
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
Cent'ring at last in having none at all.
Yet, though he tease and balk your list'ning ear,
He makes one useful point exceeding clear ;
Howe'er ingenious on his darling theme
A sceptic in philosophy may seem,

Reduc'd to practice, his beloved rule
Would only prove him a consummate fool ;
Useless in him alike both brain and speech,
Fate having plac'd all truth above his reach,
His ambiguities his total sum,
He might as well be blind, and deaf, and dumb.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their way
The positive pronounce without dismay ;
Their want of light and intellect supplied
By sparks absurdity strikes out of pride.
Without the means of knowing right from wrong
They always are decisive, clear, and strong ;
Where others toil with philosophic force,
Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course ;
Flings at your head conviction in the lump,
And gains remote conclusions at a jump ;
Their own defect, invisible to them,
Seen in another, they at once condemn ;
And, though self-idoliz'd in ev'ry case,
Hate their own likeness in a brother's face.
The cause is plain, and not to be denied,
The proud are always most provok'd by pride ;
Few competitions but engender spite ;
And those the most, where neither has a right.

The point of honour has been deem'd of use,
To teach good manners, and to curb abuse ;
Admit it true, the consequence is clear,
Our polish'd manners are a mask we wear,
And, at the bottom, barb'rous still and rude,
We are restrained, indeed, but not subdu'd.
The very remedy, however sure,
Springs from the mischief it intends to cure,
And savage in its principle appears,
Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears.
'Tis hard, indeed, if nothing will defend
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end ;
That now and then a hero must de cease,
That the surviving world may live in peace.

aps at last close scrutiny may show
practice dastardly, and mean, and low ;
men engage in it compell'd by force,
fear, not courage, is its proper source ;
fear of tyrant custom, and the fear
fops should censure us, and fools should sneer.
ast to trample on our Maker's laws,
hazard life for any or no cause,
ash into a fix'd eternal state
of the very flames of rage and hate,
and another shiv'ring to the bar
all the guilt of such unnat'ral war,
tever Use may urge, or honour plead,
leason's verdict is a madman's deed.
[to set my life upon a throw,
use a bear is rude and surly ? No.—
xral, sensible, and well-bred man
not affront me ; and no other can.
e I empow'r'd to regulate the lists,
should encounter with well-loaded fists ;
ojan combat would be something new,
Jares beat Entellus black and blue ;
each might show to his admiring friends
nourable bumps his rich amends,
carry, in contusions of his skull,
isfactory receipt in full.
story, in which native humour reigns,
en useful, always entertains :
ver fact, enlisted on your side,
furnish illustration, well applied ;
edentary weavers of long tales
me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
he most asinine employ on earth,
ear them tell of parentage and birth,
echo conversations, dull and dry,
llish'd with—*He said*, and *So said I*.
ry interview their route the same,
petition makes attention lame :

We bustle up with unsuccessful speed,
And in the saddest part cry—*Droll indeed!*
The path of narrative with care pursue,
Still making probability your clew;
On all the vestiges of truth attend,
And let *them* guide you to a decent end.
Of all ambitious man may entertain,
The worst, that can invade a fickle brain,
Is that, which angles hourly for surprise,
And baits its hook with prodigies and lies.
Credulous infancy, or age as weak,
Are fittest auditors for such to seek,
Who to please others will themselves disgrace,
Yet please not, but affront you to your face.
A great retailer of this curious ware
Having unloaded, and made many stare,
“Can this be true?”—an arch observer cries,
“Yes” (rather moved), “I saw it with these eyes
“Sir! I believe it on that ground alone;”
“I could not, had I seen it with my own.”

A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct;
The language plain, and incidents well link'd;
Tell not as new what ev'ry body knows,
And, new or old, still hasten to a close;
There cent'ring in a focus round and neat,
Let all your rays of information meet.
What neither yields us profit nor delight
Is like a nurse's lullaby at night;
Guy, Earl of Warwick and Fair Eleanore,
Or giant-killing Jack, would please me more.

The pipe, with solemn, interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again
Such often, like the tube they so admire,
Important triflers! have more smoke than fire.
Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,

Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
 The sex, whose presence civilizes ours
 Thou art indeed the drug a gard'ner wants,
 To poison vermin that infest his plants ;
 But are we so to wit and beauty blind,
 As to despise the glory of our kind,
 And show the softest minds and fairest forms
 As little mercy, as he grubs and worms ?
 They dare not wait the riotous abuse,
 Thy thirst-creating steams at length produce,
 When wine has giv'n indecent language birth,
 And forc'd the floodgates of licentious mirth ;
 For sea-born Venus her attachment shows
 Still to that element, from which she rose,
 And with a quiet which no fumes disturb,
 Sips meek infusions of a milder herb.

Th' emphatic speaker dearly loves t' oppose
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose.
 As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
 Touch'd with the magnet, had attracted his,
 His whisper'd theme, dilated and at large,
 Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge,
 An extract of his diary—no more,
 A tasteless journal of the day before.
 He walk'd abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
 Called on a friend, drank tea, stepp'd home again,
 Resum'd his purpose, had a world of talk
 With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.
 I interrupt him with a sudden bow,

“ Adieu, dear sir ! lest you should lose it now.”

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
 A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume ;
 The sight's enough—no need to smell a beau—
 Who thrusts his nose into a raree-show ?
 His oderiferous attempts to please
 Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees ;
 But we that make no honey, though we sting,
 Poets are sometimes apt to maul the thing.

'Tis wrong to bring into a mix'd resort,
What makes some sick, and others *a-la-mort* :
An argument of cogence, we may say,
Why such a one should keep himself away.

A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he :
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop ; significant and budge ;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge ;
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home.
'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
Some handsome present, as your hopes presage ;
'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity and love ;
But when unpack'd, your disappointment groans
To find it stuff'd with brickbats, earth, and stones.

Some men employ their health, an ugly trick,
In making known how oft they have been sick,
And give us in recitals of disease
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees ;
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic sped ;
Nothing is slightly touch'd, much less forgot,
Nose, ears, and eyes, seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seem'd, and now the doctor's skill ;
And now—alas, for unforeseen mishaps !
They put on a damp nightcap and relapse ;
They thought they must have died, they were so bad ;
Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.
Some fretful tempers wince at ev'ry touch,
You always do too little or too much :
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes through the brain ;

You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worse—the drone-pipe of a humble bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light,
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish ;
With sole—that's just the sort he does not wish.
He takes what he at first profess'd to loath,
And in due time feeds heartily on both ;
Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on ev'ry plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can—
Alas ! his efforts double his distress,
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teas'd,
His only pleasure is—to be displeas'd.
I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserv'd disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose ;
But being tried, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip :
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.
Few Frenchmen of this evil have complain'd ;
It seems as if we Britons were ordain'd,
By way of wholesome curb upon our pride,
To fear each other, fearing none beside.
The cause perhaps inquiry may descry,
Self-searching with an introverted eye,
Conceal'd within an unsuspected part,
The *vainest* corner of our own vain heart ;

For ever aiming at the world's esteem,
Our self-importance ruins its own scheme ;
In other eyes our talents rarely shown,
Become at length so splendid in our own,
We dare not risk them into public view,
Lest they miscarry of what seems their due.
True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place ;
But counterfeit is blind, and sculks through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be asham'd t' appear :
Humility the parent of the first,
The last by vanity produc'd and nurs'd.
The circle form'd, we sit in silent state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial plate ;
"Yes, ma'am," and "no, ma'am," utter'd softly, show
Ev'ry five minutes how the minutes go ;
Each individual, suff'ring a constraint
Poetry may, but colours cannot paint ;
As if in close committee on the sky,
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry ;
And finds a changing clime a happy source
Of wise reflection, and well-tim'd discourse.
We next inquire, but softly and by stealth,
Like conservators of the public health,
Of epidemic throats, if such there are,
And coughs, and rheums, and phthisic, and catarrh.
That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues,
Fill'd up at last with interesting news,
Who danc'd with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is hang'd, and who is brought to bed :
But fear to call a more important cause,
As if 'twere treason against English laws.
The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,
As from a sev'n years' transportation, home,
And there resume an unembarrass'd brow,
Recov'ring what we lost we know not how,
The faculties, that seem'd reduc'd to naught,
Expression and the privilege of thought.





ROBERT DICK.

— 3545 —

The reeking, roaring hero of the chase,
I give him over as a desp'rate case.
Physicians write in hopes to work a cure,
Never, if honest ones, when death is sure ;
And though the fox he follow'd may be tam'd,
A mere fox-foll'wer never is reclaim'd.
Some farrier should prescribe his proper course,
Whose only fit companion is his horse ;
Or if, deserving of a better doom,
The noble beast judge otherwise, his groom.
Yet e'en the rogue that serves him, though he stand,
To take his honour's orders, cap in hand,
Prefers his fellow grooms with much good sense,
Their skill a truth, his master's a pretence.
If neither horse nor groom affect the squire,
Where can at last his jockeyship retire ?
O, to the club, the scene of savage joys,
The school of coarse, good fellowship and noise ;
There, in the sweet society of those,
Whose friendship from his boyish years he chose,
Let him improve his talent if he can,
Till none but beasts acknowledge him a man.

Man's heart had been impenetrably seal'd,
Like theirs that cleave the flood or graze the field,
Had not his Maker's all-bestowing hand
Giv'n him a soul, and bade him understand ;
The reas'ning pow'r vouchsaf'd of course inferr'd
The pow'r to clothe that reason with his word ;
For all is perfect, that God works on earth,
And he, that gives conception, aids the birth.
If this be plain, 'tis plainly understood,
What uses of his boon the Giver would.
The Mind, despatch'd upon her busy toil
Should range where Providence has bless'd the soil ;
Visiting ev'ry flow'r with labour meet,
And gath'ring all her treasures sweet by sweet,
She should imbue the tongue with what she sips,
And shed the balmy blessing on the lips,

That good diffus'd may more abundant grow,
And speech may praise the pow'r that bids it flow.
Will the sweet warbler of the livelong night,
That fills the list'ning lover with delight,
Forget his harmony, with rapture heard,
To learn the twitt'ring of a meaner bird?
Or make the parrot's mimicry his choice,
That odious libel on a human voice?
No—Nature, unsophisticate by man,
Starts not aside from her Creator's plan;
The melody that was at first design'd
To cheer the rude forefathers of mankind,
Is note for note deliver'd in our ears,
In the last scene of her six thousand years.
Yet fashion, leader of a chatt'ring train,
Whom man, for his own hurt, permits to reign,
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,
And would degrade her vot'ry to an ape,
The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,
Holds a usurp'd dominion o'er his tongue;
There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace,
Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace,
And, when accomplish'd in her wayward school,
Calls gentleman whom she has made a fool.
'Tis an unalterable, fix'd decree,
That none could frame or ratify but she,
That heav'n and hell, and righteousness and sin,
Snarers in his path, and foes that lurk within,
God and his attributes (a field of day
Where 'tis an angel's happiness to stray),
Fruits of his love and wonders of his might,
Be never nam'd in ears esteem'd polite.
That he who dares, when she forbids, be grave,
Shall stand proscrib'd, a madman or a knave,
A close designer not to be believ'd,
Or, if excused that charge, at least deceiv'd.
Oh, folly worthy of the nurse's lap,
Give it the breast, or stop its mouth with pap!

Is it incredible, or can it seem
A dream to any, except those that dream,
That man should love his Maker, and *that* fire,
Warming his heart, should at his lips transpire ?
Know then, and modestly let fall your eyes,
And veil your daring crest that braves the skies ;
That air of insolence affronts your God,
You need his pardon, and provoke his rod :
Now, in a posture that becomes you more
Than that heroic strut assum'd before,
Know your arrears with ev'ry hour accrue
For mercy shown, while wrath is justly due.
The time is short, and there are souls on earth,
Though future pain may serve for present mirth,
Acquainted with the woes, that fear or shame,
By fashion taught, forbade them once to name,
And, having felt the pangs you deem a jest,
Have prov'd them truths too big to be express'd.
Go seek on revelation's hallow'd ground,
Sure to succeed, the remedy they found ;
Touch'd by that pow'r that you have dar'd to mock
That makes seas stable, and dissolves the rock,
Your heart shall yield a life-renewing stream,
That fools, as you have done, shall call a dream.
✓ It happen'd on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our Surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclin'd,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event :
They spake of him they lov'd, of him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther trac'd, enrich'd them still the more ;
They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
Sent to do more than he appear'd t' have done ;

T' exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wonder'd he should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,
And ask'd them, with a kind, engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.
Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well
The tender theme, on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near
We must not now be parted, sojourn here."—
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say?
Did not they burn within us by the way?

Now theirs was converse, such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves :
Their views, indeed, were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aim'd at him.
Christ and his character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope,
They felt what it became them much to feel,
And, wanting him to lose the sacred zeal,
Found him as prompt, as their desire was true,
To spread the new-born glories in their view.
Well—what are ages and the lapse of time,
Match'd against truths, as lasting as sublime?
Can length of years on God himself exact?
Or make that fiction, which was once a fact?
No—marble and recording brass decay,
And, like the graver's mem'ry, pass away ;
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust :
But truth divine for ever stands secure,
Its head is guarded, as its base is sure ;

Fix'd in the rolling flood of endless years,
 The pillar of th' eternal plan appears,
 The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
 Built by that architect who built the skies.
 Hearts may be found, that harbour at this hour
 That love of Christ, and all its quick'ning pow'r ;
 And lips unstain'd by folly or by strife,
 Whose wisdom, drawn from the deep well of life,
 Tastes of its healthful origin, and flows
 A Jordan for th' ablution of our woes.
 O, days of heav'n, and nights of equal praise,
 Serene and peaceful as those heav'nly days,
 When souls drawn upwards in communion sweet,
 Enjoy the stillness of some close retreat,
 Discourse, as if releas'd and safe at home,
 Of dangers past, and wonders yet to come,
 And spread the sacred treasures of the breast
 Upon the lap of covenanted Rest.

What, always dreaming over heav'nly things,
 Like angel-heads in stone with pigeon-wings ?
 Canting and whining out all day the word,
 And half the night ? Fanatic and absurd !
 Mine be the friend less frequent in his pray'rs,
 Who makes no bustle with his soul's affairs,
 Whose wit can brighten up a wintry day,
 And chase the splenetic, dull hours away ;
 Content on earth in earthly things to shine,
 Who waits for heav'n ere he becomes divine,
 Leaves saints t' enjoy those altitudes they teach,
 And plucks the fruit plac'd more within his reach.

Well spoken, advocate of sin and shame,
 Known by thy bleating, Ignorance thy name.
 Is sparkling wit the world's exclusive right ?
 The fix'd fee-simple of the vain and light ?
 Can hopes of Heav'n, bright prospects of an hour,
 That come to waft us out of Sorrow's pow'r,
 Obscure or *quench* a faculty, that finds
Its happiest soil in the serenest minds ?

Religion curbs indeed its wanton play,
And brings the trifler under rig'rous sway.
But gives it usefulness unknown before,
And, purifying, makes it shine the more.

✓ A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight;
Vig'rous in age as in the flush of youth;
'Tis always active on the side of truth;
Temp'rance and peace ensure its healthful state,
And make it brightest at its latest date.
Oh, I have seen (nor hope perhaps in vain,
Ere life go down, to see such sights again)
A vet'ran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield;
Grave without dulness, learned without pride,
Exact, yet not precise, though meek, keen-ey'd;
A man that would have foil'd at their own play
A dozen would-be's of the modern day;
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright as ready to produce,
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or, from philosophy's enlighten'd page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear:
Yet, above all, his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory, was the Gospel theme;
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,
His happy eloquence seem'd there at home,
Ambitious not to shine or to excel,
But to treat justly what he lov'd so well.

It moves me more perhaps than folly ought,
When some green heads, as void of wit as thought,
Suppose *themselves* monopolists of sense,
And wiser men's ability pretence.
Though time will wear us, and we must grow old,
Such men are not forgot as soon as cold;
Their fragrant mem'ry will outlast their tomb,
Embalm'd for ever in its own perfume.

And to say truth, though in its early prime,
And when unstain'd with any grosser crime,
Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
That in the valley of decline are lost.
And virtue with peculiar charms appears,
Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years;
Yet Age, by long experience well inform'd,
Well read, well temper'd, with religion warm'd,
That fire abated, which impels rash Youth,
Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth,
As time improves the grape's authentic juice,
Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,
And claims a rev'rence in its short'ning day,
That 'tis an honour and a joy to pay.
The fruits of Age, less fair, are yet more sound,
Than those a brighter season pours around;
And like the stores autumnal suns mature,
Through wintry rigours unimpair'd endure.

What is fanatic frenzy, scorn'd so much,
And dreaded more than a contagious touch?
I grant it dang'rous, and approve your fear,
That fire is catching if you draw too near;
But sage observers oft mistake the flame,
And give true piety that odious name.
To tremble (as the creature of an hour
Ought at the view of an almighty pow'r)
Before his presence, at whose awful throne
All tremble in all worlds, except our own.
To supplicate his mercy, love his ways,
And prize them above pleasure, wealth, or praise,
Though common sense, allow'd a casting voice,
And free from bias, must approve the choice,
Convicts a man fanatic in th' extreme,
And wild as madness in the world's esteem.
But that disease, when soberly defin'd,
Is the false fire of an o'erheated mind;
It views the truth with a distorted eye,
And either warps or lays it useless by;

'Tis narrow, selfish, arrogant, and draws
Its sordid nourishment from man's applause;
And while at heart sin unrelinquish'd lies,
Presumes itself chief fav'rite of the skies.

'Tis such a light as putrefaction breeds
In fly-blown flesh, whereon the maggot feeds,
Shines in the dark, but, usher'd into day,
The stench remains, the lustre dies away.

¶ True bliss, if man may reach it, is compos'd
Of hearts in union mutually disclos'd;
And, farewell else all hope of pure delight,
Those hearts should be reclaim'd, renew'd, upright.
Bad men, profaning friendship's hallowed name,
Form, in its stead, a covenant of shame,
A dark confed'racy against the laws
Of virtue, and religion's glorious cause;
They build each other up with dreadful skill,
As bastions set point blank against God's will;
Enlarge and fortify the dread redoubt,
Deeply resolv'd to shut a Saviour out;
Call legions up from hell to back the deed;
And, curs'd with conquest, finally succeed.
But souls, that carry on a blest exchange
Of joys, they meet with in their heav'nly range,
And with a fearless confidence make known
The sorrows, sympathy esteems its own,
Daily derive increasing light and force
From such communion in their pleasant course,
Feel less the journey's roughness and its length,
Meet their opposers with united strength,
And, one in heart, in int'rest, and design,
Gird up each other to the race divine.

But Conversation, choose what theme we may,
And chiefly when religion leads the way,
Should flow, like waters after summer show'rs,
Not as if rais'd by mere mechanic pow'rs.
The Christian, in whose soul, though now distress'd,
Lives the dear thought of joys he once possess'd,

When all his glowing language issu'd forth
With God's deep stamp upon its current worth,
Will speak without disguise, and must impart,
Sad as it is, his undissembling heart,
Abhors constraint, and dares not feign a zeal,
Or seem to boast a fire he does not feel.
The song of Zion is a tasteless thing,
Unless, when rising on a joyful wing,
The soul can mix with the celestial bands,
And give the strain the compass it demands.

Strange tidings these to tell a world, who treat
All but their own experience as deceit!
Will they believe, though credulous enough
To swallow much upon much weaker proof,
That there are blest inhabitants of earth,
Partakers of a new ethereal birth,
Their hopes, desires, and purposes estrang'd
From things terrestrial, and divinely chang'd,
Their very language, of a kind, that speaks
The soul's sure int'rest in the good she seeks,
Who deal with Scripture, its importance felt,
As Tully with philosophy once dealt,
And in the silent watches of the night,
And through the scenes of toil-renewing light,
The social walk, or solitary ride,
Keep still the dear companion at their side?
No—shame upon a self-disgracing age,
God's work may serve an ape upon a stage
With such a jest, as fill'd with hellish glee
Certain invisibles as shrewd as he;
But veneration or respect finds none,
Save from the subjects of that work alone.
The World grown old her deep discernment shows,
Claps spectacles on her sagacious nose,
Peruses closely the true Christian's face,
And finds it a mere mask of sly grimace;
Usurps God's office, lays his bosom bare,
And finds hypocrisy close lurking there;

And, serving God herself through mere constraint,
Concludes his unfeign'd love of him a feint.
And yet, God knows, look human nature through,
(And in due time the World shall know it too)
That since the flow'rs of Eden felt the blast,
That after man's defection laid all waste,
Sincerity tow'rds the heart-searching God
Has made the new-born creature her abode,
Nor shall be found in unregen'rate souls,
Till the last fire burn all between the poles.
Sincerity! why 'tis his only pride,
Weak and imperfect in all grace beside,
He knows that God demands his heart entire,
And gives him all his just demands require.
Without it his pretensions were as vain,
As having it he deems the World's disdain;
That great defect would cost him not alone
Man's favourable judgment, but his own;
His birthright shaken, and no longer clear,
Than while his conduct proves his heart sincere.
Retort the charge, and let the World be told
She boast a confidence she does not hold;
That, conscious of her crimes, she feels instead
A cold misgiving, and a killing dread:
That while in health, the ground of her support
Is madly to forget that life is short;
That sick she trembles, knowing she must die,
Her hope presumption, and her faith a lie;
That while she dotes, and dreams that she believes,
She mocks her Maker, and herself deceives,
Her utmost reach, historical assent,
The doctrines warp'd to what they never meant;
That truth itself is in her head as dull
And useless as a candle in a scull,
And all her love of God a groundless claim,
A trick upon the canvass, painted flame.
Tell her again, the sneer upon her face,
And all her censures of the work of grace,

Are insincere, meant only to conceal
A dread she would not, yet is forc'd to feel;
That in her heart the Christian she reveres,
And while she seems to scorn him, only fears.

A poet does not work by square or line,
As smiths and joiners perfect a design;
At least we moderns, our attention less,
Beyond th' example of our sires digress,
And claim a right to scamper and run wide,
Wherever chance, caprice, or fancy guide.
The World and I fortuitously met;
I ow'd a trifle, and have paid the debt;
She did me wrong, I recompens'd the deed,
And, having struck the balance, now proceed.
Perhaps, however, as some years have pass'd,
Since she and I convers'd together last,
And I have liv'd recluse in rural shades,
Which seldom a distinct report pervades,
Great changes and new manners have occur'd,
And blest reforms, that I have never heard,
And she may now be as discreet and wise,
As once absurd in all discerning eyes.
Sobriety, perhaps, may now be found,
Where once Intoxication press'd the ground;
The subtle and injurious may be just,
And he grown chaste, that was the slave of lust;
Arts once esteem'd may be with shame dismiss'd;
Charity may relax the miser's fist;
The gamester may have cast his cards away,
Forgot to curse, and only kneel to pray.
It has indeed been told me (with what weight,
How credibly, 'tis hard for me to state)
That fables old, that seem'd for ever mute,
Reviv'd are hast'ning into fresh repute,
And gods and goddesses, discarded long
Like useless lumber, or a stroller's song,
Are bringing into vogue their heathen train,
And Jupiter bids fair to rule again;

That certain feasts are instituted now,
 Where Venus hears the lover's tender vow;
 That all Olympus through the country roves,
 To consecrate our few remaining groves,
 And Echo learns politely to repeat
 The praise of names for ages obsolete:
 That having prov'd the weakness, it should seem,
 Of revelation's ineffectual beam,
 To bring the passions under sober sway,
 And give the moral springs their proper play,
 They mean to try what may at last be done,
 By stout substantial gods of wood and stone,
 And whether Roman rites may not produce
 The virtues of old Rome for English use,
 May such success attend the pious plan,
 May Mercury once more embellish man,
 Grace him again with long-forgotten arts,
 Reclaim his taste, and brighten up his parts
 Make him athletic as in days of old,
 Learn'd at the bar, in the palæstra bold,
 Divest the rougher sex of female airs,
 And teach the softer not to copy theirs:
 The change shall please, nor shall it matter aught
 Who works the wonder, if it be but wrought.
 'Tis time, however, if the case stands thus,
 For us plain folks, and all who side with us,
 To build our altar, confident and bold,
 And say as stern Elijah said of old,
 The strife now stands upon a fair award,
 If Israel's Lord be God, then serve the Lord:
 If he be silent, faith is all a whim,
 Then Baal is the God, and worship him.

Digression is so much in modern use,
 Thought is so rare, and fancy so profuse,
 Some never seem so wide of their intent,
 As when returning to the theme they meant;
 As mendicants, whose business is to roam,
Make ev'ry parish but their own their home.

CONVERSATION.

Though such continual zigzags in a book,
Such drunken reelings have an awkward look,
And I had rather keep to what is true,
Than rove and stagger with no mark in view ;
Yet to consult a little seem'd no crime,
The freakish humour of the present time :
But now to gather up what seems dispers'd,
And touch the subject I design'd at first,
May prove, though much beside the rules of art,
Best for the public, and my wisest part.
And first, let no man charge me, that I mean
To close in sable ev'ry social scene,
And give good company a face severe,
As if they met around a father's bier ;
For tell some men, that pleasure all their bent,
And laughter all their work, is life mis-spent,
Their wisdom bursts into this sage reply,
" Then mirth is sin, and we should always cry."
To find the medium asks some share of wit,
And therefore 'tis a task fools never hit.
But though life's valley be a vale of tears,
A brighter scene beyond that vale appears,
Whose glory, with a light that never fades,
Shoots between scatter'd rocks and op'ning shades,
And, while it shows the land the soul desires,
The language of the land she seeks inspires.
Thus touch'd, the tongue receives a sacred cure
Of all that was absurd, profane, impure ;
And within modest bounds, the tide of speech
Runs the course that Truth and Nature teach ;
No longer labours merely to produce
Pomp of sound, or tinkle without use :
Where'er it winds, the salutary stream,
Brightly and fresh, enriches every theme,
Like all the happy man possess'd before,
A gift of nature, or the classic store.
Made subservient to the grand design,
Which Heav'n form'd the faculty divine,

So, should an idiot, while at large he strays,
Find the sweet lyre, on which an artist plays,
With rash and awkward force the chords he shakes,
And grins with wonder at the jar he makes ;
But let the wise and well-instructed hand
Once take the shell beneath his just command,
In gentle sounds it seems as it complain'd
Of the rude injuries it late sustain'd,
Till tun'd at length to some immortal song,
It sounds Jehovah's name, and pours his praise along.

✓

RETIREMENT.

. . . . studilis florens ignobilis ott.
Virg. Geor. lib. 4.

HACKNEY'D in business, wearied at that oar,
 Which thousands, once fast chain'd to, quit no more,
 But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
 All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego;
 The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
 Pant for the refuge of some rural shade,
 Where, all his long anxieties forgot
 Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
 Or recollected only to gild o'er,
 And add a smile to what was sweet before,
 He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
 Lay his old age upon the lap of Ease,
 Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
 And, having liv'd a trifler, die a man.
 Thus Conscience pleads her cause within the breast,
 Though long rebell'd against, not yet suppress'd,
 And calls a creature form'd for God alone,
 For Heav'n's high purposes, and not his own,
 Calls him away from selfish ends and aims,
 From what debilitates and what inflames,
 From cities humming with a restless crowd,
 Sordid as active, ignorant as loud,
 Whose highest praise is that they live in vain,
 The dupes of pleasure, or the slaves of gain,
 Where works of man are cluster'd close around,
 And works of God are hardly to be found,

To regions where, in spite of sin and woe,
Traces of Eden are still seen below,
Where mountain, river, forest, field, and grove,
Remind him of his Maker's pow'r and love.
'Tis well if, look'd for at so late a day.
In the last scene of such a senseless play,
True wisdom will attend his feeble call,
And grace his action ere the curtain fall.
Souls, that have long despis'd their heav'nly birth,
Their wishes all impregnated with earth,
For threescore years employ'd with ceaseless care
In catching smoke and feeding upon air,
Conversant only with the ways of men,
Rarely redeem the short remaining ten.
Invet'rate habits choke th' unfruitful heart,
Their fibres penetrate its tend'rest part,
And, draining its nutritious pow'rs to feed
Their noxious growth, starve ev'ry better seed.
Happy, if full of days—but happier far,
If, ere we yet discern life's ev'ning star,
Sick of the service of a world, that feeds
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,
We can escape from Custom's idiot sway,
To serve the Sov'reign we were born t' obey.
Then sweet to muse upon his skill display'd
(Infinite skill) in all that he has made!
To trace in Nature's most minute design
The signature and stamp of pow'r divine,
Contrivance intricate, express'd with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees,
The shapely limb and lubricated joint
Within the small dimensions of a point,
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work, who speaks, and it is done,
Th' invisible in things scarce seen reveal'd,
To whom an atom is an ample field;
To wonder at a thousand insect forms,
These hatch'd, and those resuscitated worms,

He ordain'd and brighter scenes to share,
Throne on earth, now buoyant upon air,
No shape would make them had they bulk and size,
More hideous foes than fancy can devise;
Helmet-heads, and dragon-scales adorn'd,
Bright myriads now securely scorn'd,
I mock the majesty of man's high birth,
I leave his bulwarks, and unpeople earth.
With a glance of fancy to survey,
The faculty can stretch away,
A thousand rivers pour'd at his command
In arms, that never fail, through ev'ry land;
Like a deluge with impetuous force,
Winding modestly a silent course;
Gould-surmounting Alps, the fruitful vales:
In which ev'ry nation spreads her sails;
In, a world whence other worlds drink light,
The rescent moon, the diadem of night;
Countless, each in his appointed place,
Anchor'd in the deep abyss of space—
With a sight to catch the poet's flame,
With a rapture like his own exclaim,
Are thy glorious works, thou Source of Good,
Dimly seen, how faintly understood!
And upheld by thy paternal care,
In universal frame, thus wondrous fair;
How'r divine, and bounty beyond thought,
I praise and prais'd in all that thou hast wrought.
I b'd in that immensity I see,
I sink abas'd, and yet aspire to thee;
Direct me, guide me to that heav'nly day,
In words more clearly than thy words display,
While thy truths my grosser thoughts refine,
I resemble thee, and call thee mine.
O! best proficiency! surpassing all,
When erroneously their glory call,
To recompense that arts or arms can yield,
Or, *the senate, or the tented field.*

Compar'd with this sublimest life below,
 Ye kings and rulers, what have courts to show?
 Thus studied, us'd and consecrated thus,
 On earth what is, seemed formed indeed for us:
 Not as the plaything of a froward child,
 Fretful unless diverted and beguil'd,
 Much less to feed and fan the fatal fires
 Of pride, ambition, or impure desires,
 But as a scale, by which the soul ascends
 From mighty means to more important ends,
 Securely, though by steps but rarely trod,
 Mounts from inferior beings up to God,
 And sees, by no fallacious light or dim,
 Earth made for man, and man himself for him.

Not that I mean t' approve, or would enforce,
 A superstitious and monastic course:
 Truth is not local, God alike pervades
 And fills the world of traffic and the shades,
 And may be fear'd amidst the busiest scenes,
 Or scorn'd where business never intervenes.
 But 'tis not easy with a mind like ours,
 Conscious of weakness in its noblest pow'rs,
 And in a world where, other ills apart,
 The roving eye misleads the careless heart,
 To limit Thought, by nature prone to stray
 Wherever freakish Fancy points the way;
 To bid the pleadings of Self-love be still,
 Resign our own and seek our Maker's will;
 To spread the page of Scripture and compare
 Our conduct with the laws engraven there;
 To measure all that passes in the breast,
 Faithfully, fairly, by that sacred test;
 To dive into the secret deeps within,
 To spare no passion and no fav'rite sin,
 And search the themes, important above all,
 Ourselves, and our recov'ry from our fall.

But leisure, silence, and a mind releas'd
 From anxious thoughts how wealth may be increas'd,

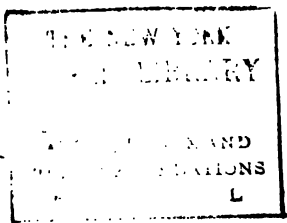
How to secure in some propitious hour,
The point of int'rest, or the post of pow'r,
A soul serene, and equally retir'd
From objects too much dreaded or desir'd,
Safe from the clamours of perverse dispute,
At least are friendly to the great pursuit.

Op'ning the map of God's extensive plan,
We find a little isle, this life of man ;
Eternity's unknown expanse appears
Circling around and limiting his years.
The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dang'rous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excels,
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells ;
Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
And happiest he that groans beneath his weight.
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
And ev'ry hour sweeps multitudes away ;
They shriek and sink, survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.
A few forsake the throng ; with lifted eyes
Ask wealth of Heav'n, and gain a real prize,
Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,
Seal'd with his signet whom they serve and love ;
Scorn'd by the rest, with patient hope they wait
A kind release from their imperfect state,
And unregretted are soon snatch'd away
From scenes of sorrow into glorious day.

Nor these alone prefer a life recluse,
Who seek retirement for its proper use ;
The love of change, that lives in ev'ry breast,
Genius and temper, and desire of rest,
Discordant motives in one centre meet,
And each inclines its vot'ry to retreat.
Some minds by nature are averse to noise,
And hate the tumult half the world enjoys,
The lure of av'rice, or the pompous prize,
That court displays before ambitious eyes ;

The fruits that hang on pleasure's flow'ry stem,
Whate'er enchants them, are no snares to them.
To them the deep recess of dusky groves,
Or forest, where the deer securely roves,
The fall of waters, and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief fav'rites share.
With eager step, and carelessly array'd,
For such a cause the poet seeks the shade,
From all he sees he catches new delight,
Pleas'd Fancy claps her pinions at the sight,
The rising or the setting orb of day,
The clouds that flit, or slowly float away.
Nature in all the various shapes she wears,
Frowning in storms, or breathing gentle airs;
The snowy robe her wintry state assumes,
Her summer heats, her fruits, and her perfumes;
All, all alike transport the glowing bard,
Success his rhyme and glory and reward,
O, Nature! whose Elysian scenes disclose
His bright perfections, at whose words they rose,
Next to that pow'r, who form'd thee and sustains,
Be thou the great inspirer of my strains.
Still, as I touch the lyre, do thou expand
Thy genuine charms, and guide an artless hand,
That I may catch a fire but rarely known,
Give useful light, though I should miss renown,
And, poring on thy page, whose ev'ry line
Bears proof of an intelligence divine,
May feel a heart enrich'd by what it pays,
That builds its glory on its Maker's praise.
Woe to the man, whose wit disclaims its use,
Glitt'ring in vain, or only to seduce,
Who studies nature with a wanton eye,
Admires the work, but slips the lesson by;
His hours of leisure and recess employs
In drawing pictures of forbidden joys,





Retires to blazon his own worthless name,
 Or shoot the careless with a surer aim.
 ✓ The lover too shuns business and alarms,
 Tender idolater of absent charms.
 Saints offer nothing in their warmest pray'rs,
 That he devotes not with a zeal like theirs;
 'Tis consecration of his heart, soul, time,
 And ev'ry thought that wanders is a crime.
 In sighs he worships his supremely fair,
 And weeps a sad libation in despair;
 Adores a creature, and, devout in vain,
 Wins in return an answer of disdain.
 As woodbine weds the plant within her reach,
 Rough elm, or smooth-grain'd ash, or glossy beech,
 In spiral rings ascends the trunk, and lays
 Her golden tassels on the leafy sprays,
 But does a mischief while she lends a grace,
 Strait'ning its growth by such a strict embrace;
 So love, that clings around the noblest minds,
 Forbids th' advancement of the soul he binds:
 The suitor's air indeed he soon improves,
 And forms it to the taste of her he loves,
 Teaches his eyes a language, and no less
 Refines his speech, and fashions his address;
 But, farewell promises of happier fruits,
 Manly designs, and learning's grave pursuits:
 Girt with a chain he cannot wish to break,
 His only bliss is sorrow for her sake;
 Who will may pant for glory, and excel,
 Her smile his aim, all higher aims farewell!
 Thyrsis, Alexis, or whatever name
 May least offend against so pure a flame,
 Though sage advice of friends the most sincere
 Sounds harshly in so delicate an ear,
 And lovers, of all creatures, tame or wild,
 Can least brook management, however mild:
 Yet let a poet (poetry disarms
 The fiercest animals with magic charms)

RETIREMENT.

Risk an intrusion on thy pensive mood,
And woo and win thee to thy proper good.
Pastoral images and still retreats,
Umbrageous walks and solitary seats,
Sweet birds in concert with harmonious streams,
Soft airs, nocturnal vigils, and day dreams,
Are all enchantments in a case like thine,
Conspire against thy peace with one design,
Sooth thee to make thee but a surer prey,
And feed the fire that wastes thy pow'rs away.
Up—God has form'd thee with a wiser view,
Not to be led in chains, but to subdue;
Calls thee to cope with enemies, and first
Points out a conflict with thyself, the worst.
Woman indeed, a gift he would bestow
When he design'd a Paradise below,
The richest earthly boon his hands afford,
Deserves to be belov'd, but not ador'd.
Post away swiftly to more active scenes,
Collect the scatter'd truths that study gleans,
Mix with the world, but with its wiser part,
No longer give an image all thine heart;
Its empire is not hers, nor is it thine,
'Tis God's just claim, prerogative divine.
Virtuous and faithful HEBERDEN, whose skill
Attempts no task it cannot well fulfil,
Gives melancholy up to Nature's care,
And sends the patient into purer air.
Look where he comes—in his embow'r'd alcove
Stand close conceal'd, and see a statue move:
Lips busy, and eyes fix'd, foot falling slow,
Arms hanging idly down, hands clasp'd below;
Interpret to the marking eye distress,
Such as its symptoms can alone express.
That tongue is silent now; that silent tongue
Could argue once, could jest or join the song
Could give advice, could censure or commiserate
Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend.

Renounc'd alike its office and its sport,
Its brisker and its graver strains fall short;
Both fail beneath a fever's secret sway,
And like a summer brook are past away.
This is a sight for Pity to peruse,
Till she resemble faintly what she views,
Till Sympathy contract a kindred pain,
Pierc'd with the woes that she laments in vain.
This, of all maladies that man infest,
Claims most compassion, and receives the least;
Job felt it, when he groan'd beneath the rod
And the barb'd arrows of a frowning God;
And such emollients as his friends could spare,
Friends such as his for modern Jobs prepare.
Blest, rather curst, with hearts that never feel,
Kept snug in caskets of close-hammer'd steel,
With mouths made only to grin wide and eat,
And minds, that deem derided pain a treat,
With limbs of British oak, and nerves of wire,
And wit that puppet-prompters might inspire,
Their sov'reign nostrum is a clumsy joke
On pangs enforc'd with God's severest stroke.
But, with a soul, that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing:
Not to molest, or irritate, or raise
A laugh at his expense, is slender praise;
He, that has not usurp'd the name of man,
Does all, and deems too little, all he can,
T' assuage the throbbings of the fester'd part,
And staunch the bleedings of a broken heart.
'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forg'ry of fancy, and a dream of woes;
Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony dispos'd aright;
The screws revers'd (a task which, if he please,
God in a moment executes with ease),
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their pow'r and use.

✓ Then neither healthy wilds, nor scenes as fair
As ever recompens'd the peasant's care,
Nor soft declivities with tufted hills,
Nor view of waters turning busy mills,
Parks in which Art preceptress Nature weds,
Nor gardens interspers'd with flow'ry beds,
Nor gales, that catch the scent of blooming groves,
And waft it to the mourner as he roves,
Can call up life into his faded eye,
That passes all he sees unheeded by ;
No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels,
No cure for such, till God, who makes them, heals.
And thou, sad suff'rer under nameless ill,
That yields not to the touch of human skill,
Improve the kind occasion, understand
A Father's frown, and kiss his chast'ning hand.
To thee the day-spring, and the blaze of noon,
The purple ev'ning and resplendent moon,
The stars, that, sprinkl'd o'er the vault of night,
Seem drops descending in a show'r of light,
Shine not, or undesir'd and hated shine,
Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine :
Yet seek him, in his favour life is found,
All bliss beside a shadow or a sound :
Then heav'n, eclips'd so long, and this dull earth,
Shall seem to start into a second birth ;
Nature, assuming a more lovely face,
Borr'wing a beauty from the works of grace,
Shall be despis'd and overlook'd no more,
Shall fill thee with delight unfelt before,
Impart to things inanimate a voice,
And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice ;
The sound shall run along the winding vales,
And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.

Ye groves, (the statesman at his desk exclaims,
Sick of a thousand disappointed aims),
My patrimonial treasure and my pride,
Beneath your shades your gray possessor hide,

Receive me languishing for that repose
The servant of the public never knows.
Ye saw me once (ah, those regretted days,
When boyish innocence was all my praise!)
Hour after hour delightfully allot
To studies then familiar, since forgot,
And cultivate a taste for ancient song,
Catching its ardour as I mus'd along;
Nor seldom, as propitious Heav'n might send,
What once I valu'd and could boast, a friend,
Were witnesses how cordially I press'd
His undissembling virtue to my breast;
Receive me now, not incorrupt as then,
Nor guiltless of corrupting other men,
But vers'd in arts, that, while they seem to stay
A falling empire, hasten its decay.
To the fair haven of my native home,
The wreck of what I was, fatigued I come;
For once I can approve the patriot's voice,
And make the course he recommends my choice:
We meet at last in one sincere desire,
His wish and mine both prompt me to retire.
'Tis done—he steps into the welcome chaise,
Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays,
That whirl away from business and debate
The disencumber'd Atlas of the state.
Ask not the boy, who, when the breeze of morn
First shakes the glitt'ring drops from ev'ry thorn,
Unfolds his flock, then under bank or bush
Sits linking cherry-stones, or platting rush,
How fair is Freedom? he was always free:
To carve his rustic name upon a tree,
To snare the mole, or with ill-fashion'd hook
To draw th' incautious minnow from the brook,
Are life's prime pleasures in his simple view,
His flock the chief concern he ever knew;
She shines but little in his heedless eyes,
The good we never miss we rarely prize:

But ask the noble drudge in state affairs,
Escap'd from office and its constant cares,
What charms he sees in Freedom's smile express'd,
In Freedom lost so long, now repossess'd ;
The tongue, whose strains were cogent as commands,
Rever'd at home, and felt in foreign lands,
Shall own itself a stamm'rer in that cause,
Or plead in silence as its best applause.
He knows indeed that whether dress'd or rude,
Wild without art or artfully subdued,
Nature in ev'ry form inspires delight,
But never mark'd her with so just a sight.
Her hedge-row shrubs, a variegated store,
With woodbine and wild roses mantled o'er
Green balks and furrow'd lands, the stream that
Its cooling vapour o'er the dewy meads, [spreads
Downs, that almost escape th' inquiring eye,
'That melt and fade into the distant sky,
Beauties he lately slighted as he pass'd,
Seem'd all created since he travell'd last.
Master of all th' enjoyments he design'd,
No rough annoyance rankling in his mind,
What early philosophic hours he keeps,
How regular his meals, how sound he sleeps !
Not sounder he, that on the mainmast head,
While morning kindles with a windy red,
Begins a long look-out for distant land,
Nor quits till ev'ning watch his giddy stand,
Then swift descending with a seaman's haste,
Slips to his hammock, and forgets the blast.
He chooses company, but not the squire's,
Whose wit is rudeness, whose good-breeding tires ;
Nor yet the parson's, who would gladly come,
Obsequious when abroad, though proud at home ;
Nor can he much affect the neighb'ring peer,
Whose toe of emulation treads too near ;
But wisely seeks a more convenient friend,
With whom dismissing forms, he may unbend !

A man, whom marks of condescending grace
Teach, while they flatter him, his proper place ;
Who comes, when call'd, and at a word withdraws,
Speaks with reserve, and listens with applause ;
Some plain mechanic, who, without pretence
To birth or wit, nor gives nor takes offence :
On whom he rests well-pleas'd his weary pow'rs,
And talks and laughs away his vacant hours.
The tide of life, swift always in its course,
May run in cities with a brisker force,
But no where with a current so serene,
Or half so clear, as in the rural scene.
Yet how fallacious is all earthly bliss,
What obvious truths the wisest heads may miss ;
Some pleasures live a month, and some a year,
But short the date of all we gather here ;
No happiness is felt, except the true,
That does not charm the more for being new.
This observation, as it chanc'd, not made,
Or, if the thought occur'd, not duly weigh'd,
He sighs—for after all by slow degrees
The spot he lov'd has lost the pow'r to please ;
To cross his ambling pony day by day,
Seems at the best but dreaming life away ;
The prospect, such as might enchant despair,
He views it not, or sees no beauty there ;
With aching heart, and discontented looks,
Returns at noon to billiards or to books,
But feels, while grasping at his faded joys,
A secret thirst of his renounc'd employs.
He chides the tardiness of ev'ry post,
Pants to be told of battles won or lost,
Blames his own indolence, observes, though late,
'Tis criminal to leave a sinking state,
Flies to the levee, and, receiv'd with grace,
Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place.
Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
That dread th' encroachment of our growing streets,

Tight boxes neatly sash'd, and in a blaze
With all a July sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who, gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.
O, sweet retirement, who would balk the thought,
That could afford retirement, or could not?
'Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and straight,
The second mile-stone fronts the garden gate;
A step if fair, and, if a show'r approach,
You find safe shelter in the next stage-coach.
There, prison'd in a parlour, snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall,
The man of business and his friends compress'd
Forget their labours, and yet find no rest;
But still 'tis rural—trees are to be seen
From ev'ry window, and the fields are green;
Ducks paddle in the pond before the door,
And what could a remoter scene show more!
A sense of elegance we rarely find
The portion of a mean or vulgar mind,
And ignorance of better things makes man,
Who cannot much, rejoice in what he can;
And he, that deems his leisure well bestow'd
In contemplation of a turnpike-road,
Is occupied as well, employs his hours
As wisely, and as much improves his pow'rs,
As he, that slumbers in pavilions grac'd
With all the charms of an accomplish'd taste.
Yet hence, alas! insolvencies; and hence
Th' unpitied victim of ill-judg'd expense,
From all his wearisome engagements freed,
Shakes hands with business, and retires indeed.

Your prudent grand-mammas, ye modern belles,
Content with Bristol, Bath, and Tunbridge-wells,
When health requir'd it would consent to roam,
Else more attach'd to pleasures found at home.
*But now alike, gay widow, virgin, wife,
Ingenious to diversify dull life,*

RETIREMENT.

In coaches, chaises, caravans, and hoys,
Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys ;
And all, impatient of dry land, agree
With one consent to rush into the sea.—
Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad,
Much of the pow'r and majesty of God.
He swathes about the swelling of the deep,
That shines and rests, as infants smile and sleep
Vast as it is, it answers as it flows
The breathings of the lightest air that blows ;
Curling and whit'ning over all the waste,
The rising waves obey th' increasing blast,
Abrupt and horrid as the tempest roars,
Thunder and flash upon the stedfast shores,
Till he, that rides the whirlwind, checks the rein.
Then all the world of waters sleeps again.—
Nereids or Dryads, as the fashion leads,
Now in the floods, now panting in the meads,
Vot'ries of Pleasure still, where'er she dwells,
Near barren rocks, in palaces, or cells,
O, grant a poet leave to recommend
A poet fond of Nature, and your friend)
Her slighted works to your admiring view ;
Her works must needs excel, who fashion'd you.
Could ye, when rambling in your morning ride,
With some unmeaning coxcomb at your side,
Condemn the prattler for his idle pains,
Waste unheard the music of his strains,
Be deaf to all th' impertinence of tongue,
While it courts, affronts, and does you wrong,
How well the finish'd plan without a fault,
As globose and huge, th' o'er-arching vault,
Whose millions daily fed, a world employ'd
Still bring plenty yet to be enjoy'd,
Whose attitude grew vocal in the praise
Still, beneficent in all his ways ;
With such wisdom, how would beauty shine
Not but that to seem indeed divine.

Anticipated rents, and bills unpaid,
Force many a shining youth into the shade,
Not to redeem his time, but his estate,
And play the fool but at a cheaper rate.
There, hid in loath'd obscurity, remov'd
From pleasures left, but never more below'd,
He just endures, and with a sickly spleen
Sighs o'er the beauties of the charming scene.
Nature, indeed, looks prettily in rhyme ;
Streams tinkle sweetly in poetic chime :
The warblings of the blackbird, clear and strong,
Are musical enough in Thomson's song ;
And Cobham's groves, and Windsor's green retreats,
When Pope describes them, have a thousand sweets ;
He likes the country, but in truth must own
Most likes it, when he studies it in town.

✓ Poor Jack—no matter who—for when I blame
I pity, and must therefore sink the name,
Liv'd in his saddle, lov'd the chase, the course,
And always, ere he mounted, kiss'd his horse.
Th' estate, his sires had own'd in ancient years,
Was quickly distanc'd, matched against a peer's.
Jack vanish'd, was regretted and forgot ;
'Tis wild good-nature's never-failing lot.
At length, when all had long suppos'd him dead,
By cold submersion, razor, rope, or lead,
My lord, alighting at his usual place,
The Crown took notice of an ostler's face.
Jack knew his friend, but hop'd in that disguise
He might escape the most observing eyes,
And whistling, as if unconcern'd and gay,
Curried his nag, and look'd another way.
Convinc'd at last, upon a nearer view,
'Twas he, the same, the very Jack he knew,
O'erwhelm'd at once with wonder, grief and joy,
He press'd him much to quit his base employ ;
His countenance, his purse, his heart, his hand,
Influence and pow'r, were all at his command :

Peers are not always gen'rous as well-bred,
 But Granby was, meant truly what he said.
 Jack bow'd, and was oblig'd—confess'd t'was strange,
 That so retir'd he should not wish a change,
 But knew no medium between guzzling beer,
 And his old stint—three thousand pounds a-year.

Thus some retire to nourish hopeless woe ;
 Some seeking happiness not found below ;
 Some to comply with humour, and a mind
 To social scenes by nature disinclin'd ;
 Some sway'd by fashion, some with deep disgust,
 Some self-impov'rish'd, and because they must ;
 But few, that court Retirement, are aware
 Of half the toils they must encounter there.

✓ Lucrative offices are seldom lost
 For want of pow'rs proportion'd to the post ;
 Give e'en a dunce the employment he desires,
 And he soon finds the talents it requires ;
 A business with an income at its heels
 Furnishes always oil for its own wheels.
 But in his arduous enterprise to close
 His active years with indolent repose,
 He finds the labours of that state exceed
 His utmost faculties severe indeed.
 'Tis easy to resign a toilsome place,
 But not to manage leisure with a grace ;
 Absence of occupation is not rest,
 A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
 The vet'ran steed, excus'd his task at length,
 In kind compassion of his failing strength,
 And turn'd into the park or mead to graze,
 Exempt from future service all his days,
 There feels a pleasure perfect in its kind,
 Ranges at liberty, and snuffs the wind :
 But when his lord would quit the busy road,
 To taste a joy like that he had bestow'd,
 He proves less happy than his favour'd brute,
 A life of ease a difficult pursuit.

Thought, to the man that never thinks, may seem
As natural as when asleep to dream ;
But reveries (for human minds will act)
Specious in show, impossible in fact,
Those flimsy webs, that break as soon as wrought,
Attain not to the dignity of thought :
Nor yet the swarms, that occupy the brain,
Where dreams of dress, intrigue, and pleasure reign;
Nor such as useless conversation breeds,
Or lust engenders, and indulgence feeds.
Whence, and what are we ; to what end ordain'd ?
What means the drama by the world sustain'd ?
Business or vain amusement, care or mirth,
Divide the frail inhabitants of earth.
Is duty a mere sport, or an employ ?
Life an intrusted talent, or a toy ?
Is there, as reason, conscience, Scripture, say,
Cause to provide for a great future day,
When, earth's assign'd duration at an end,
Man shall be summon'd and the dead attend ?
The trumpet—will it sound, the curtain rise,
And show th' august tribunal of the skies ;
Where no prevarications shall avail,
Where eloquence and artifice shall fail,
The pride of arrogant distinctions fall,
And conscience and our conduct judge us all ?
Pardon me, ye that give the midnight oil
To learned cares, or philosophic toil,
Though I revere your honourable names,
Your useful labours and important aims,
And hold the world indebted to your aid,
Enrich'd with the discov'ries ye have made ;
Yet let me stand excus'd, if I esteem
A mind employ'd on so sublime a theme,
Pushing her bold inquiry to the date
And outline of the present transient state,
And, after poisoning her advent'rous wings,
Settling at last upon eternal things,

Far more intelligent, and better taught
The strenuous use of profitable thought,
Than ye, when happiest, and enlighten'd most,
And highest in renown, can justly boast.
A mind unnerv'd, or indispos'd to bear
The weight of subjects worthiest of her care,
Whatever hopes a change of scene inspires,
Must change her nature, or in vain retires.
An idler is a watch, that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes, as when it stands.
Books, therefore, not the scandal of the shelves,
In which lewd sensualists print out themselves;
Nor those, in which the stage gives vice a blow,
With what success let modern manners show;
Nor his, who, for the bane of thousands born,
Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn,
Skilful alike to seem devout and just,
And stab religion with a sly side-thrust;
Nor those of learn'd philologists, who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark;
But such as Learning without false pretence,
The friend of truth, the associate of sound Sense,
And such as, in the zeal of good Design,
Strong judgment lab'ring in the Scripture mine,
All such as manly and great souls produce,
Worthy to live, and of eternal use:
Behold in these what leisure hours demand,
Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand.
Luxury gives the mind a childish cast,
And while she polishes, perverts the taste;
Habits of close attention, thinking heads,
Become more rare as dissipation spreads,
Till authors hear at length one gen'ral cry,—
Tickle and entertain us, or we die.
The loud demand, from year to year the same,
Beggars Invention, and makes Fancy lame;

Till Farce itself, most mournfully jejune,
Calls for the kind assistance of a tune :
And novels, (witness ev'ry month's review)
Belie their name, and offer nothing new.
The mind, relaxing into needful sport,
Should turn to writers of an abler sort,
Whose wit well manag'd, and whose classic style,
Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.
Friends, (for I cannot stint as some have done
Too rigid in my view, that name to one ;
Though one, I grant it, in the gen'rous breast
Will stand advanc'd a step above the rest :
Flow'rs by that name promiscuously we call,
But one, the rose, the regent of them all)—
Friends, not adopted with a schoolboy's haste,
But chosen with a nice, discerning taste,
Well-born, well-disciplin'd, who, plac'd apart
From vulgar minds, have honour much at heart,
And, though the world may think th' ingredients
The love of virtue, and the fear of God ! [odd,
Such friends prevent what else would soon succeed,
A temper rustic as the life we lead,
And keep the polish of the manners clean
As theirs who bustle in the busiest scene ;
For solitude, however some may rave,
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave,
A sepulchre in which the living lie,
Where all good qualities grow sick and die.*
I praise the Frenchman,* his remark was shrewd—
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude !
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet.
Yet neither these delights, nor aught beside,
That appetite can ask, or wealth provide,
Can save us always from a tedious day,
Or shine the dulness of still life away :

* Bruyere.

communion, carefully enjoy'd,
 fight with energy, must fill the void.
 red art, to which alone life owes
 piest seasons, and a peaceful close,
 d in a world, indebted to that scorn
 ils daily felt, and hardly borne,
 rowing thee, we reap with bleeding hands
 s of rank odour upon thorny lands,
 while experience cautions us in vain,
 seeming happiness, and find it pain.
 ndence, self-deserted in her grief,
 y abandoning her own relief,
 ring and ungrateful Discontent,
 corns afflictions mercifully meant,
 humours, tart as wines upon the fret,
 idleness and weariness beget;
 and a thousand plagues, that haunt the breast,
 of the phantom of an earthly rest,
 communion chases, as the day
 to their dens th' obedient beasts of prey
 dah's promis'd king, bereft of all,
 out an exile from the face of Saul,
 tant caves the lonely wand'rer flies,
 k that peace a tyrant's frown denies.
 he sweet accents of his tuneful voice,
 him, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, yet rejoice;
 manish or wailing grief has part,
 at a moment, in his royal heart;
 only music, such as martyrs make,
 ng with gladness for a Saviour's sake;
 ul exults, hope animates his lays,
 nse of mercy kindles into praise,
 wilds, familiar with a lion's roar,
 with ecstatic sounds unheard before:
 ve like his, that can alone defeat
 es of man, or make a desert sweet.
 gion does not censure or exclude
 aber'd pleasures harmlessly pursued;

To study culture, and with artful toil
To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil ;
To give dissimilar yet fruitful lands
The grain, or herb, or plant that each demands ;
To cherish virtue in a humble state,
And share the joys your bounty may create ;
To mark the matchless workings of the pow'r
That shuts within its seed the future flow'r,
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell,
Sends Nature forth the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes ;
To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet—
These, these are arts pursued without a crime,
That leave no stain upon the wing of Time.

Me poetry (or rather notes that aim
Feebly and vainly at poetic fame)
Employs, shut out from more important views,
Fast by the banks of the slow-winding Ouse ;
Content if thus sequester'd I may raise
A monitor's though not a poet's praise,
And while I teach an art too little known,
To close life wisely, may not waste my own. ✓

THE TASK.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE history of the following production is briefly this: A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from the author, and gave him the **SOFA** for a subject. He obeyed; and, having much leisure, connected another subject with it; and pursuing the train of thought to which his situation and turn of mind led him, brought forth at length, instead of the trifle which he at first intended, a serious affair—a volume.

In the poem on the subject of Education, he would be very sorry to stand suspected of having aimed his censure at any particular school. His objections are such, as naturally apply themselves to schools in general. If there were not, as for the most part there is, wilful neglect in those who manage them, and an omission even of such discipline as they are susceptible of, the objects are yet too numerous for minute attention; and the aching hearts of ten thousand parents, mourning under the bitterest of all disappointments, attest the truth of the allegation. His quarrel, therefore, is with the mischief at large, and not with any particular instance of it.

THE SOFA.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Historical deduction of seats, from the stool to the Sofa.—A School-boy's ramble.—A walk in the country.—The scene described.—Rural sounds as well as sights delightful.—Another walk.—Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected.—Colonades commended.—Alcove, and the view from it.—The wilderness.—The grove.—The thresher.—The necessity and the benefits of exercise.—The works of nature superior to, and in some instances inimitable by, art.—The wearisomeness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure.—Change of scene sometimes expedient.—A common described, and the character of crazy Kate introduced.—Gipsies.—The blessings of a civilized life.—The state most favourable to virtue.—The South Sea Islanders compassionated, but chiefly Omai.—His present state of mind supposed.—Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities.—Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praises, but censured.—Fete champetre.—The book concludes with a reflection on the fatal effects of dissipation and effeminacy upon our public measures.

I SING the *Sofa*. I, who lately sang
 Truth, Hope, and Charity,* and touch'd with awe
 The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
 Escap'd with pain from that advent'rous flight,
 Now seek repose upon an humbler theme;
 The theme though humble, yet august and proud
 Th' occasion—for the Fair commands the song.

* See Poems, pages 39, 75, 96.

Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,
Save their own painted skins, our sires had none.
As yet black breeches were not ; satin smooth,
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile ;
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
Wash'd by the sea, or on the grav'ly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, repos'd his wearied strength.
Those barb'rous ages past, succeeded next
The birth-day of Invention ; weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Joint-stools were then created ; on three legs
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And sway'd the sceptre of his infant realms :
And such in ancient halls and mansions drear
May still be seen ; but, perforated sore,
And drill'd in holes, the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eaten through and through.

At length a generation more refin'd
Improv'd the simple plan ; made three legs four,
Gave them a twisted form vermicular,
And o'er the seat, with plenteous wadding stuff'd,
Induc'd a splendid cover, green and blue,
Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought
And woven close, or needlework sublime.
There might ye see the piony spread wide,
The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
Lap-dog and lambkin with black, staring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.

Now came the cane from India, smooth and bright
With Nature's varnish ; sever'd into stripes,
That interlac'd each other, these supplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that brac'd
The new machine, and it became a chair.
But restless was the chair ; the back erect
Distress'd the weary loins, that felt no ease ;

The slipp'ry seat betray'd the sliding part,
That press'd it, and the feet hung dangling down,
Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.
These for the rich ; the rest, whom Fate had plac'd
In modest mediocrity, content
With base materials, sat on well-tann'd hides,
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,
Of scarlet crewel, in the cushion fix'd,
If cushion might be call'd, what harder seem'd
Than the firm oak, of which the frame was form'd.
No want of timber then was felt or fear'd
In Albion's happy isle. The lumber stood
Pond'rous and fix'd by its own massy weight.
But elbows still were wanting : these, some say,
An alderman of Cripplegate contriv'd ;
And some ascribe th' invention to a priest,
Burly, and big, and studious of his ease.
But rude at first, and not with easy slope
Receding wide, they press'd against the ribs,
And bruise'd the side ; and, elevated high,
Taught the rais'd shoulders to invade the ears.
Long time elaps'd or e'er our rugged sires
Complain'd, though incommodiously pent in,
And ill at ease behind. The ladies first
'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex.
Ingenious Fancy, never better pleas'd,
Than when employ'd t' accommodate the fair,
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devis'd
The soft settee ; one elbow at each end,
And in the midst an elbow it receiv'd,
United, yet divided, twain at once.
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne ;
And so two citizens, who take the air,
Close pack'd, and smiling in a chaise and one.
But relaxation of the languid frame,
By soft recumbency of outstretch'd limbs,
Was bliss reserv'd for happier days. So slow

The growth of what is excellent ; so hard
T' attain perfection in this nether world.
Thus first Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow chairs,
And luxury th' accomplish'd *Sofa* last.

The nurse sleeps sweetly, hir'd to watch the sick,
Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he
Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour,
To sleep within the carriage more secure,
His legs depending at the open door.
Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,
The tedious rector drawling o'er his head ;
And sweet the clerk below. But neither sleep
Of lazy nurse, who snores the sick man dead ;
Nor his, who quits the box at midnight hour,
To slumber in the carriage more secure ;
Nor sleep enjoy'd by curate in his desk ;
Nor yet the dozings of the clerk are sweet,
Compar'd with the repose the *Sofa* yields.

O, may I live exempted (while I live
Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)
From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe
Of libertine Excess. The *Sofa* suits
The gouty limb, 'tis true ; but gouty limb,
Though on a *Sofa*, may I never feel :
For I have lov'd the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy swath, close cropp'd by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs ; have lov'd the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,
E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds,
T' enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames ;
And still remember, nor without regret
Of hours, that sorrow since has much endear'd,
How oft, my slice of pocket store consum'd,
Still hung'ring, pennyless, and far from home,
I fed on scarlet hips, and stony haws,
Or blushing crabs, or berries, that emboss

The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.
Hard fare ! but such as boyish appetite
Disdains not ; nor the palate, undeprav'd
By culinary arts, unsav'ry deems.
No *Sofa* then awaited my return ;
Nor *Sofa* then I needed. Youth repairs
His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring short fatigue ; and, though our years,
As life declines, speed rapidly away,
And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace, that age would gladly keep
A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and colour from the locks they spare
Th' elastic spring of an unwearied foot,
That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,
Mine have not pilfer'd yet, nor yet impair'd
My relish of fair prospect ; scenes that sooth'd
Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing, and of pow'r to charm me still.
And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that thou hast doubted long.
Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjur'd up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd

The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His lab'ring team, that swerv'd not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy !
Here, Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds ;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the list'ning ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.
Scenes must be beautiful, which daily view'd
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years :
Praise justly due to those that I describe.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,

But animated Nature sweeter still,
 To sooth and satisfy the human ear.
 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
 The livelong night; nor these alone, whose notes
 Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,
 But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
 In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
 The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,
 That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
 Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
 And only there, please highly for their sake.

✓ Peace to the artist whose ingenious thought
 Devis'd the weather-house, that useful toy!
 Fearless of humid air and gath'ring rains,
 Forth steps the man—an emblem of myself!
 More delicate his tim'rous mate retires.
 When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet,
 Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
 Or ford the rivulets, are best at home,
 The task of new discov'ries falls on me.
 At such a season, and with such a charge,
 Once went I forth; and found, till then unknown,
 A cottage, whither oft we since repair:
 'Tis perch'd upon the green hill top, but close
 Environ'd with a ring of branching elms,
 That overhang the thatch, itself unseen
 Peeps at the vale below: so thick beset
 With foliage of such dark redundant growth,
 I call'd the low-roof'd lodge the *peasant's nest*.
 And, hidden as it is, and far remote
 From such displeasing sounds, as haunt the ear
 In village or in town, the bay of curs
 Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
 And infants clam'rous, whether pleas'd or pain'd,
 Oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine.
Here, I have said, at least I should possess
The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge



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The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.
 Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat
 Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
 Its elevated site forbids the wretch
 To drink sweet waters of the crystal well;
 He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
 And, heavy laden, brings his bev'rage home,
 Far fetch'd and little worth; nor seldom waits,
 Dependent on the baker's punctual call,
 To hear his creaking panniers at the door,
 Angry and sad, and his last crust consum'd.
 So, farewell envy of the *peasant's nest*!
 If solitude make scant the means of life,
 Society for me!—though seeming sweet,
 Be still a pleasing object in my view;
 My visit still, but never mine abode.

Not distant far, a length of colonnade
 Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,
 Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.
 Our fathers knew the value of a screen
 From sultry suns: and, in their shaded walks
 And long protracted bow'rs, enjoy'd at noon
 The gloom and coolness of declining day.
 We bear our shades about us; self-depriv'd
 Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,
 And range an Indian waste without a tree.
 Thanks to Benevolus*—he spares me yet
 These chesnuts rang'd in corresponding lines;
 And, though himself so polish'd, still reprieves
 The obsolete proximity of shade.

Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)
 A sudden steep, upon a rustic bridge
 We pass a gulf, in which the willows dip
 Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.
 Hence, ancle deep in moss and flow'ry thyme,
 We mount again, and feel at ev'ry step

* John Courtney Throckmorton, Esq. of Weston Underwood.

Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
Rais'd by the mole, the miner of the soil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
Disfigures Earth: and, plotting in the dark,
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done.

The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove
That crowns it! yet not all its pride secures
The grand retreat from injuries impress'd
By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The pannels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.
So strong the zeal t' immortalize himself
Beats in the breast of man, that e'en a few,
Few transient years, won from the abyss abhorr'd
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown. Now roves the eye;
And, posted on this speculative height,
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field; but, scatter'd by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sun-burnt hayfield homeward creeps
The loaded wain; while lightened of its charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by;
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
Vocif'rous, and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of ev'ry growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the gray, smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine
Within the twilight of their distant shades;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish gray; the willow such,

And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
 And as far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
 Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
 Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
 Some glossy-leav'd, and shining in the sun,
 The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
 Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
 Diffusing odours; nor unnoted pass
 The sycamore, capricious in attire,
 Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
 Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright,
 O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
 Of hill and valley interposed between),
 The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,
 Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
 As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.
 ✓ Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
 And such the re-ascent; between them weeps
 A little Naiad her improv'rish'd urn
 All summer long, which winter fills again.
 The folded gates would bar my progress now,
 But that the lord* of this enclos'd demesne,
 Communicative of the good he owns,
 Admits me to a share; the guiltless eye
 Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.
 Refreshing change! where now the blazing sun?
 By short transition we have lost his glare,
 And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime.
 Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
 Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice
 That yet a remnant of your race survives.
 How airy and how light the graceful arch,
 Yet awful as the consecrated roof
 Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
 The checker'd earth seems restless as a flood
 Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light

* See the foregoing note.

Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance.
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And dark'ning and enlight'ning, as the leaves
Play wanton, ev'ry moment, ev'ry spot. [cheer'd

And now, with nerves new-brac'd and spirit
We tread the wilderness, where well-roll'd walks,
With curvature of slow and easy sweep—
Deception innocent—give ample space
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next;
Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms
We may discern the thresher at his task.
Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the destin'd ear. Wide flies the chaff,
The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist
Of atoms sparkling, in the noon day beam.
Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
And sleep not; see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it. 'Tis the primal curse,
But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel,
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the world.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious; oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,
All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are cleans'd
By restless undulation: e'en the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm:
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
Th' impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder: but, the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns,

More fix'd below, the more disturb'd above.
The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause,
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.
The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When Custom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need; the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest,
To which he forfeits e'en the rest he loves.
Not such th' alert and active. Measure life
By its true worth, the comfort it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
Good health, and, its associate in the most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs;
E'en age itself seems privileg'd in them
With clear exemption from its own defects.
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The vet'ran shows, and, gracing a gray beard
With youthful smiles, descends towards the grave
Sprightly and old almost without decay.

Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine
Who oft'nest sacrifice are favour'd least.
The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
Is Nature's dictate. Strange! there should be found
Who, self-imprison'd in their proud saloons,
Renounce the odours of the open field
For the unscented fictions of the loom;
Who, satisfied with only pencill'd scenes,
Prefer to the performance of a God
Th' inferior wonders of an artist's hand!
Lovely indeed the mimic works of Art;
But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,

None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
Who shows me that which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on English walls :
But imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye—sweet Nature's ev'ry sense.
The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And music of her woods—no works of man
May rival these, these all bespeak a pow'r
Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast ;
'Tis free to all—'tis ev'ry day renew'd ;
Who scorns it starves deservedly at home.
He does not scorn it, who, imprison'd long
In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
To sallow sickness, which the vapours, dank
And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
Escapes at last to liberty and light ;
His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue ;
His eye relumines its extinguish'd fires ;
He walks, he leaps, he runs—is wing'd with joy,
And riots in the sweets of ev'ry breeze.
He does not scorn it, who has long endur'd
A fever's agonies and fed on drugs.
Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflam'd
With acrid salts : his very heart athirst,
To gaze at Nature in her green array,
Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possess'd
With visions prompted by intense desire ;
Fair fields appear below such as he left
Far distant, such as he would die to find—
He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.
The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns ;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears,

These Flora banishes, and gives the fair,
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb, the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest; and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences; and sits,
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet e'en these
Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he,
That overhangs a torrent to a twig.
They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their invet'rate habits, all forbid.

Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of dayspring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,

Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those,
Whose headachs nail them to a noonday bed;
And save me too from theirs, whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
From gaiety, that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulg'd.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug enclosures in the shelter'd vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us; happy to renounce a while,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock, may please,
That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man. His hoary head,
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist,
A girdle of half-wither'd shrubs he shows,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.
The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform'
And dang'rous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
Smells fresh, and, rich in odorif'rous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd

T. S. ...
 FUEL
 ASTOR, L. ...
 TILLEN FOUND.
 R



With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound.
 A serving maid was she, and fell in love
 With one who left her, went to sea, and died;
 Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves
 To distant shores; and she would sit and weep
 At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,
 Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
 Would oft anticipate his glad return,
 And dream of transports she was not to know.
 She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
 And never smil'd again! and now she roams
 The dreary waste; there spends the livelong day,
 And there, unless when charity forbids,
 The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,
 Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
 More tatter'd still; and both but ill conceal
 A bosom heav'd with never ceasing sighs.
 She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
 And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
 Though press'd with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
 Tho' pinch'd with cold, asks never.—Kate is craz'd.

I see a column of slow-rising smoke
 O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
 A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
 Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
 Between two poles upon a stick transverse.
 Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
 Or vermin, or at best of cock purloin'd
 From his accusom'd perch. Hard faring race!
 They pick their fuel out of ev'ry hedge,
 Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquench'd
 The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
 Their flutt'ring rags, and shows a tawny skin,
 The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
 Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
 To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
 Conveying worthless dross into its place;
 Loud *when they beg*, dumb only *when they steal*.

Strange ! that a creature rational, and cast
In human mould, should brutalize by choice
His nature ; and, though capable of arts,
By which the world might profit, and himself
Self-banish'd from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honourable toil !
Yet, even these, though feigning sickness oft
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping li
And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
When safe occasion offers ; and with dance,
And music of the bladder and the bag,
Beguile their woes, and make the woods reso
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world ;
And breathing wholesome air, and wand'ring
Need other physic none to heal th' effects
Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.

^ Blest he, though undistinguish'd from the c
By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to
The manners and the arts of civil life.
His wants indeed are many ; but supply
Is obvious, plac'd within the easy reach
Of temp'rate wishes and industrious hands,
Here virtue thrives as in her proper soil ;
Not rude and surly, and beset with thorns,
And terrible to sight, as when she springs
(If e'er she springs spontaneous) in remote
And barb'rous climes, where violence prevails
And strength is lord of all ; but gentle, kind,
By culture tam'd, by liberty refresh'd,
And all her fruits by radiant truth matur'd.
War and the chase engross the savage whole ;
War follow'd for revenge, or to supplant
The envied tenants of some happier spot :
The chase for sustenance, precarious trust !

His hard condition with severe constraint
Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth
Of wisdom, proves a school, in which he learns
Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate,
Mean self-attachment, and scarce aught beside.
'Thus fare the shiv'ring natives of the north,
And thus the rangers of the western world,
Where it advances far into the deep,
Towards the antarctic. E'en the favour'd isles
So lately found, although the constant sun
Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,
Can boast but little virtue; and inert
Through plenty, lose in morals what they gain
In manners—victims of luxurious ease.
These, therefore, I can pity, plac'd remote
From all that science traces, art invents,
Or inspiration teaches; and enclos'd
In boundless oceans, never to be pass'd
By navigators uninform'd as they,
Or plough'd perhaps by British bark again;
But, far beyond the rest, and with most-cause,
Thee, gentle savage!* whom no love of thee
Or thine, but curiosity perhaps,
Or else vain glory prompted us to draw
Forth from thy native bow'rs to show thee here
With what superior skill we can abuse
The gifts of Providence, and squander life.
The dream is past; and thou hast found again
Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams, [found
And homestall thatch'd with leaves. But hast thou
Their former charms? And, having seen our state,
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,
And heard our music; are thy simple friends,
Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,
As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys
Lost nothing by comparison with ours?

* Omai.

Rude as thou art (for we return'd thee rude
And ignorant, except of outward show)
I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
And spiritless, as never to regret
Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.
Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,
And asking of the surge, that bathes thy foot,
If ever it has wash'd our distant shore.
I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,
A patriot's for his country: thou art sad
At thought of her forlorn and abject state,
From which no pow'r of thine can raise her up.
Thus Fancy paints thee, and, though apt to err,
Perhaps errs little, when she paints thee thus.
She tells me too, that duly ev'ry morn
Thou climb'st the mountain top, with eager eye
Exploring far and wide the wat'ry waste
For sight of ship from England. Ev'ry speck
Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale
With conflict of contending hopes and fears.
But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,
And sends thee to thy cabin well prepar'd
To dream all night of what the day denied.
Alas! expect it not. We found no bait
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade.
We travel far, 'tis true, but not for naught;
And must be brib'd to compass earth again
By other hopes and richer fruits than yours.
But though true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft: in proud, and gay,
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and seculence of ev'ry land.
In cities foul example on most minds
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds,

THE SOFA.

In gross and pamper'd cities, sloth and lust,
And wantonness, and gluttonous excess.
In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach ; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
Beyond th' achievement of successful flight.
I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
In which they flourish most ; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worst.
There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style as much ;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So sterile with what charms soe'er she will,
The richest scen'ry and the loveliest forms.
Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disc
Dazzled, and detects and counts his spots ?
London. Where her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
Distance, motion, magnitude, and now
Measures an atom, and now girds a world ?
London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied,
London—opulent, enlarg'd, and still
Increasing, London ? Babylon of old
More the glory of the earth than she,
The accomplish'd world's chief glory now.

She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two,
That so much beauty would do well to purge ;
And show this queen of cities, that so fair
May yet be foul ; so witty, yet not wise.
It is not seemly, nor of good report,
That she is slack in discipline ; more prompt
T' avenge than to prevent the breach of law :
That she is rigid in denouncing death
On petty robbers, and indulges life
And liberty, and oft-times honour too,
To peculators of the public gold :
That thieves at home must hang ; but he, that puts
Into his overgorg'd and bloated purse
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profane and infidel contempt
Of holy writ, she has presum'd t' annul
And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
The total ordinance and will of God ;
Advancing Fashion to the post of Truth,
And cent'ring all authority in modes
And customs of her own, till Sabbath rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
And knees and hassocks are well-nigh divorc'd.

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves ;
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element ; there only can ye shine ;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
The moon-beam, sliding softly in between

The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendour of your lamps ; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes : the thrush departs
Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth ;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire stedfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

THE TASK.

BOOK II.

THE TIME-PIECE.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Reflections suggested by the conclusion of the former book.—Peace among the nations recommended, on the ground of their common fellowship in sorrow.—Prodigies enumerated.—Sicilian earthquakes.—Man rendered obnoxious to these calamities by sin.—God the agent in them.—The philosophy that stops at secondary causes reproved.—Our own late miscarriages accounted for.—Satirical notice taken of our trips to Fontaine-Bleau.—But the pulpit, not satire, the proper engine of reformation.—The Reverend Advertiser of engraved sermons.—Petit-maitre parson.—The good preacher.—Picture of a theatrical, clerical coxcomb.—Story-tellers and jesters in the pulpit reproved.—Apostrophe to popular applause.—Retailers of ancient philosophy expostulated with.—Sum of the whole matter.—Effects of sacerdotal mismanagement on the laity.—Their folly and extravagance.—The mischiefs of profusion.—Profusion itself, with all its consequent evils, ascribed, as to its principal cause, to the want of discipline in the universities.

✓

O, FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
 My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which Earth is fill'd.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
 It does not feel for man; the nat'ral bond
 Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax,

That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not colour'd like his own ; and having pow'r
 T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith
 Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
 Make enemies of nations, who had else
 Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
 And, worse than all, and most to be deplor'd
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
 Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
 Then what is man ? and what man seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush,
 And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
 No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation priz'd above all price,
 I had much rather be myself the slave,
 And wear the bonds, then fasten them on him.
 We have no slaves at home—then why abroad ?
 And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
 That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
 Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
 Of all your empire ; that, where Britain's pow'r
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Sure there is need of social intercourse,

Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,
Between the nations in a world, that seems
To toll the death-bell of its own decease,
And by the voice of all its elements
To preach the gen'ral doom.* When were the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?
When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?
Fires from beneath, and meteors† from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplain'd,
Have kindled beacons in the skies; and th' old
And crazy Earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.
Is it a time to wrangle, when the props
And pillars of our planet seem to fail,
And Nature‡ with a dim and sickly eye
To wait the close of all? But grant her end
More distant, and that prophecy demands
A longer respite, unaccomplish'd yet;
Still they are frowning signals, and bespeak
Displeasure in His breast, who smites the Earth
Or heals it, makes it languish or rejoice.
And 'tis but seemly, that, where all deserve
And stand expos'd by common peccancy
To what no few have felt, there should be peace,
And brethren in calamity should love.

Alas, for Sicily! rude fragments now
Lie scatter'd, where the shapely column stood.
Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
The voice of singing and the sprightly chord
Are silent. Revelry, and dance and show,
Suffer a syncope and solemn pause;
While God performs upon the trembling stage
Of his own works his dreadful part alone.

* Alluding to the calamities in Jamaica.

† August 18, 1783.

‡ Alluding to the fog that covered both Europe and Asia during the whole summer of 1783.

Does the Earth receive him?—with what signs
gratulation and delight her king?
Is she not all her choicest fruits abroad,
sweetest flow'rs, her aromatic gums,
closing Paradise where'er he treads?
He quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,
receiving thunders, through a thousand deeps
in fiery caverns, roars beneath his foot.
The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,
as he has touch'd them. From the extremest point
of elevation down into th' abyss
his wrath is busy, and his frown is felt.
The rocks fall headlong, and the valleys rise,
the rivers die into offensive pools,
and, charg'd with putrid verdure, breathe a gross
and mortal nuisance into all the air.
What solid was, by transformation strange,
now fluid; and the fix'd and rooted earth,
momented into billows, heaves and swells,
with vortiginous and hideous whirl
sinks down its prey insatiable. Immense
the tumults and the overthrow, the pangs
and agonies of human and of brute
multitudes, fugitive on ev'ry side,
and fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene
grates uplifted; and, with all its soil
lighting in far distant fields, finds out
a new possessor, and survives the change.
Man has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought
to an enormous and o'erbearing height,
not by a mighty wind, but by that voice,
which winds and waves obey, invades the shore
crestless. Never such a sudden flood,
bridg'd so high, and sent on such a charge,
assess'd an inland scene. Where now the throng
that press'd the beach, and hasty to depart,
look'd to the sea for safety? They are gone,
gone with the reflux wave into the deep—

A prince with half his people ! Ancient tow'rs,
And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes,
Where beauty oft and letter'd worth consume
Life in the unproductive shades of death,
Fall prone: the pale inhabitants come forth,
And, happy in their unforeseen release
From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy
The terrors of the day that sets them free.
Who then, that has thee, would not hold thee fast,
Freedom? whom they that lose thee so regret,
That e'en a judgment, making way for thee,
Seems in their eyes a mercy for thy sake ?
Such evils Sin hath wrought; and such a flame
Kindled in Heav'n, that it burns down to Earth,
And in the furious inquest, that it makes
On God's behalf, lays waste his fairest works.
The very elements, though each be meant
The minister of man, to serve his wants,
Conspire against him. With his breath he draws
A plague into his blood; and cannot use
Life's necessary means, but he must die.
Storms rise t' o'erwhelm him: or, if stormy winds
Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,
And, needing none assistance of the storm,
Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there.
The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,
Or make his house his grave: nor so content,
Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,
And drown him in her dry and dusty gulfs.
What then !—were they the wicked above all,
And we the righteous, whose fast-anchor'd isle
Mov'd not, while theirs was rock'd, like a light skiff,
The sport of ev'ry wave? No: none are clear,
And none than we more guilty. But, where all
Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts
Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark:
May punish, if he please, the less, to warn
The more malignant. If he spar'd not them,

THE TIME-PIECE.

Tremble and be amaz'd at thine escape,
Far guiltier England, lest he spare not thee!
Happy the man, who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill, that chequer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan;
Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth Philosophy, though eagle-ey'd
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And, having found his instrument, forgets,
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against the foolish men,
That live an atheist life: involves the Heav'ns
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
And putrefy the breath of blooming Health.
He calls for Famine, and the meager fiend
Throws mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,
And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
He steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneous and discordant springs
Of principles; of causes how they work
Of necessary laws their sure effects;
Of action and re-action: he has found
The source of the disease, that nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Fool! will thy discov'ry of the cause

Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the world?
And did he not of old employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught;
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime,
Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flow'r, for warmer France
With all her vines: nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thund'rer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too; and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenc'd o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet;
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when such as these
Presume to lay their hands upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In ev'ry clime, and travel where we might,

That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill th' ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter! They have fall'n
Each in his field of glory; one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame!
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secur'd it by an unforgiving frown,
If any wrong'd her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all lov'd.
Those suns are set. O, rise some other such!
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.
Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savour maritime invade
The nose of nice nobility! Breathe soft
The clarionets, and softer still ye flutes;
That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore!
True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.
True; we may thank the perfidy of France,
At pick'd the jewel out of England's crown,
With all the cunning of an envious shrew.
I let that pass—'twas but a trick of state!
A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Retracts in peace the injuries of war,
Gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.
No, sham'd as we have been, to th' very beard
'd and defied, and in our own sea prov'd

Too weak for those decisive blows, that once
Ensured us mastery there, we yet retain
Some small pre-eminence; we justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honours of the turf as all our own!
Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
And show the shame, ye might conceal at home,
In foreign eyes!—be grooms and win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!—
'Tis gen'rous to communicate your skill
To those that need it. Folly is soon learn'd:
And under such preceptors who can fail!

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,
Th' expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—
T' arrest the fleeting images, that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them sit, till he has pencill'd off
A faithful likeness of the forms he views;
Then to dispose his copies with such art,
That each may find its most propitious light,
And shine by situation, hardly less
Than by the labour and the skill it cost;
Are occupations of the poet's mind
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought
With such address from themes of sad import,
That lost in his own musings, happy man!
He feels th' anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
Such joys has he that sings. But, ah! not such,
Or seldom such, the hearers of his song.
Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps
Aware of nothing arduous in a task
They never undertook, they little note
His dangers or escapes, and haply find
Their least amusement where he found the most.

musement all? Studious of song,
 ambitious not to sing in vain,
 not trifle merely, though the world
 rest in their praise, who do no more.
 It can satire, whether grave or gay?
 correct a foible, may chastise
 fads of fashion, regulate the dress,
 h a sword-blade, or displace a patch;
 ere are its sublimer trophies found?
 ice has it subdued? whose heart reclaim'd
 or, or whom laugh'd into reform?
 Leviathan is not so tam'd:
 at, he laughs again; and stricken hard,
 the stroke his adamantine scales,
 or no discipline of human hands.
 pulpit, therefore, (and I name it fill'd
 lemn awe, that bids me well beware
 that intent I touch that holy thing)—
 pit (when the sat'rist has at last,
 and vap'ring in an empty school,
 his force, and made no proselyte)—
 pulpit (in the sober use
 gitimate, peculiar pow'rs)
 acknowledge'd, while the world shall stand,
 it important and effectual guard,
 and ornament of Virtue's cause.
 and the messenger of truth: there stands
 the of the skies!—His theme divine,
 e sacred, his credentials clear.
 he violated law speaks out
 lers; and by him, in strains as sweet
 s use, the Gospel whispers peace.
 dishes the strong, restores the weak,
 s the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
 n'd himself in panoply complete
 nly temper, furnishes with arms
 his own, and trains, by ev'ry rule
 discipline, to glorious war,

The sacramental host of God's elect!
 Are all such teachers?—would to Heav'n all were!
 But, hark—the doctor's voice!—fast wedg'd between
 Two empirics he stands, and with swoln cheeks
 Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far
 Than all invective is his bold harangue,
 While through that public organ of report
 He hails the clergy; and, defying shame,
 Announces to the world his own and theirs!
 He teaches those to read, whom schools dismiss'd,
 And colleges, untaught; sells accent, tone,
 And emphasis in score, and gives to pray'r
 Th' *adagio* and *andante* it demands.

He grinds divinity of other days
 Down into modern use; transforms old print
 To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
 Of gall'ry critics by a thousand arts.
 Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware?
 O, name it not in Gath!—it cannot be,
 That grave and learned clerks should need such aid.
 He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,
 Assuming thus a rank unknown before—
 Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church!

I venerate the man, whose heart is warm, [life,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof

That he is honest in the sacred cause.
 To such I render more than mere respect,
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
 But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
 In conversation frivolous, in dress
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
 Frequent in park with lady at his side,
 Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
 But rare at home, and never at his books,
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round
 Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;

tious of preferment for its gold,
 well-prepar'd, by ignorance and sloth,
 fidelity and love of world,
 make God's work a sinecure; a slave
 to own pleasures and his patron's pride;
 such apostles, O, ye mitred heads,
 serve the church! and lay not careless hands
 on bells, that cannot teach, and will not learn.
 Could I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 who on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
 should himself direct me. I would trace
 master-strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
 doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
 plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
 natural in gesture; much impress'd
 with self, as conscious of his awful charge,
 anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
 feel it too; affectionate in look,
 tender in address, as well becomes
 messenger of grace to guilty men.
 I would the picture?—Is it like?—Like whom?
 things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
 then skip down again; pronounce a text;
 —hem! and reading what they never wrote
 fifteen minutes huddle up their work,
 with a well-bred whisper close the scene!
 man or woman, but far most in man,
 most of all in man that ministers
 serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
 affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
 object of my implacable disgust.
 What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
 in fond conceit of his fair form
 in just proportion, fashionable mien
 and pretty face, in presence of his God?
 will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
 with the diamond on his lily hand,

And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life ?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore avaunt all attitude and stare,
And start theatric, practis'd at the glass !
I seek divine simplicity in him,
Who handles things divine ; and all besides,
Though learn'd with labour, and tho' much admir'd
By curious eyes and judgments ill inform'd,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-bestrid.
Some decent in demeanour while they preach,
That task perform'd, relapse into themselves ;
And, having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to ev'ry eye,
Who'er was edified themselves were not !
Forth comes the pocket mirror.—First we stroke
An eye-brow ; next compose a straggling lock ;
Then with an air most gracefully perform'd
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low ;
The better hand more busy gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aids th' indebted eye
With op'ra glass, to watch the moving scene.
And recognise the slow-retiring fair.—
Now this is fulsome, and offends me more
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
And rustic coarseness would. A heav'nly mind
May be indiff'rent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath her care ;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint, in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heav'nly mind—demands a doubt.

♥ He, that negotiates between God and man,
 As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
 Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
 Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
 To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
 To break a jest, when pity would inspire
 Pathetic exhortation: and t' address
 The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
 When sent with God's commission to the heart!
 So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
 Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
 And I consent you take it for your text,
 Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
 No: he was serious in a serious cause,
 And understood too well the weighty terms,
 That he had tak'n in charge. He would not stoop
 To conquer those by jocular exploits.
 Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.

O, Popular Applause! what heart of man
 Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?
 The wisest and the best feel urgent need
 Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;
 But, swell'd into a gust—who then, alas!
 With all his canvass set, and inexpert,
 And therefore heedless, can withstand thy pow'r?
 Praise from the rivell'd lips of toothless, bald
 Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean
 And craving Poverty, and in the bow
 Respectful of the smutch'd artificer,
 Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb
 The bias of the purpose. How much more,
 Pour'd forth by beauty, splendid and polite,
 In language soft as Adoration breathes?
 Ah, spare your idol! think him human still.
 Charms he may have, but he has frailties too!
 Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

All truth is from the sempiternal source
 Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece and Rome, ..

Drew from the stream below. More favour'd we
Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain-head.
To them it flow'd much mingled and defil'd
With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams
Illusive of philosophy, so call'd,
But falsely. Sages after sages strove
In vain to filter off a crystal draught
Pure from the lees, which often more enhanc'd
The thirst than slak'd it, and not seldom bred
Intoxication and delirium wild.
In vain they push'd inquiry to the birth [man?
And spring-time of the world; ask'd, "Whence is
Why form'd at all? and wherefore as he is?
Where must he find his Maker? with what rites
Adore him? Will he hear, accept, and bless?
Or does he sit regardless of his works?
Has man within him an immortal seed?
Or does the tomb take all? If he survive
His ashes, where? and in what weal or woe?"
Knots worthy of solution, which alone
A Deity could solve. Their answers, vague
And all at random, fabulous and dark,
Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life,
Defective and unsanction'd, prov'd too weak
To bind the roving appetite, and lead
Blind nature to a God not yet reveal'd.
'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,
Explains all mysteries except her own, §
And so illuminates the path of life,
That fools discover it, and stray no more.
Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,
My man of morals, nurtur'd in the shades
Of Academus—is this false or true?
Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools?
If Christ, then why resort at ev'ry turn
To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom short
Of man's occasions, when in him reside
Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unfathom'd store?

How oft, when Paul has serv'd us with a text,
 Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preach'd !
 Men that, if now alive, would sit content
 And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,
 Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,
 Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too !
 And thus it is.—The pastor, either vain
 By nature, or by flattery made so, taught
 To gaze at his own splendour, and t' exalt
 Absurdly, not his office, but himself ;
 Or unenlighten'd, and too proud to learn ;
 Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach ;
 Perverting often by the stress of lewd
 And loose example, whom he should instruct ;
 Exposes, and holds up to broad disgrace,
 The noblest function, and discredits much
 The brightest truths that man has ever seen.
 For ghostly counsel, if it either fall
 Below the exigence, or be not back'd
 With show of love, at least with hopeful proof
 Of some sincerity on the giver's part ;
 Or be dishonour'd in th' exterior form
 And mode of its conveyance by such tricks
 As move derision, or by foppish airs
 And histrionic mumm'ry, that let down
 The pulpit to the level of the stage ;
 Drops from the lips a disregarded thing.
 The weak, perhaps, are mov'd, but are not taught,
 While prejudice in men of stronger minds
 Takes deeper root, confirm'd by what they see.
 A relaxation of religion's hold
 Upon the roving and untutor'd heart
 Soon follows, and, the curb of conscience snapp'd,
 The laity run wild.—But do they now ?
 Note their extravagance, and be convinc'd.
 As nations, ignorant of God, contrive
 A wooden one ; so we, no longer taught
 By monitors that mother church supplies,

Now make our own. Posterity will ask
(If e'er posterity see verse of mine)
Some fifty or a hundred lustrums hence,
What was a monitor in George's days?
My very gentle reader, yet unborn,
Of whom I needs must augur better things,
Since Heav'n would sure grow weary of a world
Productive only of a race like ours,
A monitor is wood—plank shaven thin.
We wear it at our backs, there, closely brac'd
And neatly fitted, it compresses hard
The prominent and most unsightly bones,
And binds the shoulders flat. We prove its use
Sov'reign and most effectual to secure
A form, not now gymnastic as of yore,
From rickets and distortion, else our lot.
But thus admonish'd, we can walk erect—
One proof at least of manhood! while the friend
Sticks close, a Mentor worthy of his charge.
Our habits, costlier than Lucullus wore,
And by caprice as multiplied as his,
Just please us while the fashion is at full,
But change with ev'ry moon. The sycophant,
Who waits to dress us, arbitrates their date;
Surveys his fair reversion with keen eye;
Finds one ill made, another obsolete,
This fits not nicely, that is ill conceiv'd;
And, making prize of all that he condemns,
With our expenditure defrays his own.
Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour. We have run
Through every change, that Fancy, at the loom
Exhausted, has had genius to supply;
And, studious of mutation still, discard
A real elegance, a little us'd,
For monstrous novelty, and strange disguise.
We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry.

THE TIME-PIECE.

And keeps our larder lean ; puts out our fire
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
That man that lives, and that knows how to
Could fail t' exhibit at the public shows
Form as splendid as the proudest there,
Enough appetite raise outcries at the cost ?
A man o' th' town dines late, but soon enough
With reasonable forecast and dispatch,
Ensure a side-box station at half-price.
You think, perhaps, so delicate his dress,
As daily fare as delicate. Alas !
He picks clean teeth, and, busy as he seems
With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet !
The rout is Folly's circle, which she draws
With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
That none, decoy'd into that fatal ring,
Unless by Heav'n's peculiar grace, escape.
Here we grow early gray, but never wise ;
Here form connexions, but acquire no friend ;
We sit pleasure hopeless of success ;
We ste youth in occupations only fit
Second childhood, and devote old age
To sports, which only childhood could excuse.
Where they are happiest, who dissemble best
Of weariness ; and they the most polite,
Who squander time and pleasure with a smile,
That at their own destruction. She that asks
For five hundred friends, contemns them all,
And scorns their coming. They (what can they less?)
Must reprisals ; and, with cringe and shrug,
How obsequious, hide their hate of her.
In the frenzy, downward from her grace,
Flambeaux flash against the morning skies,
That our chamber ceilings as they pass,
Who, frugal only that her thrift
Of excesses she can ill afford,
They'd home unlackey'd ; who, in haste

lighting, turns the key in her own door,
 And, at the watchman's lantern bor'wing light,
 Finds a cold bed her only comfort left.

Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives
 On Fortune's velvet altar off'ring up
 Their last poor pittance—Fortune, most severe
 Of goddesses yet known, and costlier far
 Than all, that held their routs in Juno's heav'n.—
 So fare we in this prison-house the World;
 And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see
 So many maniacs dancing in their chains.
 They gaze upon the links that hold them fast,
 With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot,
 Then shake them in despair, and dance again !

Now basket up the family of plagues,
 That waste our vitals ; peculation, sale
 Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds
 By forgery, by subterfuge of law,
 By tricks and lies as num'rous and as keen
 As the necessities their authors feel ;
 Then cast them, closely bundled, ev'ry brat
 At the right door. Profusion is the sire.
 Profusion unrestrain'd, with all that's base
 In character, has litter'd all the land,
 And bred, within the mem'ry of no few,
 A priesthood, such as Baal's was of old,
 A people, such as never was till now.
 It is a hungry vice :—it eats up all
 That gives society its beauty, strength,
 Convenience, and security, and use ;
 Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapp'd
 And gibbeted, as fast as catchpole claws
 Can seize the slipp'ry prey : unties the knot
 Of union, and converts the sacred band,
 That holds mankind together, to a scourge.
 Profusion, deluging a state with lusts
Of grossest nature and of worst effects,
Prepares it for its ruin : hardens, blinds,

And warps, the consciences of public men,
Till they can laugh at Virtue ; mock the fools,
That trust them ; and in th' end disclose a face,
That would have shock'd Credulity herself,
Unmask'd, vouchsafing this their sole excuse—
Since all alike are selfish, why not they ?
This does Profusion, and th' accursed cause
Of such deep mischief has itself a cause.

In colleges and halls in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bonds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Play'd on his lips ; and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth.
That blush'd at its own praise ; and press the youth
Close to his side, that pleas'd him. Learning grew
Beneath his care a thriving, vig'rous plant ;
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanc'd, as sometimes chance it must,
That one among so many overleap'd
The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke :
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favour back again, and clos'd the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declin'd at length into the vale of years :
A palsy struck his arm ; his sparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age ; his voice unstrung.

Grew tremulous, and drew derision more
Than rev'rence in perverse, rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Discipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.
Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,
And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.
Then Compromise had place, and Scrutiny
Became stone blind; Precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensued;
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse; and massy gates
Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade,
The tassell'd cap, and the spruce band a jest,
A mock'ry of the world! What need of these
For gamesters, jockeys, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oft'ner seen
With belted waist and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd,
If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot;
And such expense, as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the liberal hand of love,
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name,
That sits a stigma on his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world, that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition, thus acquir'd,
Where science and where virtue are profess'd?

They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
 His folly, but to spoil him is a task,
 That bids defiance to th' united pow'rs
 Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.
 Now blame we most the nurslings or the nurse?
 The children crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd,
 Through want of care; or her, whose winking eye
 And slumb'ring oscitancy mars the brood?
 The nurse no doubt. Regardless of her charge,
 She needs herself correction; needs to learn,
 That it is dang'rous sporting with the world,
 With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
 The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

All are not such. I had a brother once—
 Peace to the mem'ry of a man of worth,
 A man of letters, and of manners too!
 Of manners sweet as Virtue always wears,
 When gay Good-nature dresses her in smiles.
 He grac'd a college,* in which order yet
 Was sacred; and was honour'd, lov'd, and wept,
 By more than one, themselves conspicuous there.
 Some minds are temper'd happily, and mix'd
 With such ingredients of good sense, and taste.
 Of what is excellent in man, they thirst
 With such a zeal to be what they approve,
 That no restraints can circumscribe them more
 Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake.
 Nor can example hurt them: what they see
 Of vice in others but enhancing more
 The charms of virtue in their just esteem.
 If such escape contagion, and emerge
 Pure from so foul a pool to shine abroad,
 And give the world their talents and themselves,
 Small thanks to those whose negligence or sloth
 Expos'd their inexperience to the snare,
 And left them to an undirected choice.

See then the quiver broken and decay'd,

* Bene't Coll. Cambridge.

In which are kept our arrows ? Rusting there
In wild disorder, and unfit for use,
What wonder if, discharg'd into the world,
They shame their shooters with a random flight,
Their points obtuse, and feathers drunk with wi
Well may the church wage unsuccessful war
With such artill'ry arm'd. Vice parries wide
'Th' undreaded volley with a sword of straw,
And stands an impudent and fearless mark.

Have we not track'd the felon home, and four
His birth-place and his dam ? The country mou
Mourns because ev'ry plague, that can infest
Society, and that saps and worms the base
Of th' edifice, that Policy has rais'd,
Swarms in all quarters : meets the eye, the ear,
And suffocates the breath at ev'ry turn.
Profusion breeds them ; and the cause itself
Of that calamitous mischief has been found ;
Found too where most offensive, in the skirts
Of the rob'd pedagogue ! Else let th' arraign'd
Stand up unconscious, and refute the charge.
So when the Jewish leader stretch'd his arm,
And wav'd his rod divine, a race obscene,
Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth
Polluting Egypt ; gardens, fields, and plains,
Were cover'd with the pest ; the streets were fill
The crooking nuisance lurk'd in every nook ;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scap'd ;
And the land stank—so num'rous was the fry.

THE TASK.

BOOK III.

THE GARDEN.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Self-recollection and reproof.—Address to domestic happiness.—Some account of myself.—The vanity of many of their pursuits who are reputed wise.—Justifications of my censures.—Divine illumination necessary to the most expert philosopher.—The question, What is truth? answered by other questions.—Domestic happiness addressed again.—Few lovers of the country.—My tame hare.—Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden.—Pruning.—Framing.—Greenhouse.—Sowing of flower-seeds.—The country preferable to the town even in winter.—Reasons why it is deserted at that season.—Rumours effects of gaming, and of expensive improvement.—Book concludes with an apostrophe to the metropolis.

As one, who long in thickets and in brakes
 Entangled, winds now this way, and now that
 His devious course uncertain, seeking home;
 Or, having long in miry ways been foil'd
 And sore discomfited, from slough to slough
 Plunging, and half despairing of escape;
 If chance at length he find a greensward smooth
 And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,
 He cherups brisk his ear-erecting steed,
 And winds his way with pleasure, and with ease:
 So I, designing other themes, and call'd
 T' adorn the Sofa with eulogium due,
 To tell its slumbers, and to paint its dreams,

Since pulpit rail, and sounding boards renege
Most part an empty ineffectual sound,
What chance that I, to fame so little known,
Nor conversant with men or manners much,
Should speak to purpose, or with better hope
Crack the satiric thong? 'Twere wiser far
For me, enamour'd of sequester'd scenes,
And charm'd with rural beauty, to repose,
Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or yew
My languid limbs, when summer sears the plain
Or, when rough winter rages, on the soft
And shelter'd sofa, while the nitrous air
Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful heart
There, undisturb'd by Folly, and appris'd
How great the danger of disturbing her,
To muse in silence, or, at least, confine
Remarks, that gall so many, to the few
My partners in retreat. Disgust conceal'd
Is oft-times proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that hast surviv'd the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure

That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
Forsaking thee what shipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown!
Till prostitution elbows us aside
In all our crowded streets; and senates seen
Conven'd for purposes of empire less,
Than to release th' adultress from her bond.
Th' adultress! what a theme for angry verse!
What provocation to the indignant heart,
That feels for injur'd love! but I disdain
The nauseous task to paint her as she is,
Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame!
No: let her pass, and, chariotted along
In guilty splendour, shake the public ways;
The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white,
And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch,
Whom matrons now of character unsmirch'd,
And chaste themselves, are not asham'd to own.
Virtue and vice had bound'ries in old time,
Not to be pass'd: and she, that had renounc'd
Her sex's honour, was renounc'd herself
By all that priz'd it: not for prud'ry's sake,
But dignity's, resentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard perhaps on here and there a waif,
Desirous to return, and not receiv'd:
But 'twas a wholesome rigour in the main,
And taught th' unblemish'd to preserve with care
That purity, whose loss was loss of all.
Men too were nice in honour in those days,
And judg'd offenders well. Then he that sharp'd,
And pocketted a prize by fraud obtain'd,
Was mark'd and shunn'd as odious. He that sold
His country, or was slack when she requir'd

His ev'ry nerve in action and at stretch,
Paid with the blood, that he had basely spar'd,
The price of his default. But, now—yes, now
We are become so candid and so fair,
So lib'ral in construction, and so rich
In Christian charity, (good natur'd age!)
That they are safe, sinners of either sex, [bre
Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd, we
Well equipag'd is ticket good enough
To pass us readily through ev'ry door.
Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet)
May claim this merit still—that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause;
But she has burnt her mask, not needed here,
Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts
And specious semblances have lost their use.

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd
My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more.
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I see that all are wand'rers, gone astray
Each in his own delusions; they are lost
In chase of fancied happiness, still woo'd
And never won. Dream after dream ensues;

And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed. Rings the world
With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind
And add two thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay
As if created only like the fly,
That spreads his motley wings in the eye of noon,
To sport their season, and be seen no more.
The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wise,
And pregnant with discov'ries new and rare.
Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
Of heroes little known; and call the rant
A history: describe the man, of whom
His own coevels took but little note,
And paint his person, character, and views,
As they had known him from his mother's womb.
They disentangle from the puzzled skein,
In which obscurity has wrapp'd them up,
The threads of politic and shrewd design,
That ran through all his purposes, and charge
His mind with meanings that he never had,
Or, having, kept concealed. Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register, by which we learn,
That he who made it, and reveal'd its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.
Some, more acute, and more industrious still,
Contrive creation; travel nature up
To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,
And tell us whence the stars; why some are fix'd,
And planetary some; what gave them first
Rotation, from what fountain flow'd their light.
Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws

To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.
Is 't not a pity now that tickling rheums
Should ever tease the lungs, and blear the sight,
Of oracles like these? Great pity, too,
That having wielded th' elements, and built
A thousand systems, each in his own way,
They should go out in fume, and be forgot?
Ah! what is life thus spent? and what are they
But frantic, who thus spend it? all for smoke—
Eternity for bubbles proves at last
A senseless bargain. When I see such games
Play'd by the creatures of a Pow'r, who swears
That he will judge the earth, and call the fool
To a sharp reck'ning, that has liv'd in vain;
And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well,
And prove it in th' infallible result
So hollow and so false—I feel my heart
Dissolve in pity, and account the learn'd,
If this be learning, most of all deceived.
Great crimes alarm the conscience, but it sleeps,
While thoughtful man is plausibly amused.
Defend me therefore, common sense, say I,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up!
“'Twere well,” says one sage erudite profound,
Terribly arch'd, and aquiline his nose,
And overbuilt with most impending brows,
“'Twere well could you permit the world to live
As the world pleases: what's the world to you?”
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts.
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How then should I and any man that lives
Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimson stream meand'ring there,
And catechise it well; apply thy glass,

Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
 Congenial with thine own : and, if it be,
 What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose
 Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
 To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
 One common Maker bound me to the kind ?
 True ; I am no proficient, I confess,
 In arts like yours. I cannot call the swift
 And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,
 And bid them hide themselves in earth beneath ;
 I cannot analyze the air, nor catch
 The parallax of yonder lum' nous point,
 That seems half quench'd in the immense abyss :
 Such powers I boast not—neither can I rest
 A silent witness of the headlong rage,
 Or heedless folly, by which thousands die,
 Bone of my bone, and kindred souls to mine, ✓

God never meant that man should scale the heav'ns
 By strides of human wisdom, in his works,
 Though wond'rous : he commands us in his word
 To seek him rather where his mercy shines.
 The mind, indeed, enlighten'd from above,
 Views him in all ; ascribes to the grand cause
 The grand effect ; acknowledges with joy
 His manner, and with rapture tastes his style
 But never yet did philosophic tube,
 That brings the planets home into the eye
 Of Observation, and discovers, else
 Not visible, his family of worlds,
 Discover him that rules them ; such a veil
 Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
 And dark in things divine. Full often too
 Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
 Of nature, overlooks her author more ;
 From instrumental causes proud to draw
 Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake.
 But if his Word once teach us, shoot a ray
 Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal

Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light,
 Then all is plain. Philosophy baptized
 In the pure fountain of eternal love,
 Has eyes indeed ; and viewing all she sees
 As meant to indicate a God to man,
 Gives *him* his praise, and forfeits not her own.
 Learning has borne such fruit in other days
 On all her branches : piety has found
 Friends in the friends of science, and true pray'r
 Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dews.
 Such was thy wisdom, Newton, child-like sage !
 Sagacious reader of the works of God,
 And in his word sagacious. Such too thine,
 Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
 And fed on manna ! And such thine, in whom
 Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
 Immortal Hale ; for deep discernment prais'd,
 And sound integrity, not more than fam'd
 For sanctity of manners undefil'd.

! All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
 Like the fair flow'r dishevell'd in the wind ;
 Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
 The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
 And we that worship him ignoble graves.
 Nothing is proof against the gen'ral curse
 Of vanity, that seizes all below.
 The only amaranthine flow'r on earth
 Is virtue ; th' only lasting treasure, truth.
 But what is truth ? 'Twas Pilate's question put
 To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.
 And wherefore ? will not God impart his light
 To them that ask it ?—Freely—'tis his joy,
 His glory, and his nature, to impart.
 But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
 Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.
 What's that which brings contempt upon a book,
 And him who writes it, though the style be neat,
 The method clear and argument exact ?

makes a minister in holy things
 joy of many, and the dread of more,
 same a theme for praise and for reproach?—
 while it gives worth in God's account,
 creates and undoes us in our own?
 That pearl is it, that rich men cannot buy,
 Learning is too proud to gather up;
 Which the poor, and the despis'd of all,
 can obtain, and often find unsought?
 None—and I will tell thee what is truth.
 Friendly to the best pursuits of man,
 Obedient to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
 Rustic life in rural pleasure pass'd!
 Know thy value, and few taste thy sweets;
 Though many boast thy favours, and affect
 To understand and choose thee for their own.
 Foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,
 As his first progenitor, and quits,
 Though plac'd in Paradise (for earth has still
 Some traces of her youthful beauty left),
 Eternal happiness for transient joy.
 As form'd for contemplation, and to nurse
 Growing seeds of wisdom; that suggest,
 Every pleasing image they present,
 Actions such as meliorate the heart,
 Dissolve the passions, and exalt the mind;
 As such as these 'tis his supreme delight
 To live with riot and defile with blood.
 Would some contagion, kind to the poor brutes
 Persecute, annihilate the tribes,
 Draw the sportsman over hill and dale
 To rest, and rapt away from all his cares;
 Would never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,
 Baited hook deceive the fish's eye;
 No pageantry and dance, and feast and song,
 Sell'd in all our summer-months' retreats;
 No many self-deluded nymphs and swains,
 Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves

Would find them hideous nurs'ries for the spleen,
And crowd the roads, impatient for the town!
They love the country, and none else, who seek
For their own sake its silence, and its shade.
Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
Susceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultur'd and capable of sober thought,
For all the savage din of the swift pack,
And clamours of the field?—Detested sport,
That owes it pleasures to another's pain;
That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endued
With eloquence, that agonies inspire,
Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs?
Vain tears, alas, and sighs that never find
A corresponding tone in jovial souls!
Well—one at least is safe. One shelter'd hare
Has never heard the sanguinary yell
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years' experience of my care
Has made at last familiar; she has lost
Much of her vigilant instinctive dread,
Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
Yes—thou mayst eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou mayst frolic on the floor
At Ev'ning, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd;
For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledg'd
All that is human in me, to protect
Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.
If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
And, when I place thee in it, sighing say,
“I knew at least one hare that had a friend.”*
How various his enjoyments, whom the world
Calls idle; and who justly in return

* See the note at the end of this volume.

Esteems that busy world an idler too !
 Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
 Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,
 And Nature in her cultivated trim
 Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—
 Can he want occupation, who has these ?
 Will he be idle, who has much t' enjoy ?
 Me therefore studious of laborious ease,
 Not slothful, happy to deceive the time,
 Not waste it, and aware that human life
 Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
 When He shall call his debtors to account,
 From whom are all our blessings, business finds
 E'en here: while sedulous I seek t' improve,
 At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd,
 The mind he gave me; driving it, though slack
 Too oft, and much impeded in its work
 By causes not to be divulg'd in vain,
 To its just point—the service of mankind.
 He, that attends to his interior self,
 That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
 That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
 A social, not a dissipated life,
 Has business; feels himself engag'd t' achieve
 No unimportant, though a silent, task.
 A life all turbulence and noise may seem
 To him that leads it, wise, and to be prais'd;
 But wisdom is a pearl with most success
 Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.
 He that is ever occupied in storms,
 Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
 Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

The morning finds the self-sequester'd man
 Fresh for his task, intend what task he may.
 Whether inclement seasons recommend
 His warm, but simple home, where he enjoys
 With her, who shares his pleasures and his heart,
 Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph,

Which neatly she prepares ; then to his book
 Well chosen, and not sullenly perus'd
 In selfish silence, but imparted oft,
 As aught occurs, that she may smile to hear,
 Or turn to nourishment, digested well.
 Or if the garden with its many cares,
 All well repaid, demand him, he attends
 The welcome call, conscious how much the hand
 Of lubbard Labour needs his watchful eye,
 Oft loit'ring lazily, if not o'erseen,
 Or misapplying his unskilful strength.
 Nor does he govern only or direct,
 But much performs himself. No works indeed,
 That ask robust, tough sinews, bred to toil,
 Servile employ ; but such as may amuse,
 Not tire, demanding rather skill than force.
 Proud of his well-spread walls, he views his trees,
 That meet, no barren interval between,
 With pleasure more than e'en their fruits afford ;
 Which, save himself who trains them, none can see
 These, therefore, are his own peculiar charge ;
 No meaner hand may discipline the shoots,
 None but his steel approach them. What is weak
 Distemper'd, or has lost prolific pow'rs,
 Impair'd by age, his unrelenting hand
 Dooms to the knife : nor does he spare the soft
 And succulent, that feeds its giant growth,
 But barren, at th' expense of neighb'ring twigs
 Less ostentatious, and yet studded thick
 With hopeful gems. The rest, no portion left
 That may disgrace his art, or disappoint
 Large expectation, he disposes neat
 At measur'd distances, that air and sun,
 Admitted freely, may afford their aid,
 And ventilate and warm the swelling buds.
 Hence Summer has her riches, Autumn hence,
 And hence e'en Winter fills his wither'd hand
 With blushing fruits, and plenty not his own.*

* ' Miraturque novos fructus et non sua poma. '—Virg.

compensate of labour well bestow'd,
 wise precaution ; which a clime so rude
 needful still, whose Spring is but the child
 rish Winter, in her froward moods
 bring much the temper of her sire.
 ; as if in her the stream of mild
 al nature had revers'd its course,
 ings her infants forth with many smiles ;
 ce deliver'd kills them with a frown.
 erefore, timely warn'd, himself supplies
 ant of care, screening and keeping warm
 enteous bloom, that no rough blast may sweep
 rlands from the boughs. Again, as oft
 Sun peeps and vernal airs breathe mild,
 nce withdrawn, he gives them ev'ry beam,
 reads his hopes before the blaze of day.
 aise the prickly and green-coated gourd,
 teful to the palate, and when rare
 eted, else base and disesteem'd—
 or the vulgar merely—is an art
 oiling ages have but just matur'd,
 ; this moment unassay'd in song.
 ats have had, and frogs and mice long since,
 eulogy ; those sang the Mantuan bard,
 ose the Grecian, in ennobling strains ;
 thy numbers, Philips, shines for aye
 litary shilling. Pardon then,
 e dispensers of poetic fame,
 ibition of one meaner far, whose pow'rs
 ing an attempt not less sublime,
 or the praise of dressing to the taste
 ic appetite, no sordid fare,
 umber, while costly yet and scarce.
 stable yields a stercoraceous heap,
 rnated with quick fermenting salts,
 tent to resist the freezing blast :
 e the beech and elm have cast their leaf
 ous, when now November dark

Checks vegetation in the torpid plant
Expos'd to his cold breath, the task begins.
Warily therefore, and with prudent heed,
He seeks a favour'd spot ; that where he builds
Th' agglomerated pile his frame may front
The sun's meridian disk, and at the back
Enjoy close shelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge
Impervious to the wind. First he bids spread
Dry fern or litter'd hay, that may imbibe
Th' ascending damps ; then leisurely impose,
And lightly, shaking it with agile hand
From the full fork, the saturated straw.
What longest binds the closest forms secure
The shapely side, that as it rises takes,
By just degrees, an overhanging breadth,
Shelt'ring the base with its projected eaves ;
Th' uplifted frame, compact at ev'ry joint,
And overlaid with clear translucent glass,
He settles next upon the sloping mound,
Whose sharp declivity shoots off secure
From the dash'd pane the deluge as it falls.
He shuts it close, and the first labour ends.
Thrice must the voluble and restless Earth
Spin round upon her axle, ere the warmth,
Slow gath'ring in the midst, through the square m
Diffus'd, attain the surface : when, behold !
A pestilent and most corrosive steam,
Like a gross fog Boeotian, rising fast,
And fast condens'd upon the dewy sash,
Asks egress ; which obtain'd, the overcharg'd
And drench'd conservatory breathes abroad,
In volumes wheeling slow, the vapour dank ;
And, purified, rejoices to have lost
Its foul inhabitant. But to assuage
Th' impatient fervour, which it first conceives
Within its reeking bosom, threat'ning death
To his young hopes, requires discreet delay.
Experience, slow preceptress, teaching oft

y to glory by miscarriage foul,
 rompt him, and admonish how to catch
 picious moment, when the temper'd heat,
 ly to vital motion, may afford
 nentation, and invite the seed.
 ed, selected wisely, plump, and smooth,
 ossy, he commits to pots of size
 itive, well filled with well-prepar'd
 uitful soil, that has been treasur'd long,
 ank no moisture from the dripping clouds.
 on the warm and genial earth, that hides
 ooking manure, and o'erspreads it all,
 ces lightly, and, as time subdues
 ge of fermentation, plunges deep
 soft medium, till they stand immers'd.
 ise the tender germs, upstarting quick,
 reading wide their spongy lobes ; at first
 ran, and livid ; but assuming soon,
 'd by balmy and nutritious air,
 d through the friendly mats, a vivid green.
 aves produc'd, two rough, indented leaves,
 as he pinches from the second stalk
 ole, that portends a future sprout,
 terdicts its growth. Thence straight succeed
 anches, sturdy to his utmost wish ;
 ; all, and harbingers of more.
 owed roots demand enlargement now,
 ansplantation in an ampler space.
 'd in what they wish, they soon supply
 foliage, o'ershadowing golden flow'rs,
 on the summit of th' apparent fruit.
 have their sexes ! and, when summer shines,
 e transports the fertilizing meal
 low'r to flow'r, and e'en the breathing air
 the rich prize to its appointed use.
 when winter scowls. Assistant Art
 icts in Nature's office, brings to pass
 id espousals, and ensures the crop.

✓ Grudge not, ye rich, (since Luxury must have
 His dainties, and the World's more num'rous half
 Lives by contriving delicates for you),
 Grudge not the cost. Ye little know the cares,
 The vigilance, the labour, and the skill,
 That day and night are exercis'd, and hang
 Upon the ticklish balance of suspense,
 That ye may garnish your profuse regales
 With summer fruits brought forth by wintry suns.
 Ten thousand dangers lie in wait to thwart
 The process. Heat and cold, and wind, and steam,
 Moisture and drought, mice, worms, and swarming
 flies,

Minute as dust, and numberless, oft work
 Dire disappointment, that admits no cure,
 And which no care can obviate. It were long,
 Too long, to tell th' expedients and the shifts,
 Which he that fights a season so severe
 Devises, while he guards his tender trust ;
 And oft at last in vain. The learn'd and wise
 Sarcastic would exclaim, and judge the song
 Cold as its theme, and like its theme the fruit
 Of too much labour, worthless when produc'd.

Who loves a garden loves a green-house too.
 Unconscious of a less propitious clime,
 There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,
 While the winds whistle, and the snows descend.
 The spiry myrtle with unwith'ring leaf
 Shines there, and flourishes. The golden boast
 Of Portugal and western India there,
 The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,
 Peep through their polish'd foliage at the storm,
 And seem to smile at what they need not fear.
 Th' amomum there with intermingling flow'rs
 And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boasts
 Her crimson honours ; and the spangled bean,
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.
 All plants, of ev'ry leaf, that can endure

The winter's frown, if screen'd from his shrewd bite,
Live there, and prosper. Those Ausonia claims,
Levantine regions these ; th' Azores send
Their jessamine, her jessamine remote
Caffraia : foreigners from many lands,
They form one social shade, as if conven'd
By magic summons of th' Orphean lyre.
Yet just arrangement, rarely brought to pass
But by a master's hand, disposing well
The gay diversities of leaf and flow'r,
Must lend its aid t' illustrate all their charms,
And dress the regular yet various scene.
Plant behind plant aspiring, in the van
The dwarfish, in the rear retir'd, but still
Sublime above the rest, the statelier stand.
So once were rang'd the sons of ancient Rome,
A noble show ! while Roscius trod the stage,
And so, while Garrick, as renown'd as he,
The sons of Albion ; fearing each to lose
Some note of nature's music from his lips,
And covetous of Shakspeare's beauty, seen
In ev'ry flash of his far-beaming eye.
Nor taste alone and well-contriv'd display
Suffice to give the marshall'd ranks the grace
Of their complete effect. Much yet remains
Unsung, and many cares are yet behind,
And more laborious ; cares on which depends
Their vigour, injur'd soon, not soon restor'd
The soil must be renew'd, which often wash'd
Loses its treasure of salubrious salts,
And disappoints the roots ; the slender roots
Close interwoven, where they meet the vase
Must smooth be shorn away ; the sapless branch
Must fly before the knife ; the wither'd leaf
Must be detach'd, and where it strews the floor
Swept with a woman's neatness, breeding else
Contagion, and disseminating death.
Discharge but these kind offices, (and who

Would spare, that loves them, offices like these?)
 Well they reward the toil. The sight is pleas'd,
 The scent regal'd, each odorif'rous leaf,
 Each op'ning blossom, freely breathes abroad.
 Its gratitude, and thanks him with its sweets.

So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,
 All healthful are th' employs of rural life,
 Reiterated as the wheel of time
 Runs round; still ending, and beginning still.
 Nor are these all. To deck the shapely knoll,
 That softly swell'd and daily dress'd appears
 A flow'ry island, from the dark green lawn
 Emerging, must be deem'd a labour due
 To no mean hand, and asks the touch of taste.
 Here also grateful mixture of well-match'd
 And sorted hues (each giving each relief,
 And by contrasted beauty shining more)
 Is needful. Strength may wield the pond'rous spade,
 May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home;
 But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,
 And most attractive, is the fair result
 Of thought, the creature of a polish'd mind.
 Without it all is Gothic as the scene,
 To which th' insipid citizen resorts
 Near yonder heath; where Industry mispent,
 But proud of his uncouth ill-chosen task,
 Has made a Heav'n on Earth; with suns and moons
 Of close-ramm'd stones has charg'd th' encumber'd
 And fairly laid the zodiac in the dust. [soil,
 He, therefore, who would see his flow'rs dispos'd
 Sightly and in just order, he gives
 The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds,
 Forecasts, the future whole; that when the scene
 Shall break into its preconceiv'd display,
 Each for itself, and all as with one voice
 Conspiring, may attest his bright design.
 Nor even then dismissing as perform'd
 His pleasant work, may he suppose it done.

Few self-supported flow'rs endure the wind
 Uninjur'd, but expect th' upholding aid
 Of the smooth-shaven prop, and neatly tied,
 Are wedded thus like beauty to old age,
 For int'rest's sake, the living to the dead.
 Some clothe the soil that feeds them, far diffus'd
 And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,
 Like virtue, thriving most where little seen :
 Some more aspiring catch the neighbour shrub
 With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,
 Else unadorn'd, with many a gay festoon
 And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well
 The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.
 All hate the rank society of weeds,
 Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust
 Th' impov'rish'd earth ; an overbearing race,
 That, like the multitude made faction-mad,
 Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.

O, blest seclusion from a jarring world,
 Which he, thus occupied, enjoys ! Retreat
 Cannot indeed to guilty man restore
 Lost innocence, or cancel follies past ;
 But it has peace, and much secures the mind
 From all assaults of evil : proving still
 A faithful barrier, not o'erleap'd with ease
 By vicious Custom, raging uncontroll'd
 Abroad, and desolating public life.
 When fierce Temptation, seconded within
 By traitor Appetite, and arm'd with darts
 Temper'd in hell, invades the throbbing breast,
 To combat may be glorious, and success
 Perhaps may crown us ; but to fly is safe.
 Had I the choice of sublunary good,
 What could I wish, that I possess not here ? [peace,
 Health, leisure, means t' improve it, friendship,
 No loose or wanton, though a wand'ring, Muse,
 And constant occupation without care.
 Thus blest I draw a picture of that bliss ;

Hopeless, indeed, that dissipated minds,
And profligate abusers of a world
Created fair so much in vain for them,
Should seek the guiltless joys, that I describe,
Allur'd by my report : but sure no less,
That self-condemn'd they must neglect the prize,
And what they will not taste must yet approve.
What we admire we praise ; and, when we praise,
Advance it into notice, that, its worth
Acknowledg'd, others may admire it too,
I therefore recommend, though at the risk
Of popular disgust, yet boldly still,
The cause of piety, and sacred truth,
And virtue, and those scenes, which God ordain'd
Should best secure them, and promote them most ;
Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive
Forsaken, or through folly not enjoy'd,
Pure is the nymph, though lib'ral of her smiles,
And chaste, though unconfin'd, whom I extol.
Not as the prince in Shushan, when he call'd,
Vain-glorious of her charms, his Vashti forth,
To grace the full pavilion. His design
Was but to boast his own peculiar good,
Which all might view with envy, none partake.
My charmer is not mine alone ; my sweets,
And she that sweetens all my bitters too,
Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form
And lineaments divine I trace a hand
That errs not, and find raptures still renew'd,
Is free to all men—universal prize.
Strange that so fair a creature should yet want
Admirers, and be destin'd to divide
With meaner objects e'en the few she finds !
Stripp'd of her ornaments, her leaves and flow'rs,
She loses all her influence. Cities then
Attract us, and neglected Nature pines
Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love.
But are not wholesome airs, though unperfum'd

By roses ; and clear suns, though scarcely felt ;
And groves, if unharmonious, yet secure
From clamour, and whose very silence charms ;
To be preferr'd to smoke, to the eclipse,
That metropolitan volcanoes make,
Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long ;
And to the stir of Commerce, driving slow,
And thund'ring loud, with his ten thousand wheels ?
They would be, were not madness in the head,
And folly in the heart ; were England now,
What England was, plain, hospitable, kind,
And undebauch'd. But we have bid farewell
To all the virtues of those better days,
And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once
Knew their own masters ; and laborious hinds,
Who had surviv'd the father, serv'd the son.
Now the legitimate and rightful lord
Is but a transient guest, newly arrived,
As soon to be supplanted. He, that saw
His patrimonial timber cast its leaf,
Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price
To some shrewd sharper, ere it buds again.
Estates are landscapes, gaz'd upon awhile,
Then advertis'd, and auctioneer'd away. [charg'd
The country starves, and they, that feed th' o'er-
And surfeited lewd town with her fair dues,
By a just judgment strip and starve themselves.
The wings that waft our riches out of sight,
Grow on the gamester's elbows ; and th' alert
And nimble motion of those restless joints,
That never tire, soon fans them all away.
Improvement too, the idol of the age,
Is fed with many a victim. Lo, he comes !
Th' omnipotent magician, Brown appears !
Down falls the venerable pile, th' abode
Of our forefathers—a grave, whisker'd race,
But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead,
But in a distant spot ; where more expos'd
It may enjoy the advantage of th' north,

And aguish east, till time shall have transform'd
Those naked acres to a shelt'ring grove.
He speaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn ;
Woods vanish, hills subside, and valleys rise ;
And streams, as if created for his use,
Pursue the tract of his directing wand,
Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow,
Now murmuring soft, now roaring in cascades—
E'en as he bids ! Th' enraptur'd owner smiles.
'Tis finish'd, and yet, finish'd as it seems,
Still wants a grace, the loveliest it could show,
A mind to satisfy th' enormous cost.
Drain'd to the last poor item of his wealth,
He sighs, departs, and leaves th' accomplish'd plan,
That he has touch'd, retouch'd, many a long day
Labour'd, and many a night pursu'd in dreams,
Just when it meets his hopes, and proves the heav'n
He wanted, for a wealthier to enjoy !
And now perhaps the glorious hour is come,
When, having no stake left, no pledge t' endear
Her int'rests, or that gives her sacred cause
A moment's operation on his love,
He burns with most intense and flagrant zeal
To serve his country. Ministerial grace
Deals him out money from the public chest ;
Or, if that mine be shut, some private purse
Supplies his need with an usurious loan,
To be refunded duly, when his vote
Well-manag'd shall have earn'd its worthy price.
O innocent, compar'd with arts like these,
Crape, and cock'd pistol, and the whistling ball
Sent through the trav'lers temples ! He, that finds
One drop of Heav'n's sweet mercy in his cup,
Can dig, beg, rot, and perish well content,
So he may wrap himself in honest rags
At his last gasp ; but could not for a world
Fish up his dirty and dependent bread
From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,
Sordid and sick'ning at his own success.

Ambition, av'rice, penury incurr'd
 By endless riot, vanity, the lust
 Of pleasure and variety, despatch,
 As duly as the swallows disappear,
 The world of wand'ring knights and squires to town.
 London ingulfs them all ! the shark is there,
 And the shark's prey ; the spendthrift, and the leech
 That sucks him : there the sycophant, and he
 Who, with bareheaded and obsequious bows,
 Begs a warm office, doom'd to a cold gaol
 And groat *per diem*, if his patron frown.
 The levee swarms, as if in golden pomp
 Were character'd on ev'ry statesman's door,
 '*Batter'd and bankrupt fortunes mended here.*'
 These are the charms, that sully and eclipse
 The charms of nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe,
 That lean, hard-handed Poverty inflicts,
 The hope of better things, the chance to win,
 The wish to shine, the thirst to be amus'd,
 That at the sound of Winter's hoary wing
 Unpeople all our counties of such herds
 Of flutt'ring, loit'ring, cringing, begging, loose,
 And wanton vagrants, as make London, vast
 And boundless as it is, a crowded coop.

O, thou, resort and mart of all the earth,
 Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
 And spotted with all crimes ; in whom I see
 Much that I love, and more that I admire,
 And all that I abhor ; thou freckled fair,
 That pleasest and yet shock'st me, I can laugh,
 And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
 Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee !
 Ten righteous would have sav'd a city once,
 And thou hast many righteous.—Well for thee—
 That salt preserves thee ; more corrupted else,
 And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour,
 Than Sodom in her day had pow'r to be,
 For whom God heard his Abr'ham plead in vain.

THE TASK.

BOOK IV.

THE WINTER EVENING.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

The post comes in.—The newspaper is read.—The world contemplated at a distance.—Address to Winter.—The rural amusements of a winter evening compared with the fashionable ones.—Address to Evening.—A brown study.—Fall of snow in the evening.—The waggoner.—A poor family piece.—The rural thief.—Public houses.—The multitude of them censured.—The farmer's daughter: what she was—what she is.—The simplicity of country manners almost lost.—Causes of the change.—Desertion of the country by the rich.—Neglect of magistrates.—The militia principally in fault.—The new recruit and his transfiguration.—Reflection on bodies corporate.—The love of rural objects natural to all, and never to be totally extinguished.

**HARK ! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the Moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn:
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
*He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,***



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L

Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
 With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
 Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
 But, O, th' important budget ! usher'd in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say
 What are its tidings ? have our troops awak'd ?
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
 Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave ?
 Is India free ? and does she wear her plum'd
 And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still ? The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all ;
 I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utt'rance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
 Not such his ev'ning, who, with shining face
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeez'd
 And bor'd with elbow-points through both his sides,
 Outcolds the ranting actor on the stage :
 Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
 Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
 Or placeman all tranquillity and smiles.
 This folio of four pages, happy work !

Which not e'en critics criticise ; that holds
Inquisitive Attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break ;
What is it, but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
That tempts Ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes ;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them ! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dex'trous jerk, soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take ;
The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd,
T' engross a moment's notice ; and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness ! it claims at least this praise ;
The dearth of information and good sense,
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cat'racts of declamation thunder here ;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost ;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion ; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katerfelto, with his hair on-end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.
'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,

To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice, that makes man a wolf to man;
Here the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy, of all
Pay contribution to the store he glean; ;
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

O, Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,

But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreadful as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'n'r in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse, and instructive ease,
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powder'd pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well depicted flow'r,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow'rs, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still;
| Beguile the night, and set a keener edge

On female industry: the threaded steel
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
 The volume clos'd, the customary rites
 Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;
 Such as the mistress of the world once found
 Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
 Perhaps, by moonlight, at their humble doors,
 And under an old oak's domestic shade,
 Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
 Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
 Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
 Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
 Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
 Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
 That made them, an intruder on their joys,
 Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
 A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
 Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
 While we retrace with Mem'ry's pointing wand,
 That calls the past to our exact review,
 The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare,
 The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
 Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace restor'd,
 Fruits of omnipotent, eternal love.
 "O, ev'nings worthy of the gods!" exclaim'd
 The Sabine bard. "O, ev'nings," I reply,
 "More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
 As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,
 That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy."
 Is Winter hideous in a garb like this?
 Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,
 The pent-up breath of an unsav'ry throng,
 To thaw him into feeling; or the smart
 And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits
 Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?
 The self-complacent actor, when he views
 (Stealing a sidelong glance at a full house)
 The slope of faces from the floor to th' roof

(As if one master-spring controll'd them all)
Relax'd into a universal grin,
Sees not a countenance there that speaks of joy
Half so refin'd or so sincere as ours.
Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks,
That idleness has ever yet contriv'd
To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain,
To palliate dullness, and give time a shove.
Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unsoil'd, and swift, and of a silken sound ;
But the world's Time is Time in masquerade !
Theirs, should I paint him, has his pinions fledg'd
With motley plumes ; and where the peacock shows
His azure eyes, is tinctur'd black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguin'd hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.
What should be and what was an hour-glass once,
Becomes a dice-box and a billiard-mace
Well does the work of his destructive scythe.
Thus deck'd, he charms a world whom fashion blinds
To his true worth, most pleas'd when idle most ;
Whose only happy are their wasted hours.
E'en misses, at whose age their mothers wore
The backstring and the bib, assume the dress
Of womanhood, fit pupils in the school
Of card-devoted Time, and night by night
Plac'd at some vacant corner of the board,
Learn ev'ry trick, and soon play all the game.
But truce with censure. Roving as I rove,
Where shall I find an end, or how proceed ?
As he that travels far oft turns aside,
To view some rugged rock or mould'ring tow'r,
Which seen delights him not ; then coming home
Describes and prints it, that the world may know
How far he went for what was nothing worth ;
So I, with brush in hand, and palette spread,
With colours mix'd for a far diff'rent use,

Paint cards, and dolls, and ev'ry idle thing,
That fancy finds in her excursive flights. ✓

Come, Ev'ning, once again, season of peace ;
Return, sweet Ev'ning, and continue long !
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charg'd for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day :
Not sumptuously adorn'd, not needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clust'ring gems ;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee ; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy vot'ry calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift :
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil ;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit ;
Or twining silken threads round iv'ry reels,
When they command whom man was born to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk
Whole without stooping, tow'ring crest and all,
My pleasures too begin. But me, perhaps,
The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quiv'ring flame.
Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour-twilight : such a gloom

Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme
Pregnant, or indispos'd alike to all.
Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial pow
That never felt a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one ; I am conscious, and confess
Fearless, a soul that does not always think.
Me oft has Fancy ludicrous and wild
Sooth'd with a waking dream of houses, tow'rs
Trees, churches, and strange visages, express'
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gaz'd, myself creating what I saw.
Nor less amus'd have I quiescent watch'd
The sooty films, that play upon the bars
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
Of superstition, prophesying still,
Though still deceiv'd, some stranger's near appr
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps, and is refresh'd. Meanwhile the
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were task'd to his full strength, absorb'd and
Thus oft, reclin'd at ease, I loose an hour
At ev'ning, till at length the freezing blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home
The recollected pow'rs ; and snapping short
The glassy threads, with which the fancy weav
Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.
How calm is my recess ; and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind endear
The silence and the warmth enjoy'd within !
I saw the woods and fields at close of day
A variegated show ; the meadows green,
Though faded ; and the lands, where lately wav
The golden harvest of a mellow brown,
Upturn'd so lately by the forceful share. :
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile

With verdure not unprofitable, graz'd
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His fav'rite herb; while all the leafless groves
That skirt th' horizon, wore a sable hue.
Scarce notic'd in the kindred dusk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though silently perform'd,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls a fleecy show'r: the downy flakes
Descending, and, with never-ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thick'ning mantle: and the green
And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.
* In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our mod'rate ills,
And sympathise with others suff'ring more.
Ill fares the trav'ler now, and he that stalks
In pond'rous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While ev'ry breath, by respiration strong
Forc'd downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with both

He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
O, happy : and in my account denied
The sensibility of pain, with which
Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou !
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vig'rous pulse ; and the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches ev'ry bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from household care ;
Thy waggon is thy wife ; and the poor beasts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah, treat them kindly ! rude as thou appear'st,
Yet show that thou hast mercy ! which the great,
With needles hurry whirl'd from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.
✓ Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in ev'ry feeling heart.
Warm'd, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well ;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands,
And crowded knees sit cowering o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd.
The man feels least, as more inur'd than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly mov'd by his severer toil ;
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs.
*The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end*

1st when the day declin'd ; and the brown loaf
 odg'd on the shelf, half-eaten without sauce
 of sav'ry cheese, or butter, costlier still ;
 sleep seems their only refuge : for, alas,
 Where penury is felt the thought is chain'd,
 and sweet colloquial pleasures are but few.
 With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care
 ingenious Parsimony takes, but just
 saves the small inventory, bed, and stool,
 killet and old carv'd chest, from public sale.
 They live, and live without extorted alms
 from grudging hands ; but other boast have none,
 to sooth their honest pride, that scorns to beg,
 for comfort else, but in their mutual love.
 praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
 or ye are worthy ; choosing rather far
 dry but independent crust, hard earn'd,
 and eaten with a sigh, than to endure
 the rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
 of knaves in office, partial in the work
 of distribution ; lib'ral of their aid
 to clam'rous Importunity in rags,
 but oft-times deaf to suppliants, who would blush
 to wear a tatter'd garb however coarse,
 Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth :
 these ask with painful shyness, and, refus'd
 because deserving, silently retire !
 but be of good courage ! Time itself
 shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase ;
 and all your num'rous progeny, well-train'd
 but helpless, in few years shall find their hands,
 and labour too. Meanwhile ye shall not want
 What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare,
 or what a wealthier than ourselves may send.
 mean the man, who, from the distant poor
 need help, denies them nothing but his name.
 But poverty with most, who whimper forth
 their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe ;

The effect of laziness or sottish waste.
 Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
 For plunder; much solicitous how best
 He may compensate for a day of sloth
 By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong.
 Wo to the gard'ner's pale, the farmer's hedge,
 Plash'd neatly, and secur'd with driven stakes
 Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength,
 Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame
 To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil,
 An ass's burthen, and, when laden most
 And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away.
 Nor does the boarded hovel better guard
 The well-stalk'd pile of riven logs and roots
 From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave
 Unwrench'd the door, however well secur'd,
 Where Chanticleer amidst his haram sleeps
 In unsuspecting pomp. 'Twitch'd from the per
 He gives the princely bird, with all his wives,
 To his voracious bag, strugg'ling in vain,
 And loudly wond'ring at the sudden change.
 Nor this to feel his own. 'Twere some excuse,
 Did pity of their suff'rings warp aside
 His principle, and tempt him into sin.
 For their support, so destitute. But they
 Neglected pine at home; themselves, as more
 Expos'd than others, with less scruple made
 His victims, robb'd of their defenceless all.
 Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst
 Of ruinous ebriety, that prompts
 His ev'ry action, and imbrutes the man.
 O, for a law to noose the villain's neck,
 Who starves his own; who persecutes the blood
 He gave them in his children's veins, and hates
 And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love!
 Pass where we may, through city or through town
 Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
 Though lean and beggar'd, ev'ry twentieth pace.

inducts th' unguarded nose to such a whiff
 stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes
 at Law has licens'd, as makes Temp'rance reel.
 ere sit, involv'd and lost in curling clouds
 Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
 the lackey, and the groom : The craftsman there
 takes a Lethean leave of all his toil ;
 the smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
 and he that kneads the dough ; all loud alike,
 the learned, and all drunk ! the fiddle screams
 intive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd
 wasted tones and harmony unheard :
 arose the dispute whatever the theme ; while she,
 the Discord, arbitress of such debate,
 perch'd on the sign-post, holds with even hand
 the undecisive scales. In this she lays
 the weight of ignorance ; in that, of pride ;
 and smiles delighted with th' eternal poise.
 This is the frequent curse, and its twin sound,
 the cheek-distending oath, not to be prais'd
 ornamental, musical, polite,
 like those, which modern senators employ,
 whose oath is rhet'ric, and who swear for fame !
 the old the schools in which plebeian minds
 the simple are initiated in arts,
 which some may practise with politer grace,
 but none with readier skill !—'tis here they learn
 the road that leads from competence and peace
 to indigence and rapine ; till at last
 society, grown weary of the load,
 shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them out.
 but censure profits little : vain th' attempt
 to advertise in verse a public pest,
 that, like the filth with which the peasant feeds
 his hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.
 'Tis excise is fatten'd with the rich result
 of all this riot ; and ten thousand casks,
 are ever dribbling out their base contents,

Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
Drink, and be mad then; 'tis your country bids!
Gloriously drunk obey th' important call!
Her cause demands th' assistance of your throats;—
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.
Would I had fall'n upon those happier days,
That poets celebrate; those golden times,
And those Arcadian scenes that Maro sings,
And Sydney, warbler of poetic prose.
Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts,
That felt their virtues: Innocence, it seems,
From courts dismiss'd, found shelter in the groves;
The footsteps of Simplicity, impress'd
Upon the yielding herbage, (so they sing)
Then were not all effac'd: then speech profane,
And manners profligate were rarely found,
Observ'd as prodigies, and soon reclaim'd.
Vain wish! those days were never: airy dreams
Sat for the picture: and the poet's hand,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Impos'd a gay delirium for a truth.
Grant it: I still must envy them an age,
That favour'd such a dream; in days like these
Impossible, when Virtue is so scarce,
That so suppose a scene where she presides,
Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief.
No: we are polish'd now. The rural lass,
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,
Her artless manners, and her neat attire,
So dignified, that she was hardly less
Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,
Is seen no more. The character is lost!
Her head, adorn'd with lappets pinn'd aloft,
And ribands streaming gay, superbly rais'd,
And magnified beyond all human size,
Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand
For more than half the tresses it sustains;

Her elbows ruffled, and her tott'ring form
 Ill-propp'd upon French heels; she might be deem'd
 (But that the basket dangling on her arm
 Interprets her more truly) of a rank
 Too proud for dairy-work, or sale of eggs.
 Expect her soon with foot-boy at her heels,
 No longer blushing for her awkward load,
 Her train and her umbrella all her care !

The town has ting'd the country ; and the stain
 Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,
 The worse for what it soils. The fashion runs
 Down into scenes still rural ; but, alas,
 Scenes rarely grac'd with rural manners now !
 Time was when in the pastoral retreat
 Th' unguarded door was safe ; men did not watch
 T' invade another's right or guard their own.
 Then sleep was undisturb'd by fear, unscar'd
 By drunken howlings ; and the chilling tale
 Of midnight murder was a wonder heard
 With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes.
 But, farewell now to unsuspecting nights,
 And slumbers unalarm'd ! Now, ere you sleep,
 See that your polish'd arms be prim'd with care,
 And drop the nightbolt ; ruffians are abroad :
 And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat
 May prove a trumpet, summoning your ear
 To horrid sounds of hostile feet within.
 E'en daylight has its dangers ; and the walk [once
 Through pathless wastes and woods, unconscious
 Of other tenants than melodious birds,
 Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold.
 Lamented change ! to which full many a cause
 Invet'rate, hopeless of a cure, conspires.
 The course of human things from good to ill,
 From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.
 Increase of pow'r begets increase of wealth ;
 Wealth luxury, and luxury excess ;
Excess the scrofulous and itchy plague,

That seizes first the opulent, descends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downward all the graduated scale
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.
The rich, and they that have an arm to check
The license of the lowest in degree,
Desert their office ; and themselves, intent
On pleasure, haunt the capital, and thus
To all the violence of lawless hands
Resign the scenes their presence might protect.
Authority herself not seldom sleeps,
Though resident, and witness of the wrong.
The plump convivial parson often bears
The magisterial sword in vain, and lays
His rev'rence and his worship both to rest
On the same cushion of habitual sloth.
Perhaps timidity restrains his arm ;
When he should strike he trembles, and sets free,
Himself enslav'd by terror of the band,
Th' audacious convict whom he dares not bind.
Perhaps, though by profession ghostly pure,
He too may have his vice, and sometimes prove
Less dainty than becomes his grave outside
In lucrative concerns. Examine well
His milkwhite hand ; the palm is hardly lean—
But here and there an ugly smutch appears.
Foh ! 'twas a bribe that left it : he has touch'd
Corruption. Whoso seeks an audit here
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,
Wild fowl or ven'son ; and his errand speeds.
But faster far, and more than all the rest,
A noble cause, which none, who bears a spark
Of public virtue, ever wish'd remov'd,
Works the deplor'd and mischievous effect.
'Tis universal soldiership has stabb'd
The heart of merit in the meaner class.
Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage
Of those that bear them, in whatever cause,

lost at variance with all moral good,
compatible with serious thought.
own, the child of nature, without guile,
with an infant's ignorance of all
own simple pleasures ; now and then
tling match, a footrace, or a fair ;
stted, and trembles at the news ;
h he doffs his hat, and mumbling swears
oath to be whate'er they please,
he knows not what. The task perform'd,
stant he becomes the sergeant's care,
oil, and his torment, and his jest.
ward gait, his introverted toes,
nees, round shoulders, and dejected looks,
him many a curse. By slow degrees,
o learn, and formed of stubborn stuff,
by slow degrees puts off himself,
conscious of a change, and likes it well :
ids erect ; his slouch becomes a walk ;
s right onward, martial in his air,
n, and movement ; is as smart above
l and larded locks can make him ; wears
, or his plum'd helmet, with a grace ;
s three years of heroship expir'd,
indignant to the slighted plough.
s the field, in which no fife or drum
him ; drives his cattle to a march ;
hs for the smart comrades he has left.
well if his exterior change were all—
h his clumsy port the wretch has lost
orance and harmless manners too.
ur, to game, to drink ; to show at home
lness, idleness, and Sabbath-breach,
at proficiency he made abroad ;
ish and to grieve his gazing friends,
k some maiden's and his mother's heart ;
pest where he was useful once ;
sole aim, and all his glory, now.



By regal warrant, or self-join'd by
For int'rest-sake, or swarming into
Beneath one head, for purposes of
Like flow'rs selected from the rest,
And bundled close to fill some crow
Fades rapidly, and, by compression
Contracts defilement not to be endu
Hence charter'd boroughs are such
And burghers, men immaculate per
In all their private functions, once
Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution, hurtful to the main
Hence merchants, unimpeachable o
Against the charities of domestic life
Incorporated, seem at once to lose
Their nature; and disclaiming all r
For mercy and the common rights
Build factories with blood, conducti
At the sword's point, and dying the
Of innocent commercial Justice red.
Hence to the field of glory, as the w
Misdeems it, dazzled by its bright
With all its majesty of thund'ring
Enchanting music and immortal wr
Is but a school, where thoughtlessn
On principle, where foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for ev'ry vice.

But slighted as it is, and by the g
Abandon'd, and which still I more
Infected with the manners and the
It knew not once, the country wins
I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a
That flattered me with hopes of ea

But there I laid the scene. There early stray'd
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural too
The first-born efforts of my youthful muse,
Sportive and jingling her poetic bells,
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their pow'rs.
No bard could please me but whose lyre was tun'd
To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats
Fatigu'd me, never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,
The rustic throng beneath his fav'rite beech.
Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:
New to my taste his Paradise surpass'd
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue,
To speak its excellence. I danc'd for joy.
I marvell'd much, that, at so ripe an age
As twice seven years, his beauties had then first
Engag'd my wonder; and admiring still,
And still admiring, with regret suppos'd
The joy half lost, because not sooner found.
There too enamour'd of the life I lov'd,
Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit
Determin'd, and possessing it at last
With transports, such as favour'd lovers feel,
I studied, priz'd, and wish'd that I had known
Ingenious Cowley! and, though now reclaim'd
By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.
I still revere thee, courtly though retir'd!
Though stretch'd at ease in Chertsey's silent bow'rs,
Not unemploy'd; and finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse.
'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound man
Infus'd at the creation of the kind.
And, though th' Almighty Maker has throughout

Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them: minds that have been form'd
And tutor'd, with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none unmov'd.
It is a flame, that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it; neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city-life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
The villas with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadult'rate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
E'en in the stifling bosom of the town
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms,
That sooth the rich possessor; much consol'd,
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint,
That nature lives; that sight-refreshing green
Is still the liv'ry she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of th' exub'rant whole.
What are the casements lin'd with creeping herbs,
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling?* are they not all proofs,
That man, immur'd in cities, still retains
His in-born, inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts, the best he may?
The most unfurnish'd with the means of life,

* Mignonnette.

And they, that never pass their brick-wall bounds,
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct : over head
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick
And water'd duly. There the pitcher stands
A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there ;
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at Nature, when he can no more.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease,
And contemplation, heart-consoling joys,
And harmless pleasures, in the throng'd abode
Of multitudes unknown ; hail, rural life !
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honours, or emolument, or fame ;
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.
Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to ev'ry man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill.
To the deliv'rer of an injur'd land
He gives a tongue t' enlarge upon, a heart
To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs ;
To monarchs dignity ; to judges sense ;
To artists ingenuity and skill ;
To me, an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long
Found here that leisure, and that ease I wish'd.

THE TASK.

BOOK V.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

A frosty morning.—The foddering of cattle.—The woodman and his dog.—The poultry.—Whimsical effects of frost at a waterfall.—The Empress of Russia's palace of ice.—Amusements of monarchs.—War, one of them.—Wars, whence.—And whence monarchy.—The evils of it.—English and French loyalty contrasted.—The Bastille, and a prisoner there.—Liberty the chief recommendation of this country.—Modern patriotism questionable, and why.—The perishable nature of the best human institutions.—Spiritual liberty not perishable.—The slavish state of man by nature.—Deliver him, Deist, if you can.—Grace must do it.—The respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated.—Their different treatment.—Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free.—His reliſh of the works of God.—Address to the Creator.

✓ 'Tis morning ; and the sun, with ruddy orb
 Ascending, fires th' horizon ; while the clouds,
 That crowd away before the driving wind,
 More ardent as the disk emerges more,
 Resemble most some city in a blaze,
 Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
 Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
 And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
 From ev'ry herb, and ev'ry spiry blade
 Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.

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e, spindling into longitude immensc,
 oite of gravity, and sage remark
 t I myself am but a fleeting shade,
 vokes me to a smile. With eye askance
 ew the muscular proportion'd limb
 isform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
 hey design'd to mock me, at my side
 e step for step ; and, as I near approach
 cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall,
 ost'rous sight ! the legs without the man.
 verdure of the plain lies buried deep
 eath the dazzling deluge ; and the bents,
 a coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
 ate unsightly and unseen, now shine
 spicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
 l, fledg'd with icy feathers, nod superb.
 cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
 ens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
 nrecumbent sadness. There they wait
 ir wonted fodder ; not like hung'ring man,
 ful if unsupplied ; but silent, meek,
 patient of the slow-pac'd swain's delay.
 from the stack carves out th' accusom'd load,
 p-plunging, and again deep-plunging oft,
 broad, keen knife into the solid mass :
 oth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
 h such undeviating and even force
 evers it away : no needless care,
 t storms should overset the leaning pile
 iduous, or its own unbalanc'd weight.
 h goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
 cheerful haunts of man ; to wield the axe,
 l drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,
 m morn to eve his solitary task.
 ggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
 l tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
 dog attends him. Close behind his heel
 r creeps he slow ; and now, with many a frisk

Wide-seamp'ring, snatches up the drifted snow
With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his snout ;
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark ; nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
That fumes beneath his nose : the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roost, or from the neighb'ring pale,
Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam
Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side,
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call
The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the shelt'ring eaves,
To seize the fair occasion ; well they eye
The scatter'd grain, and thievishly resolv'd
T' escape th' impending famine, often scar'd
As oft return, a pert, voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut ; and, wading at their head
With well-considered steps, seems to resent
His alter'd gait and stateliness retrench'd.
How find the myriads that in summer cheer
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now ?
Earth yields them naught ; th' imprison'd worm is safe
Beneath the frozen clod ; all seeds of herbs
Lie cover'd close ; and berry-bearing thorns,
That feed the thrush (whatever some suppose),
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long-protracted rigour of the year
Thins all their num'rous flocks. In chinks and holes

Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
 As instinct prompts; self-buried ere they die.
 The very rooks and daws forsake the fields,
 Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now
 Repay their labour more; and perch'd aloft
 By the way-side, or stalking in the path,
 Lean pensioners upon the trav'ler's track,
 Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,
 Of voided pulse or half-digested grain.
 The streams are lost amid the splendid blank,
 O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,
 Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight
 Lies undissolv'd; while silently beneath,
 And unperceiv'd, the current steals away.
 Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps
 The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,
 And wantons in the pebbly gulf below:
 No frost can bind it there; its utmost force
 Can but arrest the light and smoky mist,
 That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.
 And see where it has hung th' embroider'd banks
 With forms so various, that no pow'rs of art,
 The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene!
 Here glitt'ring turrets rise, upbearing high
 Fantastic misarrangement!) on the roof
 Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
 And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops,
 That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,
 Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
 And prop the pile they but adorn'd before.
 Here grotto within grotto safe defies
 The sunbeam; there, emboss'd and fretted wild,
 The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
 Capricious, in which Fancy seeks in vain
 The likeness of some object seen before.
 Thus Nature works as if to mock at Art,
 And in defiance of her rival pow'rs;
 By these fortuitous and random strokes

Performing such inimitable feats,
 As she with all her rules can never reach.
 Less worthy of applause, though more admir'd,
 Because a novelty, the work of man,
 Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,
 Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
 The wonder of the North. No forest fell,
 When thou wouldst build : no quarry sent its stores
 To enrich thy walls : but thou didst hew the floods,
 And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
 In such a palace Aristæus found
 Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
 Of his lost bees to her maternal ear :
 In such a palace Poetry might place
 The armory of Winter ; where his troops,
 The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,
 Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,
 And snow, that often blinds the traveller's course,
 And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
 Silently as a dream the fabric rose ;
 No sound of hammer or of saw was there :
 Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
 Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement ask'd
 Than water interfus'd to make them one.
 Lamps gracefully dispos'd, and of all hues,
 Illumin'd ev'ry side : a wat'ry light
 Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd
 Another moon new ris'n, or meteor fall'n
 From Heav'n to Earth, of lambent flame serene.
 So stood the brittle prodigy ; though smooth
 And slipp'ry the materials, yet frost-bound
 Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
 That royal residence might well besit,
 For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
 Of flow'rs, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,
 Blush'd on the pannels. Mirror needed none
 Where all was vitreous ; but in order due
 Convivial table and commodious seat

(What seem'd at least commodious seat) were there ;
Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch : a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again.
Alas ! 'twas but a mortifying stroke
Of undesign'd severity, that glanc'd
(Made by a monarch) on her own estate,
On human grandeur and the courts of kings.
'Twas transient in its nature, as in show
'Twas durable ; as worthless, as it seem'd
Intrinsically precious ; to the foot
Treach'rous and false ; it smil'd, and it was cold.

Great princes have great playthings. Some have
At hewing mountains into men, and some [play'd
At building human wonders mountain-high.
Some have amus'd the dull, sad years of life,
(Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad),
With schemes of monumental fame ; and sought
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
Shortliv'd themselves, t' immortalize their bones.
Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
'T' extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes ; whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief ; and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the World.

When Babel was confounded, and the great
Confed'racy of projectors, wild and vain,
Was split into diversity of tongues,
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,
These to the upland, to the valley those,
God drove asunder, and assign'd their lot
To all the nations. Ample was the boon
He gave them, in its distribution fair

And equal ; and he bade them dwell in peace.
Peace was a while their care: they plough'd and sow'd,
And reap'd their plenty without grudge or strife.
But violence can never longer sleep,
Than human passions please. In ev'ry heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war ;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Cain had already shed a brother's blood :
The deluge wash'd it out ; but left unquench'd
The seeds of murder in the breast of man.
✓ Soon by a righteous judgment in the line
Of his descending progeny was found
The first artificer of death ; the shrewd
Contriver, who first sweated at the forge,
And forc'd the blunt and yet unbloodied steel
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
Him, Tubal nam'd, the Vulcan of old times.
The sword and falchion their inventor claim ;
And the first smith was the first murd'rer's son.
His art surviv'd the waters ; and ere long,
When man was multiplied and spread abroad
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
These meadows and that range of hills his own,
The tasted sweets of property begat
Desire of more, and industry in some,
T' improve and cultivate their just demense,
Made others covet what they saw so fair.
Thus war began on earth : these fought for spoil,
And those in self-defence. Savage at first
The onset, and irregular. At length
One eminent above the rest for strength,
For stratagem, for courage, or for all,
Was chosen leader ; him they serv'd in war,
And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds
Reverenc'd no less. Who could with him compare ?
Or who so worthy to control themselves,
As he, whose prowess had subdu'd their foes ?
Thus war, affording field for the display

Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,
Which have their exigencies too, and call
For skill in government, at length made king.
King was a name too proud for man to wear
With modesty and meekness; and the crown,
So dazzling in their eyes, who set it on,
Was sure t' intoxicate the brows it bound.
It is the abject property of most,
That being parcel of the common mass,
And destitute of means to raise themselves,
They sink, and settle lower than they need.
They know not what it is to feel within
A comprehensive faculty, that grasps
Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields
Almost without an effort, plans too vast
For their conception, which they cannot move.
Conscious of impotence they soon grow drunk
With gazing, when they see an able man
Step forth to notice: and, besotted thus,
Build him a pedestal, and say, "Stand there,
And be our admiration and our praise."
They roll themselves before him in the dust,
Then most deserving in their own account,
When most extravagant in his applause,
As if exalting him they rais'd themselves.
Thus by degrees, self-cheated of their sound
And sober judgment, that he is but man,
They demi-deify and fume him so,
That in due season he forgets it too.
Inflated and astrut with self-conceit,
He gulps the windy diet; and ere long,
Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks
The World was made in vain, if not for him.
Thenceforth they are his cattle: drudges, born
To bear his burthens, drawing in his gears,
And sweating in his service, his caprice
Becomes the soul that animates them all.
He deems a thousand, or ten thousand lives,

Spent in the purchase of renown for him,
An easy reck'ning; and they think the same.
Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings
Were burnish'd into heroes, and became
The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp;
Storks among frogs, that have both croak'd and died.
Strange, that such folly, as lifts bloated man
To eminence fit only for a god,
Should ever drivel out of human lips,
E'en in the cradled weakness of the World!
Still stranger much, that when at length mankind
Had reach'd the sinewy firmness of their youth,
And could discriminate and argue well
On subjects more mysterious, they were yet
Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear
And quake before the gods themselves had made:
But above measure strange, that neither proof
Of sad experience, nor examples set
By some, whose patriot virtue has prevail'd,
Can even now, when they are grown mature
In wisdom, and with philosophic deeds
Familiar, serve t' emancipate the rest!
Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because deliver'd down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.
But is it fit, or can it bear the shock
Of rational discussion, that a man,
Compounded and made up like other men
Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust
And folly in as ample measure meet,
As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules,
Should be a despot absolute, and boast
Himself the only freeman of his land?
Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will,
Wage war, with any or with no pretence

Of provocation giv'n, or wrong sustain'd,
And force the beggarly last doit by means,
That his own humour dictates, from the clutch
Of Poverty, that thus he may procure
His thousands, weary of penurious life,
A splendid opportunity to die? ✓
Say ye, who (with less prudence than of old
Jotham ascrib'd to his assembled trees
In politic convention) put your trust
I' th' shadow of a bramble, and reclin'd
In fancied peace beneath his dang'rous branch,
Rejoice in him, and celebrate his sway,
Where find ye passive fortitude? Whence springs
Your self-denying zeal, that holds it good,
To stroke the prickly grievance, and to hang
His thorns with streamers of continual praise?
We too are friends to loyalty. We love
The king, who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them: him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still;
May exercise amiss his proper pow'rs,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours,
T' administer, to guard, t' adorn, the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his,
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the diff'rence, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.
We love the man, the paltry pageant you:
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardless author of its woes:
We for the sake of liberty a king,
You *chains and bondage* for a tyrant's sake,

Our love is principle, and has its root
 In reason, is judicious, manly, free ;
 Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
 And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
 Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
 Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
 I would not be a king to be belov'd
 Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise,
 Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
 Not to the man, who fills it as he ought.
 ♪ Whose freedom is by suff'rance, and at will
 Of a superior, he is never free.
 Who lives, and is not weary of a life
 Expos'd to manacles, deserves them well.
 The state, that strives for Liberty, though foil'd,
 And forc'd to abandon what she bravely sought,
 Deserves at least applause for her attempt,
 And pity for her loss. But that's a cause
 Not often unsuccessful: pow'r usurp'd
 Is weakness when oppos'd; conscious of wrong,
 'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.
 But slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought
 Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
 All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,
 The scorn of danger, and united hearts;
 The surest presage of the good they seek.*
 Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more
 To France than all her losses and defeats,
 Old or of later date, by sea or land,
 Her house of bondage, worse than that of old
 Which God aveng'd on Pharaoh—the Bastile.
 Ye horrid tow'rs, th' abode of broken hearts;
 Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
 That monarchs have supplied from age to age

* The author hopes that he shall not be censured for unnecessary warmth upon so interesting a subject. He is aware, that it is become almost fashionable to stigmatize such sentiments as no better than empty declamation; but it is an ill symptom, and peculiar to modern times.

With music, such as suits their sov'reign ears,
The sighs and groans of miserable men!
There's not an English heart that would not leap
To hear that ye were fall'n at last; to know
That e'en our enemies, so oft employ'd
In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
For he, who values Liberty, confines
His zeal for her predominance within
No narrow bounds; her cause engages him
Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.
There dwell the most forlorn of humankind,
Immur'd though unaccus'd, condemn'd untried,
Cruelly spar'd, and hopeless of escape.
There, like the visionary emblem seen
By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,
And, filleted about with hoops of brass,
Still lives, though all his pleasant boughs are gone.
To count the hour-bell and expect no change;
And ever, as the sullen sound is heard,
Still to reflect, that, though a joyless note
To him, whose moments all have one dull pace,
Ten thousand rovers in the world at large
Account it music; that it summons some
To theatre, or jocund feast, or ball;
The wearied hireling finds it a release
From labour; and the lover, who has chid
Its long delay, feels ev'ry welcome stroke
Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight—
To fly for refuge from distracting thought
To such amusements as ingenious woe
Contrives, hard-shifting, and without her tools—
To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
In stagg'ring types, his predecessor's tale,
A sad memorial, and subjoins his own—
To turn purveyor to an overgorg'd
And bloated spider, till the pamper'd pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend—

To wear out time in numb'ring to and fro
The studs, that thick emboss his iron door;
Then downward and then upward, then aslant
And then alternate; with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless task
Some relish; till the sum, exactly found
In all directions, he begins again—
Oh, comfortless existence! hemm'd around
With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death?
That man should thus encroach on fellow man,
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon th' endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him, for perhaps a heedless word,
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,
Moves indignation, makes the name of king
(Of king whom such prerogative can please)
As dreadful as the Manichean god
Ador'd through fear, strong only to destroy.
'Tis Liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil: hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science: blinds
The eyesight of Discovery; and begets,
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meager intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of a man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd
By public exigence, till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free;
My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,

Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine :
Thine unadult'rate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art,
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
Yet being free I love thee : for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But, once enslav'd, farewell ! I could endure
Chains no where patiently ; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left by roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime ;
And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere ;
In scenes, which, having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.
Do I forebode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams ? Heav'n grant I may !
But the age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
Design'd by loud declaimers on the part
Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
Incurs derision for his easy faith,

And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:
For when was public virtue to be found
Where private was not? Can he love the whole,
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be belov'd?
✓ 'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad
For England's glory, seeing it wax pale
And sickly, while their champions wear their hearts
So loose to private duty, that no brain,
Healthful and undisturb'd by factious fumes,
Can dream them trusty to the gen'ral weal.
Such were not they of old, whose temper'd blades
Dispers'd the shackles of usurp'd control,
And hew'd them link from link; then Albion's sons
Were sons indeed; they felt a filial heart
Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs;
And, shining each in his domestic sphere,
Shone brighter still, once call'd to public view.
'Tis therefore many, whose sequester'd lot
Forbids their interference, looking on,
Anticipate perforce some dire event;
And, seeing the old castle of the state,
That promis'd once more firmness, so assail'd,
That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,
Stand motionless expectants of its fall.
All has its date below; the fatal hour
Was register'd in Heav'n ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too: the deep foundations that we lay,
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
We build with what we deem eternal rock:
A distant age asks where the fabric stood;
And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain;
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.
But there is yet a liberty, unsung

By poets, and by senators unprais'd,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the pow'rs
Of earth and hell confed'rate, take away:
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no pow'r to bind:
Which whoso tastes can be enslav'd no more.
'Tis liberty of heart deriv'd from Heav'n,
Bought with HIS blood, who gave it to mankind,
And seal'd with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter sanction'd sure
By th' unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp, that speaks them his,
And are august; but this transcends them all.
His other works, the visible display
Of all-creating energy and might,
Are grand no doubt, and worthy of the word,
That, finding an interminable space
Unoccupied, has fill'd the void so well,
And made so sparkling what was dark before,
But these are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,
Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene,
Might well suppose th' artificer divine
Meant it eternal, had he not himself
Pronounc'd it transient, glorious as it is,
And, still designing a more glorious far,
Doom'd it as insufficient for his praise.
These, therefore, are occasional, and pass;
Form'd for the confutation of the fool,
Whose lying heart disputes against a God;
That office serv'd, they must be swept away.
Not so the labours of His love: they shine
In other heav'ns than these that we behold,
And fade not. There is Paradise that fears
No forfeiture, and of its fruits he sends
Large prelibation oft to saints below.
Of these, the first in order, and the pledge
And confident assurance of the rest,

Is liberty ; a flight into his arms,
Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way,
A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,
And full immunity from penal woe.

Chains are the portion of revolted man,
Stripes, and a dungeon ; and his body serves
The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,
Opprobrious residence he finds them all.
Propense his heart to idols, he is held
In silly dotage on created things,
Careless of their Creator. And that low
And sordid gravitation of his pow'rs
To a vile clod so draws him, with such force
Resistless from the centre he should seek,
That he at last forgets it. All his hopes
Tend downward ; his ambition is to sink,
To reach a depth profounder still, and still
Profounder, in the fathomless abyss
Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death.
But ere he gain the comfortless repose
He seeks, and acquiescence of his soul
In Heav'n-renouncing exile, he endures—
What does he not, from lusts oppos'd in vain,
And self-reproaching conscience ? He foresees
The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,
Fortune, and dignity ; the loss of all
That can ennoble man, and make frail life
Short as it is, supportable. Still worse,
Far worse than all the plagues, with which his sins
Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes
Ages of hopeless misery. Future death,
And death still future. Not a hasty stroke,
Like that which sends him to the dusty grave ;
But unrepealable, enduring death.
Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears :
What none can prove a forg'ry may be true ;
What none but bad men wish exploded must.
That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud

Nor drunk enough, to drown it. In the midst
Of laughter his compunctions are sincere ;
And he abhors the jest by which he shines.
Remorse begets reform. His master-lust
Falls first before his resolute rebuke,
And seems dethron'd and vanquish'd. Peace ensues,
But spurious and short-liv'd : the puny child
Of self-congratulating Pride, begot
On fancied Innocence. Again he falls,
And fights again ; but finds his best essay
A presage ominous, portending still
Its own dishonour by a worse relapse.
Till Nature, unavailing nature, foil'd
So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,
Scoff at her own performance. Reason now
Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cause
Perversely, which of late she so condemn'd ;
With shallow shifts and old devices, worn
And tatter'd in the service of debauch,
Cov'ring his shame from his offended sight.

“ Hath God indeed giv'n appetites to man,
And stor'd the earth so plenteously with means,
To gratify the hunger of his wish ;
And doth he reprobate, and will he damn
The use of his own bounty ? making first
So frail a kind, and then enacting laws
So strict, that less than perfect must despair ?
Falsehood ! which whoso but suspects of truth
Dishonours God, and makes a slave of man.
Do they themselves, who undertake for hire
The teacher's office, and dispense at large
Their weekly dole of edifying strains,
Attend to their own music ? have they faith
In what with such solemnity of tone
And gesture they propound to our belief ?
Nay—conduct hath the loudest tongue. The voice
Is but an instrument, on which the priest
May play what tune he pleases. In the deed,

The unequivocal, authentic deed,
 We find sound argument, we read the head
 Such reasonings (if that name must need
 T' excuses in which reason has no part)
 Serve to compose a spirit well inclin'd,
 To live on terms of amity with vice,
 And sin without disturbance. Often urg'd
 (As often as libidinous discourse
 Exhausted, he resorts to solemn themes
 Of theological and grave import)
 They gain at last his unreserv'd assent ;
 Till harden'd his heart's temper in the forge
 Of lust, and on the anvil of despair,
 He slights the strokes of conscience. Nothing
 Or nothing much, his constancy in ill ;
 Vain tamp'ring has but foster'd his disease
 'Tis desp'rate, and he sleeps the sleep of death
 Haste now, philosopher, and set him free.
 Charm the deaf serpent wisely. Make him
 Of rectitude and fitness, moral truth
 How lovely, and the moral sense how sure,
 Consulted and obey'd, to guide his steps
 Directly to the *first and only fair*.
 Spare not in such a cause. Spend all the
 Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise ;
 Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,
 And with poetic trappings grace thy prose
 Till it outmantle all the pride of verse.—
 Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high-sounding brass
 Smitten in vain ! such music cannot charm
 The eclipse, that intercepts truth's heav'nly
 And chills and darkens a wide wand'ring sea
 The *still, small voice* is wanted. He must
 Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect
 Who calls for things that are not, and they
 Grace makes the slave a freeman. 'Tis
 That turns to ridicule the turgid speech
 And stately tone of moralists; who boast,

As if, like him of fabulous renown,
They had indeed ability to smooth
The shag of savage nature, and were each
An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song:
But transformation of apostate man
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
Is work for Him that made him. He alone,
And he by means in philosophic eyes
Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves
The wonder; humanizing what is brute
In the lost kind, extracting from the lips
Of asps their venom, overpow'ring strength
By weakness, and hostility by love.

Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust:
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those, who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's blood,
Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
And for a time ensure, to his lov'd land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They liv'd unknown,
Till Persecution dragg'd them into fame,
And chas'd them up to Heav'n. Their ashes flew
—No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song.

And History, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny, that doom'd them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.*

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides. There's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confed'rate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off,
With as much ease as Sampson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scen'ry all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers: his t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to Heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds, a world
So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—he may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city; plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea

* See Hume.

With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in ev'ry state ;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less :
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow, but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. 'Th' oppressor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes unconscious of a chain ;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
v Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before :
'Thine eye shall be instructed ; and thine heart
Made pure shall relish, with divine delight
'Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them ; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it, and admires ; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its Author. Unconcern'd who form'd
'The Paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And, such well-pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind, that has been touch'd from Heav'n,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught,
'To read his wonders, in whose thought the World,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was.
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more, who fashion'd it, he gives it praise ;
Praise that from Earth resulting, as it ought,
To Earth's acknowledg'd Sov'reign, finds at once

Its only just proprietor in Him.
'The soul that sees him, or receives sublim'd
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd,
A ray of heav'nly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial in the vast and the minute ;
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with Heav'n, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they :
With which Heav'n rang, when ev'ry star in haste
To gratulate the new-created Earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God,
Shouted for joy.—“ Tell me, ye shining hosts,
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly, scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
Favour'd as ours ; transgressors from the womb,
And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
And to possess a brighter heav'n than yours ?
As one, who, long detain'd on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd rocks
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land ;
So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.

Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires,
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infus'd from Heav'n, must thither tend."

So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious Word!
Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost,
With intellects bemaz'd in endless doubt,
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built
With means, that were not till by thee employ'd,
Worlds, that had never been hadst thou in strength
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
That hear not, or receive not their report.
In vain thy creatures testify of thee,
Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for its use.
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
Possess the heart, and fables false as Hell;
Yet, deem'd oracular, lure down to death
The uninform'd and heedless souls of men.
We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind,
The glory of thy work; which yet appears
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
Challenging human scrutiny, and prov'd
Then skilful most when most severely judg'd.
But chance is not; or is not where thou reign'st:
Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r
(If pow'r she be, that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
Gods such as guilt makes welcome; gods that sleep,
Or disregard our follies, or that sit
Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide

Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause,
For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.
Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heav'n
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not,
Till thou hast touch'd them; 'tis the voice of song,
A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works;
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.
In that blest moment Nature, throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
The author of her beauties, who, retir'd
Behind his own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied.
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, eternal Word!
From thee departing they are lost, and rove
At random without honour, hope, or peace.
From thee is all, that soothes the life of man
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve,
But, O, thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

THE TASK.

BOOK VI.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

Bells at a distance.—Their effect.—A fine noon [in winter.—A sheltered walk.—Meditation better than books.—Our familiarity with the course of nature makes it appear less wonderful than it is.—The transformation that Spring effects in a shrubbery described.—A mistake concerning the course of nature corrected.—God maintains it by an unremitted act.—The amusements fashionable at this hour of the day reproved.—Animals happy, a delightful sight.—Origin of cruelty to animals.—That it is a great crime proved from Scripture.—That proof illustrated by a tale.—A line drawn between the lawful and unlawful destruction of them.—Their good and useful properties insisted on.—Apology for the encomiums bestowed by the author on animals.—Instances of man's extravagant praise of man.—The groans of the creation shall have an end.—A view taken of the restoration of all things.—An invocation and an invitation of Him, who shall bring it to pass.—The retired man vindicated from the charge of uselessness.—Conclusion.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
 And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd
 With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
 Some chord in unison with what we hear
 Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
 How soft the music of those village bells,
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
 Now pealing loud again, and louder still.
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!

With easy force it opens all the cells
Where Mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seem'd not always short; the rugged path,
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Mov'd many a sigh at its disheart'ning length.
Yet feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revok'd,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found!
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend,
A father, whose authority, in show
When most severe, and must'ring all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might low'r,
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
Threat'ning at once and nourishing the plant.
We lov'd, but not enough, the gentle hand
That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allur'd
By ev'ry gilded folly, we renounc'd
His shelt'ring side, and wilfully forewent
That converse, which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected sire! a mother too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has since they went, subdued and tam'd
The playful humour; he could now endure,
(*Himself grown sober in the vale of tears*)

And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the World the wilderness it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amiss,
And, seeking grace t' improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.

The night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view th' embattled tow'r,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well suffic'd,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The red-breast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd;
Pleas'd with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,

And Learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd, and squar'd, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much ;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthrall'd.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment, hoodwink'd. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them, by a tune entranc'd.
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought,
And swallowing therefore without pause or choice
The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
But trees and rivulets, whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps thro' the moss, that clothes the hawthorn root,
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,
Not shy, as in the world, and to be won
By slow solicitation, seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.
What prodigies can pow'r divine perform
More grand than it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man ?
Familiar with th' effect we slight the cause,
And in the constancy of nature's course,
The regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,

See naught to wonder at. Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
How would the world admire ! but speaks it less,
An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to sink and when to rise,
Age after age, than to arrest his course ?
All we behold is miracle ; but seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.
Where now the vital energy, that mov'd,
While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
Through the imperceptible meand'ring veins
Of leaf and flow'r ? It sleeps ; and th' icy touch
Of unprolific winter has impress'd
A cold stagnation on th' intestine tide.
But let the months go round, a few short months,
And all shall be restor'd. These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
Than each, in its peculiar honours clad,
Shall publish even to the distant eye
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
In streaming gold ; syringa, iv'ry pure ;
The scentless and the scented rose ; this red,
And of a humbler growth, the other* tall,
And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neighb'ring cypress, or more sable yew,
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
That the wind severs from the broken wave ;
The lilac, various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolv'd
Which hue she most approv'd, she chose them all ;

* The Guelder-rose.

Copious of flow'rs the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks,
With never-cloying odours, early and late;
Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flow'rs, like flies clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears; mezereon too,
Though leafless, well attir'd, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing ev'ry spray;
Althæa with the purple eye; the broom,
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,
Her blossoms; and luxuriant above all
The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep, dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more,
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.—
These have been, and these shall be in their day;
And all this uniform, uncolour'd scene
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
And flush into variety again.
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
In Nature's progress, when she lectures man
In heav'nly truth; evincing, as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are his,
That makes so gay the solitary place,
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms,
That cultivation glories in, are his.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds, which Winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury: in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germe,
Uninjur'd, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flow'ry season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
Some say that in the origin of things,
When all creation started into birth,

The infant elements receiv'd a law,
From which they swerve not since. That under force
Of that controlling ordinance they move,
And need not his immediate hand, who first
Prescrib'd their course, to regulate it now.
Thus dream they, and contrive to save a God
Th' encumbrance of his own concerns, and spare
The great artificer of all that moves
The stress of a continual act, the pain
Of unremitted vigilance and care,
As too laborious and severe a task.
So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,
To span omnipotence, and measure might,
That knows no measure, by the scanty rule
And standard of his own, that is to-day,
And is not ere to-morrow's sun go down.
But how should matter occupy a charge,
Dull as it is, and satisfy a law
So vast in its demands, unless impell'd
To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,
And under pressure of some conscious cause ?
The Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the sacred fire
By which the mighty process is maintain'd,
Who sleeps not, is not weary ; in whose sight
Slow circling ages are as transient days ;
Whose work is without labour ; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts ;
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.
Him blind antiquity profan'd, not serv'd,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus ; peopling earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods,
That were not ; and commending as they would
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.

But all are under one. One spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding bro
Rules universal nature. Not a flow'r
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or sta
Of his unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and include
In grains as countless as the seaside sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him ! whom what he fin
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flow'r,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad, majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceiv'd,
Makes all still fairer. As with him no scene
Is dreary, so with him all seasons please.
Though winter had been none, had man been t
And earth be punish'd for its tenant's sake,
Yet not in vengeance ; as this smiling sky,
So soon succeeding such an angry night,
And these dissolving snows, and this clear stre
Recov'ring fast its liquid music, prove.

Who then, that has a mind well strung and tu
To contemplation, and within his reach
A scene so friendly to his fav'rite task,
Would waste attention at the chequer'd board,
His host of wooden warriors to and fro
Marching and countermarching, with an eye
As fix'd as marble, with a forehead ridg'd
And furrow'd into storms, and with a hand
Trembling, as if eternity were hung
In balance on his conduct of a pin ?
Nor envies he aught more their idle sport,
Who pant with application misapplied
To trivial toys, and pushing iv'ry balls
Across a velvet level, feel a joy

Akin to rapture, when the bauble finds
Its destin'd goal, of difficult access.
Nor deems he wiser him, who gives his noon
To Miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop
Wand'ring, and litt'ring with unfolded silks
The polish'd counter, and approving none,
Or promising with smiles to call again.
Nor him, who by his vanity seduc'd,
And sooth'd into a dream that he discerns
The diff'rence of a Guido from a daub,
Frequents the crowded auction: stationed there
As duly as the Langford of the show,
With glass at eye, and catalogue in hand,
And tongue accomplish'd in the fulsome cant,
And pedantry, that coxcombs learn with ease;
Oft as the price-deciding hammer falls,
He notes it in his book, then raps his box,
Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate,
That he has let it pass—but never bids.

Here unmolested, through whatever sign
The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,
Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
Nor stranger, intermeddling with my joy.
E'en in the spring and playtime of the year,
That calls th' unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather king-cups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick
A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook,
These shades are all my own. The tim'rous hare,
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me; and the stockdove unalarm'd
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm,
That age or injury has hollow'd deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth

To frisk a while, and bask in the warm sun,
 The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play;
 He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird, [brush,
 Ascends the neighb'ring beech; there whisk his
 And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud,
 With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm,
 And anger insignificantly fierce.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
 For human fellowship, as being void
 Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
 To love and friendship both, that is not pleas'd
 With sight of animals enjoying life,
 Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
 The bounding fawn, that darts across the glade
 When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,
 And spirits buoyant with excess of glee;
 The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,
 That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,
 Then stops, and snorts, and, throwing high his heels,
 Starts to the voluntary race again;
 The very kine, that gambol at high noon,
 The total herd receiving first from one,
 That leads the dance, a summons to be gay,
 Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth
 Their efforts, yet resolv'd with one consent
 To give such act and utterance, as they may
 To ecstasy too big to be suppress'd—
 These, and a thousand images of bliss,
 With which kind Nature graces ev'ry scene,
 Where cruel man defeats not her design,
 Impart to the benevolent, who wish
 All that are capable of pleasure pleas'd,
 A far superior happiness to theirs,
 The comfort of a reasonable joy.

Man scarce had ris'n, obedient to his call
 Who form'd him from the dust, his future grave,
 When he was crown'd as never king was since.
 God set the diadem upon his head,

angel choirs attended. Wond'ring stood
 new-made monarch, while before him pass'd,
 happy, and all perfect in their kind,
 creatures, summon'd from their various haunts,
 see their sov'reign, and confess his sway.
 : was his empire, absolute his pow'r,
 bounded only by a law, whose force
 as his sublimest privilege to feel
 own, the law of universal love.
 rul'd with meekness, they obey'd with joy;
 cruel purpose lurk'd within his heart,
 no distrust of his intent in theirs.
 When was a scene of harmless sport,
 ere kindness on his part, who rul'd the whole,
 at a tranquil confidence in all,
 fear as yet was not, nor cause for fear.
 sin marr'd all; and the revolt of man,
 t source of evils not exhausted yet,
 s punish'd with revolt of his from him.
 den of God, how terrible the change
 grove and lawns then witnessed! Ev'ry heart,
 h animal, of ev'ry name, conceiv'd
 jealousy, and an instinctive fear,
 , conscious of some danger, either fled
 precipitate the loath'd abode of man,
 growl'd defiance in such angry sort,
 ought him too to tremble in his turn.
 s harmony and family accord
 re driv'n from Paradise; and in that hour
 seeds of cruelty, that since have swell'd
 such gigantic and enormous growth,
 re sown in human nature's fruitful soil.
 ce date the persecution and the pain,
 t man inflicts on all inferior kinds,
 ardless of their plaints. To make him sport,
 gratify the frenzy of his wrath,
 his base gluttony, are causes good
 I just in his account, why bird and beast

Should suffer torture, and the streams be dyed
With blood of their inhabitants impal'd.
Earth groans beneath the burden of a war
Wag'd with defenceless innocence, while he,
Not satisfied to prey on all around,
Adds tenfold bitterness to death by pangs
Needless, and first torments ere he devours.
Now happiest they, that occupy the scenes
The most remote from his abhorr'd resort,
Whom once, as delegate of God on earth,
They fear'd, and as his perfect image lov'd.
The wilderness is theirs, with all its caves,
Its hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains,
Unvisited by man. There they are free,
And howl and roar as likes them, uncontroll'd;
Nor ask his leave to slumber or to play.
Woe to the tyrant, if he dare intrude
Within the confines of their wild domain:
The lion tells him—I am monarch here—
And, if he spare him, spares him on the terms
Of royal mercy, and through gen'rous scorn
To rend a victim trembling at his foot,
In measure, as by force of instinct drawn,
Or by necessity constrain'd, they live
Dependent upon man: those in his fields,
These at his crib, and some beneath his roof.
They prove too often at how dear a rate
He sells protection.—Witness at his foot
The spaniel dying for some venial fault
Under dissection of the knotted scourge;
Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells
Driv'n to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs,
To madness; while the savage at his heels
Laughs at the frantic suff'rer's fury, spent
Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown.
*He too is witness, noblest of the train
That wait on man, the flight-performing horse;
With unsuspecting readiness he takes*

His murd'rer on his back, and push'd all day
With bleeding sides and flanks, that heave for life,
To the far distant goal, arrives and dies.
So little mercy shows who needs so much !
Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,
Denounce no doom on the delinquent ? None.
He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boasts
(As if barbarity were high desert)
Th' inglorious feat, and clamorous in praise
Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose
The honours of his matchless horse his own.
But many a crime, deem'd innocent on earth,
Is register'd in heav'n ; and these no doubt
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never. When he charg'd the Jew
To assist his foe's down-fallen beast to rise ;
And when the bush-exploring boy, that seiz'd
The young, to let the parent bird go free ;
Prov'd he not plainly, that his meaner works
Are yet his care, and have an int'rest all,
All, in the universal Father's love ?
On Noah, and in him on all mankind,
The charter was conferr'd, by which we hold
The flesh of animals in fee, and claim
O'er all we feed on pow'r of life and death.
But read the instrument, and mark it well :
Th' oppression of a tyrannous control
Can find no warrant there. Feed then, and yield
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous, through sin,
Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute !

The Governor of all, himself to all
So bountiful, in whose attentive ear
The unfledg'd raven and the lion's whelp
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs
Of hunger unassuag'd, has interpos'd,
Not seldom, his avenging arm, to smite
Th' injurious trampler upon nature's law,

That claims forbearance even for a brute.
He hates the hardness of a Balaam's heart ;
And, prophet as he was, he might not strike
The blameless animal, without rebuke,
On which he rode. Her opportune offence
Sav'd him, or the unrelenting seer had died.
He sees that human equity is slack
To interfere, though in so just a cause ;
And makes the task his own. Inspiring dumb
And helpless victims with a sense so keen
Of injury, with such knowledge of their strength,
And such sagacity to take revenge,
That oft the beast has seem'd to judge the man.
An ancient, not a legendary tale,
By one of sound intelligence rehears'd
(If such who plead for Providence may seem
In modern eyes), shall make the doctrine clear.

Where England, stretch'd towards the setting sun
Narrow and long, o'erlooks the western wave,
Dwelt young Misagathus ; a scorner he
Of God and goodness, atheist in ostent,
Vicious in act, in temper savage, fierce.
He journey'd ; and his chance was, as he went,
To join a trav'ler, of far diff'rent note,
Evander, fam'd for piety, for years
Deserving honour, but for wisdom more.
Fame had not left the venerable man
A stranger to the manners of the youth,
Whose face too was familiar to his view.
Their way was on the margin of the land,
O'er the green summit of the rocks, whose base
Beats back the roaring surge, scarce heard so high
The charity, that warm'd his heart, was mov'd
At sight of the man-monster. With a smile
Gentle, and affable, and full of grace,
As fearful of offending whom he wish'd
Much to persuade, he plied his ear with truths
Not harshly thunder'd forth, or rudely press'd,

But, like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet.
"And dost thou dream," th' impenetrable man
Exclaim'd, "that me the lullabies of age,
And fantasies of dotards such as thou,
Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?
Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave
Need no such aids, as superstition lends
To steel their hearts against the dread of death."
He spoke, and to the precipice at hand
Push'd with a madman's fury. Fancy shrinks
And the blood thrills and curdles, at the thought
Of such a gulf as he design'd his grave.
But, though the felon on his back could dare
The dreadful leap, more rational, his steed
Declin'd the death, and wheeling swiftly round,
Or e'er his hoof had press'd the crumbling verge,
Baffled his rider, sav'd against his will,
The frenzy of the brain may be redress'd
By med'cine well applied, but without grace
The heart's insanity admits no cure.
Enrag'd the more, by what might have reform'd
His horrible intent, again he sought
Destruction, with a zeal to be destroy'd,
With sounding whip, and rowels died in blood.
But still in vain. The Providence, that meant
A longer date to the far nobler beast,
Spar'd yet again th' ignoble for his sake.
And now, his prowess prov'd, and his sincere,
Icurable obduracy evinc'd,
His rage grew cool; and, pleas'd perhaps t'have earn'd
So cheaply the renown of that attempt,
With looks of some complacence he resum'd
His road, deriding much the blank amaze
Of good Evander, still where he was left
Fix'd motionless, and petrified with dread.
So on they far'd. Discourse on other themes
Ensuing seem'd t' obliterate the past:
And tamer far for so much fury shown,

(As is the course of rash and fiery men)
 The rude companion smil'd, as if transform'd.
 But 'twas a transient calm. A storm was near,
 An unsuspected storm. His hour was come.
 The impious challenger of Pow'r divine
 Was now to learn, that Heav'n, tho' slow to wrath,
 Is never with impunity defied.
 His horse, as he had caught his master's mood,
 Snorting, and starting into sudden rage,
 Unbidden, and not now to be controll'd,
 Rush'd to the cliff, and, having reach'd it, stood.
 At once the shock unseated him: he flew
 Sheer o'er the craggy barrier; and, immers'd
 Deep in the flood, found, when he sought it,
 The death he had deserv'd, and died alone.
 So God wrought double justice; made the fool
 The victim of his own tremendous choice,
 And taught a brute the way to safe revenge.

✓ I would not enter on my list of friends
 (Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
 That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;
 But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
 The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
 And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
 A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
 Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
 The chamber, or refectory, may die:
 A necessary act incurs no blame.
 Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
 And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
 Or take their pastime in the spacious field;
 There they are privileg'd: and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs th' economy of Nature's realm,

when she form'd, designed them an abode.
sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
safety, interfere, his rights and claims
paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
they are all—the meanest things that are,
wee to live, and to enjoy that life,
God was free to form them at the first,
in his sov'reign wisdom made them all.
Therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
love it too. The spring-time of our years
on dishonour'd and defil'd in most
adding ills, that ask a prudent hand
heck them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
restrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.
By to him, that shows it, is the rule
righteous limitation of its act,
which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man;
he that shows none, being ripe in years,
conscious of the outrage he commits,
keep it, and not find it, in his turn.
Extinguish'd much by reason, and still more
our capacity of Grace divine,
a creatures, that exist but for our sake,
rich, having serv'd us, perish, we are held
countable; and God some future day
reckon with us roundly for th' abuse
that he deems no mean or trivial trust.
Prior as we are, they yet depend
more on human help than we on theirs.
In strength, or speed, or vigilance, were giv'n
aid of our defects. In some are found
teachable and apprehensive parts,
but man's attachment in his own concerns,
ch'd with th' expertness of the brutes in theirs,
oft-times vanquish'd, and thrown far behind.
We show that nice sagacity of smell,
read with such discernment, in the port

And figure of the man, his secret aim,
That oft we owe our safety to a skill
We could not teach, and must despair to learn.
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves;
Attachment never to be wean'd, or chang'd
By any change of fortune: proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp; and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life,
And glist'ning even in the dying eye.
! Man praises man. Desert in arts or arms
Wins public honour! and ten thousand sit
Patiently present at a sacred song,
Commemoration-mad; content to hear
(O, wonderful effect of music's pow'r!)
Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake.
But less, methinks, than sacrilege might serve—
(For, was it less, what heathen would have dar'd
To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath,
And hang it up in honour of a man?)
Much less might serve, when all that we design
Is but to gratify an itching ear,
And give the day to a musician's praise.
Remember Handel? Who, that was not born
Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,
Or can, the more than Homer of his age?
Yes—we remember him; and, while we praise
A talent so divine, remember too
That His most holy book, from whom it came,
Was never meant, was never us'd before,
'To buckram out the mem'ry of a man.
But, hush!—the muse, perhaps, is too severe;
*And with the gravity beyond the size
And measure of th' offence, rebukes a deed*

Less impious than absurd, and owing more
 To want of judgment than to wrong design.
 So in the chapel of old Ely House,
 When wand'ring Charles, who meant to be the third,
 Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,
 The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,
 And eke did rear right merrily, two staves,
 Sung to the praise and glory of King George!
 —Man praises man; and Garrick's mem'ry next,
 When time had somewhat mellow'd it, and made
 The idol of our worship while he liv'd
 The God of our idolatry once more,
 Shall have its altar; and the world shall go
 In pilgrimage to bow before his shrine.
 The theatre too small shall suffocate
 Its squeez'd contents, and more than it admits
 Shall sigh at their exclusion, and return
 Ungratified: for there some noble lord
 Shall stuff his shoulders with king Richard's bunch,
 Or wrap himself in Hamlet's inky cloak,
 And strut, and storm, and straddle, stamp and stare,
 To show the world how Garrick did not act.
 For Garrick was a worshipper himself;
 He drew the liturgy, and fram'd the rites
 And solemn ceremonial of the day,
 And call'd the world to worship on the banks
 Of Avon, fam'd in song. Ah, pleasant proof
 That piety has still in human hearts
 Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct.
 The mulb'rry-tree was hung with blooming wreaths;
 The mulb'rry-tree stood centre of the dance;
 The mulb'rry-tree was hymn'd with dulcet airs;
 And from his touchwood trunk the mulb'rry-tree
 Supplied such relics as devotion holds
 Still sacred, and preserves with pious care.
 'Twas a hallow'd time: decorum reign'd,
 And mirth without offence. No few return'd,
 Doubtless, much edified, and all refresh'd.

—Man praises man. The rabble all alive
 From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, and styes,
 Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the day,
 A pompous and slow-moving pageant, comes.
 Some shout him, and some hang upon his car,
 To gaze in 's eyes, and bless him. Maidens wave
 Their kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy :
 While others, not so satisfied, unhorse
 The gilded equipage, and, turning loose
 His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve. [stat
 Why ? what has charm'd them ? Hath he sav'd t
 No. Doth he purpose its salvation ? No.
 Enchanting novelty, that moon at full,
 That finds out ev'ry crevice of the head
 That is not sound and perfect, hath in theirs
 Wrought this disturbance. But the wane is near
 And his own cattle must suffice him soon.
 Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise,
 And dedicate a tribute, in its use
 And just direction sacred, to a thing
 Doom'd to the dust, or lodg'd already there.
 Encomium in old time was poet's work ;
 But poets, having lavishly long since
 Exhausted all materials of the art,
 The task now falls into the public hand :
 And I, contented with a humbler theme,
 Have pour'd my stream of panegyric down
 The vale of Nature, where it creeps, and winds
 Among her lovely works with a secure
 And unambitious course, reflecting clear,
 If not the virtues, yet the worth, of brutes.
 And I am recompens'd, and deem the toils
 Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine
 May stand between an animal and woe,
 And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.
 ✓ The groans of Nature in this nether world,
 Which Heav'n has heard for ages, have an end.
 Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,

the fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
ne'er of rest the promis'd Sabbath, comes.
Thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
ended their tardy and disastrous course
in this sinful world; and what remains
is a tempestuous state of human things
fully as the working of a sea
without a calm; that rocks itself to rest:
the air, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
that wait that waits upon his sultry march,
his sin hath mov'd him, and his wrath is hot,
to visit earth in mercy; shall descend
triumphant in his chariot pav'd with love;
that his storms have blasted and defac'd
man's revolt shall with a smile repair.
The harp is the harp of prophecy; too sweet
to be wrong'd by a mere mortal touch:
in the wonders it records be sung
the sweeter music, and not suffer loss.
When a poet, or when one like me,
tries to rove among poetic flow'rs,
how poor in skill to rear them, lights at last
on the fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
and the impulse and the spur he feels,
to let it praise proportion'd to its worth,
not to attempt it, arduous as he deems
labour, were a task more arduous still.
Scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
of accomplish'd bliss! which who can see,
but in distant prospect, and not feel
fully refresh'd with foretaste of the joy?
Let gladness water all the earth,
let clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
is sown with abundance; and the land, once lean,
is fertile only in its own disgrace,
not to see its thistly curse repeal'd.
Various seasons woven into one,

And that one season an eternal spring,
 The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
 For there is none to covet, all are full.
 The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,
 Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon
 Together, or all gambol in the shade
 Of the same grove, and drink one common stream
 Antipathies are none. No foe to man
 Lurks in the serpent now; the mother sees,
 And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
 Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm,
 To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
 The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
 All creatures worship man, and all mankind
 One Lord, one Father. Error has no place:
 That creeping pestilence is driv'n away;
 The breath of Heav'n has chas'd it. In the heart
 No passion touches a discordant spring,
 But all is harmony and love. Disease
 Is not: the pure and uncontaminate blood
 Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
 One song employs all nations; and all cry,
 ✓ "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!"
 The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
 Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
 From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
 Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
 Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.
 Behold the measure of the promise fill'd;
 See Salem built, the labour of a God!
 Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;
 All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
 Flock to the light; the glory of all lands
 Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
 And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
 Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there: *

* Nebaioth and Kedar the sons of Ishmael, and progenitors of the
 Arabs, in the prophetic scripture here alluded to, may be reasonably
 considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large.

The looms of Ormus and the mines of Ind,
And Saba's spicy groves, pay tributes there.
Praise is in all her gates: upon her walls,
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
Kneels with the native of the farthest west;
And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Here report has travell'd forth
Into all lands. From ev'ry clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
O, Sion! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as Heav'n stoops down to see.

Thus heav'nward all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and all must be at length restor'd.
So God hath greatly purpos'd; who would else
In his dishonour'd works himself endure
Dishonour, and be wrong'd without redress.
Haste then, and wheel away a shatter'd world,
Ye slow-revolving seasons! we would see
(A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)
A world, that does not dread and hate his laws,
And suffer for its crime; would learn how fair
The creature is that God pronounces good,
How pleasant in itself what pleases him,
Here ev'ry drop of honey hides a sting;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flow'rs;
And e'en the joy, that haply some poor heart
Derives from Heav'n, pure as the fountain is,
Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint
From touch of human lips, at best impure.
O, for a world in principle as chaste
As this is gross and selfish! over which
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,
That govern all things here, should ring aside
The meek and modest Truth, and forcing her
To seek a refuge from the tongue of Strife
In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men:
Where violence shall never lift the sword,

Nor Cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears;
Where he, that fills an office, shall esteem
Th' occasion it presents of doing good
More than the perquisite : where Law shall speak
Seldom, and never but as Wisdom prompts ;
And Equity not jealous more to guard
A worthless form, than to decide aright :
Where Fashion shall not sanctify abuse,
Nor smooth good-breeding (supplemental grace)
With lean performance ape the work of Love !

Come then, and, added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
Thou who alone art worthy ! it was thine
By ancient covenant, ere Nature's birth ;
And thou hast made it thine by purchase since,
And overpaid its value with thy blood.
Thy saints proclaim thee king ; and in their hearts
Thy title is engraven with a pen
Dipp'd in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy saints proclaim thee king ; and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see
The dawn of thy last advent, long desir'd,
Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
The very spirit of the world is tir'd
Of its own taunting question, ask'd so long,
"Where is the promise of your Lord's approach ?"
The infidel has shot his bolts away ;
Till, his exhausted quiver yielding none,
He gleans the blunted shafts, that have recoil'd,
And aims them at the shield of Truth again.
The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands,
That hides divinity from mortal eyes ;
And all the mysteries to faith propos'd,
Insulted and traduc'd, are cast aside,
As useless to the moles and to the bats.
They now are deem'd the faithful, and are prais'd,

Who, constant only in rejecting thee,
 Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal.
 And quit their office for their error's sake.
 Blind, and in love with darkness ! yet, e'en these
 Worthy, compar'd with sycophants, who kneel
 Thy name adoring, and then preach thee man !
 So fares thy church. But, how thy church may fare
 The world takes little thought. Who will may preach,
 And what they will. All pastors are alike
 To wand'ring sheep resolv'd to follow none.
 Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain :
 For these they live, they sacrifice to these,
 And in their service wage perpetual war
 With Conscience and with thee. Lust in their hearts,
 And mischief in their hands, they roam the earth,
 To prey upon each other : stubborn, fierce,
 High-minded, foaming out their own disgrace
 Thy prophets speak of such ; and, noting down
 The features of the last degen'rate times,
 Exhibit ev'ry lineament of these.
 Come then, and, added to thy many crowns,
 Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,
 Due to thy last and most effectual work,
 Thy word fulfill'd, the conquest of a world !
 He is the happy man, whose life e'en now,
 Shows somewhat of that happier life to come :
 He, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
 Pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,
 Could make his fate his choice ; whom peace, the fruit
 Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
 Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one
 Intent indeed to sojourn while he must
 On the skies, but having there his home.
 The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
 Of objects, more illustrious in her view ;
 Occupied as earnestly as she,
 How more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world,
 Turns his pleasures, for she knows them not ;

He seeks not hers, for he has prov'd them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies ; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose pow'r is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heav'n unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemploy'd,
And censur'd oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least, is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has rais'd,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never with'ring wreaths, compar'd with which,
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving haughty world,
That as she sweeps him with her whistling silks
Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see,
Deems him a cipher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the pray'r he makes,
When, Isaac like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.
Forgive him then, thou bustler in concerns
Of little worth, an idler in the best,
If, author of no mischief and some good,
He seek his proper happiness by means
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.
Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

Account him an encumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits, and rend'ring none.
His sphere though humble, if that humble sph
Shine with his fair example, and though small
His influence, if that influence all be spent
In soothing sorrow, and in quenching strife,
In aiding helpless indigence, in works,
From which at least a grateful few derive
Some taste of comfort in a world of woe ;
Then let the supercilious great confess
He serves his country, recompenses well
The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
He sits secure, and in the scale of life
Holds no ignoble, though a slighted, place.
The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise ;
But he may boast, what few that win it can,
That, if his country stand not by his skill,
At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
Polite Refinement offers him in vain
Her golden tube, through which a sensual world
Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,
The neat conveyance hiding all th' offence.
Not that he peevishly rejects a mode
Because that world adopts it. If it bear
The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
And be not costly more than of true worth,
He puts it on, and for decorum's sake
Will wear it ev'n as gracefully as she.
Judges of refinement by the eye,
By the test of conscience, and a heart
Soon deceiv'd ; aware that what is base
Polish can make sterling ; and that vice,
Though well perfum'd and elegantly dress'd,
Is an unburied carcass trick'd with flow'rs,
A garnish'd nuisance, fitter far
For early riddance, than for fair attire.
glides smoothly and by stealth away,

More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renown'd in ancient song ; not vex'd with care
Or stain'd with guilt, beneficent, approv'd
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glides my life away, and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfill'd,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destin'd office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf, that I have often trod.
It shall not grieve me then, that once when call'd
To dress a Sofa with the flow'rs of verse,
I play'd awhile, obedient to the fair,
With that light task ; but soon, to please her more
When flow'rs alone I knew would little please,
Let fall th' unfinish'd wreath, and rov'd for fruit ;
Rov'd far, and gather'd much ; some harsh, 'tis true
Prick'd from the thorns and briers of reproof,
But wholesome, well-digested ; grateful some
To palates that can taste immortal truth ;
Insidious else, and sure to be despis'd.
But all is in His hand, whose praise I seek.
In vain the poet sings, and the world hears,
If he regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm his ear, whose eye is on the heart ;
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine,

TIROCINIUM;

OR,

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

By the REV. WM. CAWTHORNE UNWIN, Rector of Stock, in Essex, the Tutor of his two Sons, the following POEM, recommending Private Tuition in preference to an Education at School, is inscribed by the Author.

Κεφάλαιον διὰ παιδείας ὀρθῆ τροφῆ. Plato.

Ἀρχὴ πολιτείας ἀπάσης νεων τροφῆ. Diog. Laert.

It is not from his form, in which we trace
 Strength join'd with beauty, dignity with grace,
 That man, the master of this globe, derives
 His right of empire over all that lives.
 That form indeed, th' associate of a mind
 Fast in its pow'rs, ethereal in its kind,
 That form, the labour of almighty skill,
 Yam'd for the service of a freeborn will,
 Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control,
 But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.
 Hers is the state, the splendour, and the throne,
 An intellectual kingdom, all her own.
 For her the Mem'ry fills her ample page
 With truths pour'd down from ev'ry distant age;
 For her amasses an unbounded store,
 The wisdom of great nations, now no more;

Though laden, not encumber'd with her spoil;
 Laborious, yet unconscious of her toil;
 When copiously supplied, then most enlarg'd;
 Still to be fed, and not to be surcharg'd.
 For her the Fancy, roving unconfin'd,
 The present muse of ev'ry pensive mind,
 Works magic wonders, adds a brighter hue
 To Nature's scenes than Nature ever knew.
 At her command winds rise, and waters roar.
 Again she lays them slumb'ring on the shore;
 With flow'r and fruit the wilderness supplies,
 Or bids the rocks in ruder pomp arise.
 For her the Judgment, umpire in the strife,
 That Grace and Nature have to wage through life,
 Quick-sighted arbiter of good and ill,
 Appointed sage preceptor to the Will,
 Condemns, approves, and with a faithful voice
 Guides the decision of a doubtful choice.

Why did the fiat of a God give birth
 To yon fair Sun, and his attendant Earth?
 And, when descending he resigns the skies,
 Why takes the gentler Moon her turn to rise,
 Whom Ocean feels through all his countless waves,
 And owns her pow'r on ev'ry shore he laves?
 Why do the seasons still enrich the year,
 Fruitful and young as in their first career?
 Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze;
 Summer in haste the thriving charge receives
 Beneath the shade of her expanded leaves,
 Till Autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews
 Dye them at last in all their glowing hues—
 'Twere wild profusion all, and bootless waste,
 Pow'r misemploy'd, munificence misplac'd,
 Had not its author dignified the plan,
 And crown'd it with the majesty of man.
Thus form'd, thus plac'd, intelligent, and taught,
Look where you will, the wonders God has wrought,

The wildest scorner of his Maker's laws
Finds in a sober moment time to pause,
To press th' important question on his heart,
"Why form'd at all, and wherefore as thou art?"
If man be what he seems, this hour a slave,
The next mere dust and ashes in the grave;
Endu'd with reason only to descry
His crimes and follies with an aching eye:
With passions, just that he may prove, with pain,
The force he spends against their fury vain:
And if soon after having burnt, by turns,
With ev'ry lust, with which frail Nature burns,
His being end, where death dissolves the bond,
The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond:
Then he, of all that Nature has brought forth,
Stands self-impeach'd the creature of least worth,
And useless while he lives and when he dies,
Brings into doubt the wisdom of the skies.
Truths, that the learn'd pursue with eager thought,
Are not important always as dear-bought,
Proving at last, though told in pompous strains,
A childish waste of philosophic pains;
But truths, on which depends our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.
'Tis true that, if to trifle life away
Down to the sunset of their latest day,
Then perish on futurity's wide shore
Like fleeting exhalations, found no more,
Were all that Heav'n requir'd of human kind,
And all the plan their destiny design'd,
What none could rev'rence all might justly blame,
And man would breathe but for his Maker's shame.
But reason heard, and nature well perus'd,
At once the dreaming mind is disabus'd.
If all we find possessing earth, sea, air,
Reflect his attributes, who plac'd them there,

Fulfil the purpose, and appear design'd
 Proofs of the wisdom of th' all-seeing mind,
 'Tis plain the creature, whom he chose t' invest
 With kingship and dominion o'er the rest,
 Receiv'd his nobler nature, and was made
 Fit for the pow'r, in which he stands array'd;
 That first, or last, hereafter, if not here,
 He too might make his author's wisdom clear,
 Praise him on Earth, or, obstinately dumb,
 Suffer his justice in a world to come.
 This once believ'd, 'twere logic misapplied,
 To prove a consequence by none denied,
 That we are bound to cast the minds of youth
 Betimes into the mould of heav'nly truth,
 That taught of God they may indeed be wise,
 Nor ignorantly wand'ring miss the skies.

In early days the conscience has in most
 A quickness, which in later life is lost;
 Preserv'd from guilt by salutary fears,
 Or, guilty, soon relenting into tears.
 Too careless often, as our years proceed,
 What friends we sort with, or what books we read,
 Our parents yet exert a prudent care,
 To feed our infant minds with proper fare;
 And wisely store the nurs'ry by degrees
 With wholesome learning, yet acquir'd with ease.
 Neatly secur'd from being soil'd or torn
 Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,
 A book (to please us at a tender age
 'Tis call'd a book, though but a single page)
 Presents the pray'r the Saviour deign'd to teach,
 Which children use, and parsons—when they preach
 Lipping our syllables, we scramble next
 Through moral narrative or sacred text;
 And learn with wonder how this world began,
 Who made, who marr'd, and who has ransom'd, man:
 Points, which unless the Scripture made them plain,
 The wisest heads might agitate in vain.

ou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
 to the season of life's happy spring,
 s'd remember, and, while mem'ry yet
 fast her office here, can ne'er forget;
 ous dreamer, in whose well-told tale
 : fiction, and sweet truth alike prevail;
 se hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
 teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;
 r, and well employ'd, and, like thy Lord,
 ing in parables his slighted word:
 re thee not, lest so despis'd a name
 ld move a sneer at thy deserved fame;
 'en in transitory life's late day,
 mingles all my brown with sober gray,
 re the man, whose *pilgrim* marks the road,
 guides the *progress* of the soul to God.
 re well with most, if books, that could engage
 childhood, pleas'd them at a riper age;
 nan, approving what had charm'd the boy,
 ld die at last in comfort, peace and joy;
 not with curses on his heart, who stole
 gem of truth from his unguarded soul.
 stamp of artless piety impress'd
 ind tuition on his yielding breast,
 youth now bearded, and yet pert and raw,
 urds with scorn, though once receiv'd with awe;
 ; warp'd into the labyrinth of lies,
 babblers, call'd philosophers, devise,
 phemes his creed, as founded on a plan
 ete with dreams, unworthy of a man.
 sh but his nature in its ailing part,
 rt the native evil of his heart,
 pride resents the charge, although the proof*
 in his forehead, and seem rank enough:
 t to the cure, describe the Saviour's cross
 lod's expedient to retrieve his loss,

* See II. Chron. ch. xxvi. ver. 19.

The young apostate sickens at the view,
 And hates it with the malice of a Jew.
 How weak the barrier of mere Nature proves,
 Oppos'd against the pleasures Nature loves !
 While self-betray'd, and wilfully undone,
 She longs to yield, no sooner woo'd than won.
 Try now the merits of this bless'd exchange
 Of modest truth for wits eccentric range.
 Time was, he clos'd as he began the day
 With decent duty, not asham'd to pray ;
 The practice was a bond upon his heart,
 A pledge he gave for a consistent part ;
 Nor could he dare presumptuously displease
 A pow'r, confess'd so lately on his knees.
 But now, farewell all legendary tales,
 The shadows fly, philosophy prevails ;
 Pray'r to the winds, and caution to the waves ;
 Religion makes the free, by nature slaves.
 Priests have invented, and the world admir'd
 What knavish priests promulgate as inspir'd :
 Till Reason, now no longer overaw'd,
 Resumes her pow'rs, and spurns the clumsy fraud ;
 And, common-sense diffusing real day,
 The meteor of the Gospel dies away.
 Such rhapsodies our shrewd discerning youth
 Learn from expert inquirers after truth ;
 Whose only care, might truth presume to speak,
 Is not to find what they profess to seek.
 And thus, well-tutor'd only while we share
 A mother's lectures, and a nurse's care ;
 And taught at schools much mythologic stuff,*
 But sound religion sparingly enough ;
 Our early notices of truth, disgrac'd,
 Soon lose their credit, and are all effac'd.

* The author begs leave to explain.—Sensible that, without such knowledge, neither the ancient poets nor historians can be tasted, or indeed understood, he does not mean to censure the pains that are taken to instruct a school-boy in the religion of the Heathen, but merely that neglect of Christian culture which leaves him shamefully ignorant of his own.

Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,
Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once ;
That in good time the stripling's finish'd taste
For loose expense, and fashionable waste,
Should prove your ruin, and his own at last ;
Train him in public with a mob of boys,
Childish in mischief only and in noise,
Else of a mannish growth, and five in ten
In infidelity and lewdness men.
There shall he learn, ere sixteen winters old,
That authors are most useful pawn'd or sold ;
That pedantry is all that schools impart,
But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart ;
There waiter Dick, with Bacchanalian lays,
Shall win his heart, and have his drunken praise,
His counsellor and bosom friend shall prove,
And some street-pacing harlot his first love.
Schools, unless discipline were doubly strong,
Detain their adolescent charge too long :
The management of *tiros* of eighteen
Is difficult : their punishment obscene.
The stout, tall captain, whose superior size
The minor heroes view with envious eyes,
Becomes their pattern, upon whom they fix
Their whole attention, and ape all his tricks.
His pride, that scorns t' obey or to submit,
With them is courage ; his effront'ry wit.
His wild excursions, window-breaking feats,
Robb'ry of gardens, quarrels in the streets,
His hair-breadth 'scapes, and all his daring schemes,
Transport them, and are made their fav'rite themes,
In little bosoms, such achievements strike
A kindred spark : they burn to do the like.
Thus, half-accomplish'd ere he yet begin
To show the peeping down upon his chin ;
And, as maturity of years comes on,
Made just th' adept that you design'd your son ;

T' ensure the perseverance of your course,
And give your monstrous project all its force,
Send him to college. If he there be tam'd,
Or in one article of vice reclaim'd,
Where no regard of ord'nances is shown
Or look'd for now, the fault must be his own.
Some sneaking virtue lurks in him, no doubt,
Where neither strumpets' charms, nor drinking-bout,
Nor gambling practices, can find it out.
Such youths of spirit, and that spirit too,
Ye nurs'ries of our boys, we owe to you :
Though from ourselves the mischief more proceeds,
For public schools 'tis public folly feeds.
The slaves of custom and establish'd mode,
With packhorse constancy we keep the road,
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.
To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think :
And such an age as ours balks no expense,
Except of caution, and of common sense ;
Else sure notorious fact, and proof so plain,
Would turn our steps into a wiser train.
I blame not those, who with what care they can
O'erwatch the num'rous and unruly clan ;
Or, if I blame, 'tis only that they dare
Promise a work, of which they must despair.
Have ye, ye sage intendants of the whole,
An ubiquarian presence and control,
Elisha's eye, that, when Gehazi stray'd,
Went with him, and saw all the game he play'd ?
Yes—ye are conscious ; and on all the shelves
Your pupils strike upon, have struck yourselves.
Or if, by nature sober, ye had then,
Boys as ye were, the gravity of men ;
Ye knew at least, by constant proofs address'd
To ears and eyes, the vices of the rest.

But ye connive at what ye cannot cure,
 And evils not to be endur'd, endure,
 Lest pow'r exerted, but without success,
 Should make the little ye retain still less.
 Ye once were justly fam'd for bringing forth
 Undoubted scholarship and genuine worth :
 And in the firmament of fame still shines
 A glory, bright as that of all the signs,
 Of poets rais'd by you, and statesmen, and divines.
 Peace to them all ! those brilliant times are fled,
 And no such lights are kindling in their stead.
 Our striplings shine indeed, but with such rays,
 As set the midnight riot in a blaze ;
 And seem, if judg'd by their expressive looks,
 Deeper in none than in their surgeons' books.
 ✓ Say muse (for education made the song,
 No muse can hesitate, or linger long),
 What causes move us, knowing as we must
 That these *menageries* all fail their trust,
 To send our sons to scout and scamper there,
 While colts and puppies cost us so much care ?
 Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
 We love the play-place of our early days ;
 The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
 That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
 The walls on which we tried our graving skill,
 The very name we carv'd subsisting still ;
 The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,
 Tho' mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet de-
 stroy'd ;
 The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
 Playing our games, and on the very spot ;
 As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
 The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw ;
 To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
 Or drive it devious with a dext'rous pat ;
 The pleasing spectacle at once excites
 Such recollection of our own delights,

That, viewing it, we seem almost t' obtain
Our innocent, sweet, simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.
Hark ! how the sire of chits, whose future share
Of classic food begins to be his care,
With his own likeness plac'd on either knee,
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee ;
And tells them, as he strokes their silver locks,
That they must soon learn Latin, and to box :
Then turning he regales his list'ning wife
With all the adventures of his early life ;
His skill in coachmanship, or driving chaise,
In bilking tavern-bills, and spouting plays ;
What shifts he used, detected in a scrape,
How he was flogg'd, or had the luck t' escape ;
What sums he lost at play, and how he sold
Watch, seals, and all—till all his pranks are told.
Retracing thus his *frolics* ('tis a name
That palliates deeds of folly and of shame),
He gives the local bias all its sway ;
Resolves that where he play'd his sons shall play,
And destines their bright genius to be shown
Just in the scene where he display'd his own.
The meek and bashful boy will soon be taught,
To be as bold and forward as he ought ;
The rude will scuffle through with ease enough,
Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough.
Ah, happy designation, prudent choice,
Th' event is sure ; expect it ; and rejoice !
Soon see your wish fulfill'd in either child,
The pert made perter, and the tame made wild.
✓ The great indeed, by titles, riches, birth,
Excus'd th' encumbrance of more solid worth,
Are best dispos'd of where with most success
They may acquire that confident address,

Those habits of profuse and lewd expense,
 That scorn of all delights but those of sense,
 Which, though in plain plebeians we condemn,
 With so much reason all expect from them.
 But families of less illustrious fame,
 Whose chief distinction is their spotless name,
 Whose heirs, their honours none, their income
 small,
 Must shine by true desert, or not at all,
 What dream they of, that with so little care
 They risk their hopes, their dearest treasure, there?
 They dream of little Charles or William grac'd
 With wig prolix, down flowing to his waist;
 They see th' attentive crowds his talents draw,
 They hear him speak—the oracle of law.
 The father, who designs his babe a priest,
 Dreams him episcopally such at least;
 And, while the playful jockey scours the room
 Briskly, astride upon the parlour broom,
 In fancy sees him more superbly ride
 In coach with purple lin'd, and mitres on its side.
 Events improbable and strange as these,
 Which only a parental eye foresees,
 A public school shall bring to pass with ease.
 But, how? resides such virtue in that air,
 As must create an appetite for prayer?
 And will it breathe into him all the zeal,
 That candidates for such a prize should feel,
 To take the lead and be the foremost still
 In all true worth and literary skill?
 Ah, blind to bright futurity, untaught
 “The knowledge of the world, and dull of thought!
 Church-ladders are not always mounted best
 By learn'd clerks, and Latinists profess'd.
 Th' exalted prize demands an upward look,
 Not to be found by poring on a book.
 Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek,
 Is more than adequate to all I seek.

Let erudition grace him, or not grace,
 I give the bauble but the second place ;
 His wealth, fame, honours, all that I intend,
 Subsist and centre in one point—a friend.
 A friend, whate'er he studies or neglects,
 Shall give him consequence, heal all defects.
 His intercourse with peers and sons of peers—
 There dawns the splendour of his future years :
 In that bright quarter his propitious skies
 Shall blush betimes, and there his glory rise.
Your Lordship, and Your Grace! what school can
 teach

A rhet'ric equal to those parts of speech ?
 What need of Homer's verse, or Tully's prose,
 Sweet interjections ! if he learn but those ?
 Let rev'rend churls his ignorance rebuke,
 Who starve upon a dog's-ear'd Pentateuch,
 The parson knows enough, who knows a duke.”
 Egregious purpose ! worthily begun
 In barb'rous prostitution of your son ;
 Press'd on *his* part by means, that would disgrace
 A scriv'ner's clerk, or footman out of place,
 And ending, if at last its end be gain'd,
 In sacrilege, in God's own house profan'd.
 It may succeed ; and if his sins should call
 For more than common punishment, it shall ;
 The wretch shall rise, and be the thing on Earth
 Least qualified in honour, learning, worth,
 To occupy a sacred, awful post,
 In which the best and worthiest tremble most.
 The *royal letters* are a thing of course,
 A king that would, might recommend his horse ;
 And deans, no doubt, and chapters, with one voice,
 As bound in duty, would confirm the choice.
 Behold your bishop ! well he plays his part,
 Christian in name, and infidel in heart,
 Ghostly in office, earthly in his plan,
 A slave at court, elsewhere a lady's man.

Dumb as a senator, and as a priest
 A piece of mere church-furniture at best ;
 To live estranged from God his total scope,
 And his end sure, without one glimpse of hope.
 But, fair although and feasible it seem,
 Depend not much upon your golden dream ;
 For Providence, that seems concern'd t' exempt
 The hallow'd bench from absolute contempt,
 In spite of all the wrigglers into place,
 Still keeps a seat or two for worth and grace ;
 And therefore 'tis, that, though the sight be rare,
 We sometimes see a Lowth or Bagot there.
 Besides, school-friendships are not always found,
 Though fair in promise, permanent and sound ;
 The most disint'rested and virtuous minds,
 In early years connected, time unbinds ;
 New situations give a different cast
 Of habit, inclination, temper, taste ;
 And he, that seem'd our counterpart at first,
 Soon shows the strong similitude revers'd.
 Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
 And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
 Boys are at best but pretty buds unblown,
 Whose scent and hues are rather guess'd than known ;
 Each dreams that each is just what he appears,
 But, learns his error in maturer years,
 When disposition, like a sail unfurl'd,
 Shows all its rents and patches to the world.
 If, therefore, e'en when honest in design,
 A boyish friendship may so soon decline,
 'Twere wiser sure t' inspire a little heart
 With just abhorrence of so mean a part,
 Than set your son to work at a vile trade
 For wages so unlikely to be paid.

Our public hives of puerile resort,
 That are of chief and most approv'd report,
 To such base hopes, in many a sordid soul,
 Owe their repute in part, but not the whole.

A principle, whose proud pretensions pass
Unquestion'd, though the jewel be but glass—
That with a world, not often over-nice,
Ranks as a virtue, and is yet a vice ;
Or rather a gross compound, justly tried,
Of envy, hatred, jealousy, and pride—
Contributes most perhaps t' enhance their fame ;
And emulation is its specious name.
Boys, once on fire with that contentious zeal,
Feel all the rage, that female rivals feel ;
The prize of beauty in a woman's eyes
Not brighter than in theirs the scholar's prize.
The spirit of that competition burns
With all varieties of ills by turns ;
Each vainly magnifies his own success,
Resents his fellow's, wishes it were less,
Exults in his miscarriage, if he fail,
Deems his reward too great, if he prevail,
And labours to surpass him day and night.
Less for improvement than to tickle spite.
The spur is pow'ful, and I grant its force ;
It pricks the genius forward in its course,
Allows short time for play, and none for sloth ;
And, felt alike by each, advances both ;
But judge, where so much evil intervenes,
The end, though plausible, not worth the means.
Weigh, for a moment, classical desert
Against a heart deprav'd and temper hurt ;
Hurt too, perhaps, for life ; for early wrong,
Done to the nobler part, affects it long ;
And you are staunch indeed in learning's cause,
If you can crown a discipline that draws
Such mischiefs after it, with much applause.
Connexion form'd for int'rest, and endear'd
By selfish views, thus censur'd and cashier'd ;
And emulation, as engend'ring hate,
Doom'd to a no less ignominious fate :

The props of such proud seminaries fall,
 The Jachin and the Boaz of them all.
 Great schools rejected then, as those that swell
 Beyond a size that can be manag'd well,
 Shall royal institutions miss the bays,
 And small academies win all the praise?
 Force not my drift beyond its just intent,
 I praise a school as Pope a government;
 So take my judgment in his language dress'd,
 "Whate'er is best administer'd is best."
 Few boys are born with talents that excel,
 But all are capable of living well;
 Then ask not, "Whether limited or large?"
 But, "Watch they strictly, or neglect their charge?"
 If anxious only, that their boys may *learn*,
 While *morals* languish, a despis'd concern,
 The great and small deserve one common blame,
 Diff'rent in size, but in effect the same.
 Much zeal in virtue's cause all teachers boast,
 Though motives of mere lucre sway the most;
 Therefore in towns and cities they abound,
 For there the game they seek is easiest found;
 Though there, in spite of all that care can do,
 Traps to catch youth are most abundant too.
 If shrewd, and of a well constructed brain,
 Keen in pursuit, and vig'rous to retain,
 Your son come forth a prodigy of skill;
 As wheresoever taught, so form'd, he will;
 The pedagogue, with self-complacent air,
 Claims more than half the praise as his due share,
 But if, with all his genius, he betray,
 Not more intelligent than loose and gay,
 Such vicious habits as disgrace his name,
 Threaten his health, his fortune, and his fame;
 Though want of due restraint alone have bred
 The symptoms that you see with so much dread;
 Inenvied there, he may sustain alone
 The whole reproach, the fault was all his own.

O, 'tis a sight to be with joy perus'd,
By all whom sentiment has not abus'd ;
New-fangled sentiment, the boasted grace
Of those who never feel in the right place ;
A sight surpass'd by none that we can show,
'Though Vestris on one leg still shine below ;
A father blest with an ingenuous son,
Father, and friend, and tutor, all in one.
How !—turn again to tales long since forgot,
Æsop, and Phædrus, and the rest ?—Why not ?
He will not blush, that has a father's heart,
To take in childish plays a childish part ;
But bends his sturdy back to any toy,
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy ;
Then why resign into a stranger's hand
A task as much within your own command,
That God and nature, and your int'rest too,
Seem with one voice to delegate to you ?
Why, hire a lodging in a house unknown
For one whose tend'rest thoughts all hover round
your own ?

This second weaning, needless as it is,
How does it lac'rate both your heart and his !
Th' indented stick, that loses day by day
Notch after notch, till all are smooth'd away,
Bears witness, long ere his dismissal come,
With what intense desire he wants his home.
But though the joys he hopes beneath your
roof

Bid fair enough to answer in the proof,
Harmless, and safe, and nat'ral, as they are,
A disappointment waits him even there :
Arriv'd, he feels an unexpected change,
He blushes, hangs his head, is shy and strange,
No longer takes, as once, with fearless ease,
His fav'rite stand between his father's knees,
But seeks the corner of some distant seat,
And eyes the door, and watches a retreat,

And, least familiar where he should be most,
Feels all his happiest privileges lost.
Alas, poor boy!—the natural effect
Of love by absence chill'd into respect.
Say, what accomplishments, at school acquir'd,
Brings he, to sweeten fruits so undesir'd?
Thou well deserv'st an alienated son,
Unless thy conscious heart acknowledge—none;
None that, in thy domestic, snug recess,
He had not made his own with more address,
Though some perhaps, that shock thy feeling mind,
And better never learn'd, or left behind.
Add too, that, thus estrang'd, thou canst obtain
By no kind arts his confidence again;
That here begins with most that long complaint
Of filial frankness lost, and love grown faint,
Which, oft neglected, in life's waning years
A parent pours into regardless ears.

Like caterpillars, dangling under trees
By slender threads, and swinging in the breeze,
Which filthily bewray and sore disgrace
The boughs in which are bred th' unseemly race;
While ev'ry worm industriously weaves
And winds his web about the rivell'd leaves;
So num'rous are the follies, that annoy
The mind and heart of ev'ry sprightly boy;
Imaginations noxious and perverse,
Which admonition can alone disperse.
Th' encroaching nuisance asks a faithful hand,
Patient, affectionate, of high command,
To check the procreation of a breed
Sure to exhaust the plant on which they feed.
'Tis not enough, that Greek or Roman page,
At stated hours, his freakish thoughts engage;
E'en in his pastimes he requires a friend,
To warn, and teach him safely to unbend;
O'er all his pleasures gently to preside,
Watch his emotions, and control their tide;

TIROCINIUM ; OR, A

levying thus, and with an easy sway,
 Of profit from his very play,
 Impress a value, not to be eras'd,
 Moments squander'd else, and running all to waste
 And seems it nothing in a father's eye,
 That unimprov'd those many moments fly ?
 And is he well content his son should find
 No nourishment to feed his growing mind
 But conjugated verbs, and nouns declin'd ?
 For such is all the mental food purvey'd
 By public hackneys in the schooling trade ;
 Who feed a pupil's intellect with store
 Of syntax, truly, but with little more ;
 Dismiss their cares when they dismiss their flock,
 Machines themselves, and govern'd by a clock.
 Perhaps a father, blest with any brains,
 Would deem it no abuse, or waste of pains,
 T' improve this diet, at no great expense,
 With sav'ry truth, and wholesome common sense ;
 To lead his son, for prospects of delight,
 To some not steep, though philosophic, height,
 Thence to exhibit to his wond'ring eyes
 Yon circling worlds, their distance, and their size
 The moons of Jove, and Saturn's belted ball,
 And the harmonious order of them all ;
 To shew him in an insect, or a flow'r,
 Such microscopic proof of skill and pow'r,
 As, hid from ages past, God now displays,
 To combat atheists with in modern days ;
 To spread the earth before him, and commend
 With designation of the finger's end,
 Its various parts to his attentive note,
 Thus bringing home to him the most remote :
 To teach his heart to glow with gen'rous flame
 Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame
 And, more than all, with commendation due
 To set some living worthy in his view,

Whose fair example may at once inspire
 A wish to copy what he must admire.
 Such knowledge gain'd betimes, and which appears,
 Though solid, not too weighty for his years,
 Sweet in itself, and not forbidding sport,
 When health demands it, of athletic sort,
 Would make him—what some lovely boys have been,
 And more than one perhaps, that I have seen—
 An evidence and reprehension both
 Of the mere school-boy's lean and tardy growth.

Art thou a man professionally tied,
 With all thy faculties elsewhere applied,
 Too busy to attend a meaner care,
 Than how t' enrich thyself, and next thine heir;
 Or art thou (as though rich, perhaps thou art)
 But poor in knowledge, having none t' impart:—
 Behold that figure, neat, though plainly clad;
 His sprightly mingled with a shade of sad;
 Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then
 Heard to articulate like other men;
 No jester, and yet lively in discourse,
 His phrase well chosen, clear, and full of force;
 And his address, if not quite French in ease,
 Not English stiff, but frank, and form'd to please;
 Low in the world, because he scorns its arts;
 A man of letters, manners, morals, parts;
 Unpatroniz'd, and therefore little known;
 Wise for himself, and his few friends alone—
 In him thy well-appointed proxy see,
 Arm'd for a work too difficult for thee;
 Prepar'd by taste, by learning, and true worth,
 To form thy son, to strike his genius forth;
 Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove
 The force of discipline, when back'd by love;
 To double all thy pleasure in thy child,
 His mind inform'd, his morals undefil'd.
 Safe under such a wing, the boy shall show
 No spots contracted among grooms below,

Nor taint his speech with meannesses design'd
 By footman Tom for witty and refin'd.
 There, in his commerce with the liv'ried herd,
 Lurks the contagion chiefly to be fear'd ;
 For since (so fashion dictates) all, who claim
 A higher than a mere plebeian fame,
 Find it expedient, come what mischief may,
 To entertain a thief or two in pay
 (And they that can afford th' expense of more,
 Some half a dozen, and some half a score),
 Great cause occurs, to save him from a band
 So sure to spoil him, and so near at hand ;
 A point secured, if once he be supplied
 With some such Mentor always at his side.
 Are such men rare ? perhaps they would abound,
 Were occupation easier to be found,
 Were education, else so sure to fail,
 Conducted on a manageable scale,
 And schools, that have outliv'd all just esteem,
 Exchang'd for the secure, domestic scheme.—
 But, having found him, be thou duke or earl,
 Show thou hast sense enough to prize the pearl,
 And, as thou wouldst th' advancement of the
 heir

In all good faculties beneath thy care,
 Respect, as is but rational and just,
 A man deem'd worthy of so dear a trust.
 Despis'd by thee, what more can he expect
 From youthful folly than the same neglect :
 A flat and fatal negative obtains
 That instant upon all his future pains ;
 His lessons tire, his mild rebukes offend,
 And all th' instructions of thy son's best friend
 Are a stream chok'd, or trickling to no end.
 Doom him not then to solitary meals ;
 But recollect that he has sense and feels ;
 And that possessor of a soul refin'd,
 An upright heart, and cultivated mind.

His post not mean, his talents not unknown,
 He deems it hard to vegetate alone.
 And, if admitted at thy board he sit,
 Account him no just mark for idle wit;
 Offend not him, whom modesty restrains,
 From repartee, with jokes that he disdains;
 Much less transfix his feelings with an oath;
 Nor frown, unless he vanish with the cloth.—
 And, trust me, his utility may reach
 To more than he is hir'd or bound to teach;
 Much trash unmutter'd, and some ills undone,
 Through rev'rence of the censor of thy son.

But, if thy table be indeed unclean,
 Foul with excess, and with discourse obscene,
 And thou a wretch, whom, foll'wing her old plan,
 The world accounts an honourable man,
 Because forsooth thy courage has been tried,
 And stood the test, perhaps, on the wrong side;
 Though thou hadst never grace enough to prove
 That any thing but vice could win thy love;—
 Or hast thou a polite, card-playing wife,
 Chain'd to the routs that she frequents for life;
 Who, just when industry begins to snore,
 Flies, wing'd with joy, to some coach-crowded door;
 And thrice in ev'ry winter throngs thine own
 With half the chariots and sedans in town,
 Thyself meanwhile e'en shifting as thou may'st;
 Not very sober though, nor very chaste;
 Or is thine house, though less superb thy rank,
 If not a scene of pleasure, a mere blank,
 And thou at best, and in thy sob'rest mood,
 A trifler vain, and empty of all good;
 Though mercy for thyself thou canst have none,
 Hear nature plead, show mercy to thy son.
 Sav'd from his home, where ev'ry day brings forth
 Some mischief fatal to his future worth,
 Find him a better in a distant spot,
 Within *some pious pastor's humble cot,*

Where vile example (yours I chiefly mean,
The most seducing, and the oft'nest seen)
May never more be stamp'd upon his breast,
Not yet, perhaps, incurably impress'd.
Where early rest makes early rising sure,
Disease it comes not, or finds easy cure,
Prevented much by diet neat and plain ;
Or, if it enter, soon starv'd out again :
Where all th' attention of his faithful host,
Discreetly limited to two at most,
May raise such fruits as shall reward his care,
And not at last evaporate in air :
Where, stillness aiding study, and his mind
Serene, and to his duties much inclin'd,
Not occupied in day-dreams, as at home,
Of pleasures past, or follies yet to come,
His virtuous toil may terminate at last
In settled habit and decided taste.—
But whom do I advise ? the fashion-led,
Th' incorrigibly young, the deaf, the dead,
Whom care and cool deliberation suit
Not better much than spectacles a brute ;
Who, if their sons some slight tuition share,
Deem it of no great moment whose, or where ;
Too proud t' adopt the thoughts of one unknown,
And much too gay t' have any of their own.
But courage, man ! methought the muse replied,
Mankind are various, and the world is wide :
The ostrich, silliest of the feather'd kind,
And form'd of God without a parent's mind,
Commits her eggs incautious to the dust,
Forgetful that the foot may crush the trust ;
And, while on public nurs'ries they rely,
Not knowing, and too oft not caring, why,
Irrational in what they thus prefer
No few, that would seem wise, resemble her.
But all are not alike. Thy warning voice
May here and there prevent erroneous choice ;

And some, perhaps, who, busy as they are,
 Yet make their progeny their dearest care
 (Whose hearts will ache, once told what ills may
 reach

Their offspring, left upon so wild a beach),
 Will need no stress of argument t' enforce
 Th' expedience of a less advent'rous course:
 The rest will slight thy counsel, or condemn;
 But *they* have human feelings, turn to *them*.
 ✓ To you then, tenants of life's middle state,
 Securely plac'd between the small and great,
 Whose character, yet undebauch'd, retains
 Two-thirds of all the virtue that remains,
 Who, wise yourselves, desire your son should learn
 Your wisdom and your ways—to you I turn.
 Look round you on a world perversely blind;
 See what contempt is fall'n on humankind;
 See wealth abus'd, and dignities misplac'd,
 Great titles, offices, and trusts disgrac'd,
 Long lines of ancestry, renown'd of old,
 Their noble qualities all quench'd and cold;
 See Bedlam's closetted and hand-cuff'd charge
 Surpass'd in frenzy by the mad at large;
 See great commanders making war a trade,
 Great lawyers, lawyers without study made;
 Churchmen, in whose esteem their best employ
 Is odious, and their wages all their joy,
 Who, far enough from furnishing their shelves
 With Gospel lore, turn infidels themselves;
 See womanhood despis'd, and manhood sham'd
 With infamy too nauseous to be nam'd,
 Fops at all corners, ladylike in mien,
 Civeted fellows, smelt ere they are seen,
 Else coarse and rude in manners, and their tongue
 Now flush'd with drunk'ness, now with whoredom
 pale,

On fire with curses, and with nonsense hung,
 Their breath a sample of last night's regale;

See volunteers in all the vilest arts,
Men well endow'd, of honourable parts,
Design'd by Nature wise, but self-made fools;
All these, and more like these, were bred at schools;
And if by chance, as sometimes chance it will,
That though school-bred, the boy be virtuous still;
Such rare exceptions, shining in the dark,
Prove, rather than impeach, the just remark:
As here and there a twinkling star descried
Serves but to show how black is all beside.
Now look on him, whose very voice in tone
Just echoes thine, whose features are thine own,
And stroke his polish'd cheek of purest red,
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,
And say, "My boy, th' unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,
Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,
And trust for safety to a stranger's care;
What character, what turn thou wilt assume
From constant converse with I know not whom:
Who there will court thy friendship, with what views,
And, artless as thou art, whom thou wilt choose;
Though much depends on what thy choice shall be,
Is all chance-medley, and unknown to me."
Canst thou, the tear just trembling on thy lids,
And while the dreadful risk foreseen forbids,
Free too, and under no constraining force,
Unless the sway of custom warp thy course;
Lay such a stake upon the losing side,
Merely to gratify so blind a guide?
Thou canst not! Nature, pulling at thine heart,
Condemns th' unfatherly, th' imprudent part.
Thou wouldst not, deaf to Nature's tend'rest plea,
Turn him adrift upon a rolling sea,
Nor say, *Go thither*, conscious that there lay
A brood of asps, or quicksands in his way;
Then, only govern'd by the self-same rule
Of nat'ral pity, send him not to school.

No—guard him better. Is he not thine own,
 Thyself in miniature, thy flesh, thy bone?
 And hop'st thou not ('tis ev'ry father's hope)
 That, since thy strength must with thy years elope,
 And thou wilt need some comfort, to assuage
 Health's last farewell, a staff of thine old age,
 That then, in recompense of all thy cares,
 Thy child shall show respect to thy gray hairs,
 Befriend thee, of all other friends bereft,
 And give thy life its only cordial left?
 Aware then how much danger intervenes,
 To compass that good end, forecast the means.
 His heart, now passive, yields to thy command:
 Secure it thine, its key is in thine hand.
 If thou desert thy charge, and throw it wide,
 Nor heed what guests there enter and abide,
 Complain not if attachments lewd and base
 Supplant thee in it, and usurp thy place,
 But, if thou guard its secret chambers sure
 From vicious inmates, and delights impure,
 Either his gratitude shall hold him fast,
 And keep him warm and filial to the last;
 Or, if he prove unkind (as who can say
 But, being man, and therefore frail, he may?)
 One comfort yet shall cheer thine aged heart,
 Howe'er he slight thee, thou hast done thy part.
 "Oh, barb'rous! wouldst thou with a Gothic hand
 Pull down the schools—what!—all the schools i' th'
 land;
 Or throw them up to liv'ry-nags and grooms,
 Or turn them into shops and auction-rooms?"—
 A captious question, sir, (and yours is one),
 Deserves an answer similar, or none.
 Wouldst thou, possessor of a flock, employ
 (Appris'd that he is such) a careless boy,
 And feed him well, and give him handsome pay,
 Merely to sleep, and let them run astray?

Survey our schools and colleges, and see
 A sight not much unlike my simile.
 From education, as the leading cause,
 The public character its colour draws;
 Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,
 Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste.
 And though I would not advertise them yet,
 Nor write on each—*This building to be let,*
 Unless the world were all prepar'd t' embrace
 A plan well worthy to supply their place;
 Yet, backward as they are, and long have been,
 To cultivate and keep the *morals* clean,
 (Forgive the crime) I wish them, I confess,
 Or better manag'd, or encourag'd less.

✓

THE
YEARLY DISTRESS ;

OR, TITHING TIME AT STOCK, IN ESSEX.

verses addressed to a country Clergyman complaining of the disagreeableness of the day annually appointed for receiving the dues at the parsonage.

COME, ponder well, for 'tis no jest,
To laugh it would be wrong,
The troubles of a worthy priest,
The burden of my song.

This priest he merry is and blithe
Three quarters of a year,
But, oh ! it cuts him like a scythe,
When tithing time draws near.

He then is full of fright and fears,
As one at point to die,
And long before the day appears
He heaves up many a sigh.

For then the farmers come jog, jog,
Along the miry road,
Each heart as heavy as a log,
To make their payments good.

In sooth, the sorrow of such days
Is not to be express'd,
When he that takes and he that pays
Are both alike distress'd.

Now all unwelcome at his gates
The clumsy swains alight,
With rueful faces and bald pates—
He trembles at the sight.

And well he may, for well he knows
Each bumpkin of the clan,
Instead of paying what he owes,
Will cheat him if he can.

So in they come—each makes his leg,
 And flings his head before,
 And looks as if he came to beg,
 And not to quit a score.

“ And how does miss and madam do,
 The little boy and all ? ”

“ All tight and well. And how do you,
 Good Mr. What-d’ye-call ? ”

The dinner comes, and down they sit :
 Were e’er such hungry folk ?
 There’s little talking, and no wit ;
 It is no time to joke.

One wipes his nose upon his sleeve,
 One spits upon the floor,
 Yet, not to give offence or grieve,
 Holds up the cloth before.

The punch goes round, and they are dull
 And lumpish still as ever ;
 Like barrels with their bellies full,
 They only weigh the heavier.

At length the busy time begins,
 “ Come, neighbours, we must wag ”—
 The money chinks, down drop their chins,
 Each lugging out his bag.

One talks of mildew and of frost,
 And one of storms of hail,
 And one of pigs, that he has lost
 By maggots at the tail.

Quoth one, “ A rarer man than you
 In pulpit none shall hear :
 But yet, methinks, to tell you true,
 You sell it plaguy dear. ”

O, why are farmers made so coarse,
 Or clergy made so fine ?

A kick, that scarce would move a horse,
 May kill a sound divine.

Then let the boobies stay at home ;
 'Twould cost him, I dare say,
 Less trouble taking twice the sum,
 Without the clowns that pay.

SONNET

ADDRESSED TO HENRY COWPER, ESQ.

On his emphatical and interesting delivery of the Defence of Warren Hastings, Esq. in the House of Lords.

COWPER, whose silver voice, task'd sometimes hard,
 Legends prolix delivers in the ears
 (Attentive when thou read'st) of England's peers,
 Yet verse at length yield thee thy just reward.
 Thou wast not heard with drowsy disregard,
 Expending late on all that length of plea
 Thy gen'rous pow'rs ; but silence honour'd thee,
 Mute as e'er gaz'd on orator or bard.
 Thou art not voice alone, but hast beside
 Both heart and head ; and couldst with music sweet
 Of Attic phrase and senatorial tone,
 Like thy renown'd forefathers, far and wide
 Thy fame diffuse, prais'd not for utt'rance meet
 Of *others'* speech, but magic of *thy own*.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO DR. DARWIN,

Author of " The Botanic Garden."

Two Poets* (poets, by report,
 Not oft so well agree),
 Sweet Harmonist of Flora's court !
 Conspire to honour 'I hee.
 They best can judge a poet's worth,
 Who oft themselves have known
 The pangs of a poetic birth
 By labours of their own.

Alluding to the poem by Mr. Hayley, which accompanied these lines.

We, therefore, pleas'd extol thy song,
 Though various yet complete,
 Rich in embellishment as strong,
 And learned as 'tis sweet.

No envy mingles with our praise,
 Though, could our hearts repine
 At any poet's happier lays,
 They would—they must at thine.

But we, in mutual bondage knit
 Of friendship's closest tie,
 Can gaze on even Darwin's wit
 With an unjaundic'd eye ;
 And deem the Bard, whoe'er he be,
 And howsoever known,
 Who would not twine a wreath for Thee,
 Unworthy of his own.

ON

MRS. MONTAGU'S FEATHER-HANGING

THE birds put off their ev'ry hue,
 To dress a room for Montagu.

The Peacock sends his heav'nly dyes,
 His *rainbows* and his *starry eyes* ;
 The Pheasant-plumes, which round infold
 His mantling neck with downy gold ;
 The Cock his arch'd tail's azure show ;
 And, river-blanch'd, the Swan his snow.
 All tribes beside of Indian name,
 That glossy shine, or vivid flame,
 Where rises, and where sets the day,
 Whate'er they boast of rich and gay,
 Contribute to the gorgeous plan,
 Proud to advance it all they can.
 This plumage neither dashing show'r,
 Nor blasts, that shake the dripping bow'r,
Shall drench again or discompose,
But, screen'd from ev'ry storm that blows,

It boasts a splendour ever new,
Safe with protecting Montagu.

To the same patroness resort,
Secure of favour at her court,
Strong Genius, from whose forge of thought
Forms rise, to quick perfection wrought,
Which, though new born, with vigour move,
Like Pallas springing arm'd from Jove—
Imagination scatt'ring round
Wild roses over furrow'd ground,
Which Labour of his frown beguile,
And teach Philosophy a smile—
Wit flashing on Religion's side,
Whose fires, to sacred Truth applied,
The gem, though luminous before,
Obtrude on human notice more,
Like sunbeams on the golden height
Of some tall temple playing bright—
Well-tutor'd Learning, from his books
Dismiss'd with grave, not haughty, looks,
Their order on his shelves exact,
Not more harmonious or compact
Than that, to which he keeps confin'd
The various treasures of his mind—
All these to Montagu's repair,
Ambitious of a shelter there.
There Genius, Learning, Fancy, Wit,
Their ruffled plumage calm refit,
(For stormy troubles loudest roar
Around their flight who highest soar)
And in her eye, and by her aid,
Shine safe without a fear to fade.

She thus maintains divided sway
With yon bright regent of the day ;
The plume and poet both, we know,
Their lustre to his influence owe ;
And she the works of Phoebus aiding,
Both poet saves and plume from fading.

VERSES

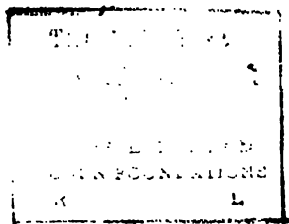
Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O, Solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts, that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me,
 Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,
 O, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.





Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial, endearing, report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O, tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.
 How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But, alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.
 But, the seafowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

ON THE PROMOTION OF
 EDWARD THURLOW, Esq.
 TO THE
 LORD HIGH CHANCELLORSHIP OF ENGLAND.

Round Thurlow's head in early youth,
 And in his sportive days,
 Fair Science pour'd the light of truth,
 And Genius shed his rays.

"See!" with united wonder cried
 Th' experienc'd and the sage,
 "Ambition in a boy supplied
 With all the skill of age!
 "Discernment, eloquence, and grace
 Proclaim him born to sway
 The balance in the highest place,
 And bear the palm away."
 The praise bestow'd was just and wise;
 He sprang impetuous forth
 Secure of conquest, where the prize
 Attends superior worth.
 So the best courser on the plain
 Ere yet he starts is known,
 And does but at the goal obtain
 What all had deem'd his own.

ODE TO PEACE.

COME, Peace of mind, delightful guest!
 Return, and make thy downy nest
 Once more in this sad heart:
 Nor riches I nor pow'r pursue,
 Nor hold forbidden joys in view;
 We, therefore, need not part.
 Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
 From av'rice and ambition free,
 And pleasure's fatal wiles?
 For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
 The sweets, that I was wont to share,
 The banquet of thy smiles?
 The great, the gay, shall they partake
 The heav'n that thou alone canst make?
 And wilt thou quit the stream,
 That murmurs through the dewy mead,
 The grove and the sequester'd shed,
 To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
 For thee I gladly sacrific'd
 Whate'er I lov'd before :
 And shall I see thee start away,
 And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
 "Farewell ! we meet no more !"

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man ;
 The purpose of to-day,
 Woven with pains into his plan,
 To-morrow rends away.
 The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
 Vice seems already slain ;
 But Passion rudely snaps the string,
 And it revives again.
 Some foe to his upright intent
 Finds out his weaker part ;
 Virtue engages his assent,
 But Pleasure wins his heart.
 'Tis here the folly of the wise
 Through all his heart we view ;
 And, while his tongue the charge denies,
 His conscience owns it true.
 Bound on a voyage of awful length
 And dangers little known,
 A stranger to superior strength,
 Man vainly trusts his own.
 But oars alone can ne'er prevail,
 To reach the distant coast !
 The breath of Heav'n must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost.

THE MODERN PATRIOT.

REBELLION is my theme all day ;
 I only wish 'twould come
 (As who knows but perhaps it may ?)
 A little nearer home.

Yon roaring boys who rave and fight
 On t'other side th' Atlantic,
 I always held them in the right,
 But more so when most frantic.

When lawless mobs insult the court,
 That man shall be my toast,
 If breaking windows be the sport,
 Who bravely breaks the most.

But, O ! for him my fancy culls
 'The choicest flow'rs she bears,
 Who constitutionally pulls
 Your house about your ears.

Such civil broils are my delight,
 Though some folks can't endure them,
 Who say the mob are mad outright,
 And that a rope must cure them.

A rope ! I wish we patriots had
 Such strings for all who need 'em—
 What ! hang a man for going mad !
 Then, farewell British freedom.

ON OBSERVING SOME NAMES OF LITTLE NOTE

RECORDED IN THE BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA.

*Oh, fond attempt to give a deathless lot
 To names ignoble, born to be forgot !*

In vain, recorded in historic page,
 They court the notice of a future age :
 Those twinkling, tiny lustres of the land
 Drop one by one from Fame's neglecting hand ;
 Lethæan gulfs receive them as they fall,
 And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.

So when a child, as playful children use,
 Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,
 The flame extinct, he views the roving fire—
 'There goes my lady, and there goes the squire,
 There goes the parson, oh, illustrious spark !
 And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk !

REPORT

OF AN ADJUDGED CASE, NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY
 OF THE BOOKS.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.
 So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning ;
 While chief baron Ear, sat to balance the laws,
 So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.
 " In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
 And your lordship," he said, " will undoubtedly
 find,
 That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
 Which amounts to possession time out of mind."
 Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
 " Your lordship observes they are made with a
 straddle,
 As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short,
 Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

“ Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
 (“Tis a case that has happen’d, and may be again)
 That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
 Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles
 then?

“ On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
 With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
 That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.”

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes :
 But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—

“ That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
 By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut !”

ON THE BURNING OF LORD MANSFIELD'S LIBRARY,

TOGETHER WITH HIS MSS.,

By the Mob, in the month of June, 1780.

So then—the Vandals of our isle,
 Sworn foes to sense and law,
 Have burnt to dust a nobler pile
 Than ever Roman saw !

And MURRAY sighs o'er Pope and Swift,
 And many a treasure more,
 The well-judg'd purchase, and the gift,
 That grac'd his letter'd store.

Their pages mangled, burnt and torn,
 The loss was *his alone* ;
 But ages yet to come shall mourn !
 The burning of *his own*.

ON THE SAME.

WHEN wit and genius meet their doom
 In all-devouring flame,
 They tell us of the fate of Rome,
 And bid us fear the same.

O'er MURRAY's loss the Muses wept,
 They felt the rude alarm,
 Yet bless'd the guardian care that kept
 His sacred head from harm.

There Mem'ry, like the bee, that's fed
 From Flora's balmy store,
 The quintessence of all he read
 Had treasur'd up before.

The lawless herd, with fury blind,
 Have done him cruel wrong;
 The flow'rs are gone—but still we find
 The honey on his tongue.*

THE LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED ;

OR, HYPOCRISY DETECTED.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk,
 " Good Mussulman, abstain from pork ;
 There is a part in ev'ry swine
 No friend or follower of mine
 May taste, whate'er his inclination,
 On pain of excommunication."
 Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
 And thus he left the point at large.
 Had he the sinful part express'd,
 They might with safety eat the rest ;
 But for one piece they thought it hard
 From the whole hog to be debarr'd ;

* Lord Mansfield bore the loss of his library with great calmness, and once, in the House of Lords, made the following pathetic allusion to it, when giving his opinion on a legal question; " I speak not of my books, for books I have none."—Ed.

And set their wit at work to find
 What joint the prophet had in mind.
 Much controversy straight arose,
 These choose the back, the belly those :
 By some 'tis confidently said,
 He meant not to forbid the head ;
 While others at that doctrine rail,
 And piously prefer the tail.
 Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
 Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well—The tale applied
 May make you laugh on t'other side.
 " Renounce the world"—the preacher cries.
 " We do"—a multitude replies.
 While one as innocent regards
 A snug and friendly game at cards ;
 And one, whatever you may say,
 Can see no evil in a play ;
 Some love a concert, or a race ;
 And others shooting, and the chase.
 Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
 Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallow'd ;
 Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
 Yet likes a slice as well as he ;
 With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
 Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

ON THE DEATH

OF MRS. (NOW LADY) THROCKMORTON'S
 BULFINCH.

YE nymphs ! if e'er your eyes were red
 With tears o'er hapless fav'rites shed,
 O, share Maria's grief !
 Her fav'rite, even in his cage,
 (What will not hunger's cruel rage ?)
 Assassin'd by a thief.

Where Rhénus strays his vines among,
 The egg was laid from which he sprung;
 And, though by nature mute,
 Or only with a whistle blest,
 Well-taught he all the sounds express'd
 Of flagelet or flute.

The honours of his ebon poll
 Were brighter than the sleekest mole;
 His bosom of the hue
 With which Aurora decks the skies,
 When piping winds shall soon arise,
 To sweep away the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,
 Dire foe alike of bird and mouse,
 No cat had leave to dwell;
 And Bully's cage supported stood
 On props of smoothest-shaven wood,
 Large-built, and lattic'd well.

Well-latticed—but the grate, alas!
 Not rough with wire of steel or brass,
 For Bully's plumage sake,
 But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,
 With which, when neatly peel'd and dried,
 The swains their baskets make.

Night veil'd the pole, all seem'd secure:
 When led by instinct sharp and sure,
 Subsistence to provide,
 A beast forth sallied on the scout,
 Long-back'd, long-tail'd, with whisker'd snout,
 And badger-colour'd hide.

He, ent'ring at the study door,
 Its ample area 'gan explore;
 And something in the wind
 Conjectur'd, sniffing round and round,
 Better than all the books he found,
 Food chiefly for the mind.

Just then, by adverse fate impress'd,
 A dream disturb'd poor Bully's rest;
 In sleep he seem'd to view
 A rat fast clinging to the cage,
 And, screaming at the sad presage,
 Awoke and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and scent,
 Right to his mark the monster went—
 Ah, muse! forbear to speak
 Minute the horrors that ensued;
 His teeth were strong, the cage was wood—
 He left poor Bully's beak.

O, had he made that too his prey;
 That beak, whence issued many a lay
 Of such mellifluous tone,
 Might have repaid him well, I wot,
 For silencing so sweet a throat,
 Fast stuck within his own.

Maria weeps—the Muses mourn—
 So when, by Bacchanalians torn,
 On Thracian Hebrus' side
 The tree-enchanted Orpheus fell,
 His head alone remained to tell
 The cruel death he died.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
 Which Mary to Anna conveyed,
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
 And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

stily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
 'or a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
 I swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
 snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

nd such" I exclaim'd, "is the pitiless part
 ome act by the delicate mind,
 rardless of wringing and breaking a heart
 ready to sorrow resign'd.

his elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
 ight have bloom'd with its owner awhile ;
 I the tear, that is wip'd with a little address,
 ay be follow'd, perhaps, by a smile."

THE DOVES.

REAS'NING at ev'ry step he treads,
 Man yet mistakes his way,
 While meaner things, whom instinct leads,
 Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wander'd late,
 And heard the voice of love ;
 The turtle thus address'd her mate,
 And sooth'd the list'ning dove :

" Our mutual bond of faith and truth
 No time shall disengage,
 Those blessings of our early youth
 Shall cheer our latest age.

" While innocence without disguise,
 And constancy sincere,
 Shall fill the circles of those eyes,
 And mine can read them there ;

" Those ills that wait on all below,
 Shall ne'er be felt by me,
 Or gently felt, and only so,
 As being shar'd with thee.

“ When light’nings flash among the trees,
 Or kites are hov’ring near,
 I fear lest thee alone they seize,
 And know no other fear.

“ ’Tis then I feel myself a wife,
 And press thy wedded side,
 Resolv’d an union form’d for life
 Death never shall divide.

“ But, oh ! if fickle and unchaste,
 (Forgive a transient thought)
 Thou could become unkind at last,
 And scorn thy present lot.

“ No need of lightnings from on high,
 Or kites with cruel beak ;
 Denied th’ endearments of thine eye,
 This widow’d heart would break.”

Thus sang the sweet sequester’d bird,
 Soft as the passing wind ;
 And I recorded what I heard,
 A lesson for mankind.

A FABLE.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast
 Her new-laid eggs she fondly press’d,
 And, on her wickerwork high mounted,
 Her chickens prematurely counted,
 (A fault philosophers might blame
 If quite exempted from the same),
 Enjoyed at ease the genial day ;
 ’Twas April, as the bumpkins say,
 The legislature call’d it May.
 But, suddenly a wind as high,
 As ever swept a winter sky,
 Shook the young leaves about her ears,
 And fill’d her with a thousand fears,

Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
 And spread her golden hopes below.
 But just at eve the blowing weather
 And all her fears were hush'd together.
 "And now," quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
 "'Tis over and the brood is safe ;"
 (For ravens, though as birds of omen
 They teach both conj'ers and old women,
 To tell us what is to befall,
 Can't prophesy themselves at all.)
 The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
 Who long had mark'd her airy lodge
 And destin'd all the treasure there
 A gift to his expecting fair,
 Climb'd like a squirrel to his spray,
 And bore the worthless prize away.

MORAL.

'Tis Providence alone secures
 In ev'ry change both mine and yours :
 Safety consists not in escape
 From dangers of a frightful shape :
 An earthquake may be bid to spare
 The man, that's strangled by a hair.
 Fate steals along with silent tread,
 Found oft'nest in what least we dread ;
 Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
 But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

A COMPARISON.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream ;
 The silent pace, with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, no pray'rs persuade to stay ;
 Like irrevocable both when past,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.

Though each resemble each in ev'ry part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing bard
 Streams never flow in vain ; where streams
 How laughs the land with various plenty
 But time, that should enrich the nobler mind
 Neglected leaves a weary waste behind.

ANOTHER.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
 Silent and chaste she steals along,
 Far from the world's gay busy throng ;
 With gentle yet prevailing force,
 Intent upon her destin'd course ;
 Graceful and useful all she does,
 Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
 Pure-bosom'd as that wat'ry glass,
 And heav'n reflected in her face.

THE POET'S NEW-YEAR'S GREETING

TO MRS. (NOW LADY) THROCKMORTON.

MARIA ! I have ev'ry good
 For thee wish'd many a time,
 Both sad, and in a cheerful mood,
 But never yet in rhyme.
 To wish thee fairer is no need,
 More prudent, or more sprightly,
 Or more ingenious, or more freed
 From temper-flaws unsightly.
 What favour then not yet possess'd,
 Can I for thee require,
 In wedded love already blest,
 To thy whole heart's desire ?

None here is happy but in part :
 Full bliss is bliss divine ;
 There dwells some wish in ev'ry heart,
 And doubtless one in thine.
 That wish, on some fair future day,
 Which Fate shall brightly gild,
 ('Tis blameless, be it what it may)
 I wish it all fulfill'd.

ODE TO APOLLO.

ON AN INK GLASS ALMOST DRIED IN THE SUN.

PATRON of all those luckless brains,
 That, to the wrong side leaning,
 Indite much metre with much pains,
 And little or no meaning :
 Ah why, since oceans, rivers, streams,
 That water all the nations,
 Pay tribute to thy glorious beams,
 In constant exhalations.
 Why, stooping from the noon of day,
 Too covetous of drink,
 Apollo, hast thou stol'n away
 A poet's drop of ink ?
 Upborne into the viewless air
 It floats a vapour now,
 Impell'd through regions dense and rare,
 By all the winds that blow.
 Ordain'd perhaps ere summer flies,
 Combin'd with millions' more,
 To form an Iris in the skies,
 Though black and foul before.
 Illustrious drop! and happy then
 Beyond the happiest lot,
 Of all that ever pass'd my pen,
 So soon to be forgot !

Phœbus, if such be thy design,
 To place it in thy bow,
 Give wit, that what is left may shine
 With equal grace below.

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED.

A FABLE.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau*
 If birds confabulate or no ;
 'Tis clear, that they were always able
 To hold discourse, at least in fable ;
 And e'en the child, who knows no better
 Than to interpret by the letter,
 A story of a cock and bull,
 Must have a most uncommon skull.

It chanc'd then on a winter's day,
 But warm, and bright, and calm as May,
 The birds, conceiving a design
 To forestal sweet St. Valentine,
 In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
 Assembled on affairs of love,
 And with much twitter and much chatter,
 Began to agitate the matter.
 At length a Bulfinch, who could boast
 More years and wisdom than the most,
 Entreated, op'ning wide his beak,
 A moment's liberty to speak ;
 And, silence publicly enjoin'd,
 Deliver'd briefly thus his mind :

“ My friends ! be cautious how ye treat
 The subject upon which we meet ;
 I fear we shall have winter yet.”

* It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence his senses ?

A Finch, whose tongue knew no control,
 With golden wing, and satin poll,
 A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
 What marriage means, thus pert replied :

" Methinks the gentleman," quoth she,
 " Opposite in the apple-tree,
 By his good-will would keep us single
 Till yonder heav'n and earth shall mingle,
 Or, (which is likelier to befall)
 Till death exterminate us all.

I marry without more ado,
 My dear Dick Redcap, what say you ?"

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
 Turning short round, strutting and sideling,
 Attested, glad, his approbation
 Of an immediate conjugation.

Their sentiments so well express'd
 Influenc'd mightily the rest,
 All pair'd; and each pair built a nest.

But though the birds were thus in haste,
 The leaves came on not quite so fast,
 And Destiny, that sometimes bears
 An aspect stern on man's affairs,
 Not altogether smil'd on theirs.
 The wind, of late breath'd gently forth,
 Now shifted east, and east by north ;
 Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know.
 Could shelter them from rain or snow,
 Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
 Themselves were chill'd, their eggs were addled ;
 Soon ev'ry father, bird, and mother
 Grew quarrelsome, and peck'd each other,
 Parted without the least regret,
 Except that they had ever met,
 And learn'd in future to be wiser,
 Than to neglect a good adviser.

MORAL.

Misses! the tale that I relate
 This lesson seems to carry—
 Choose not alone a proper mate,
 But proper time to marry.

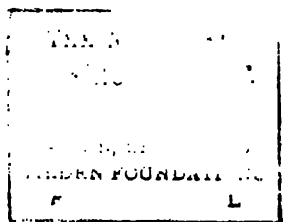
THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

NO FABLE.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
 Swept Ouse's silent tide,
 When, 'scap'd from literary cares,
 I wander'd on his side.
 My spaniel, prettiest of the race,
 And high in pedigree,
 (Two nymphs,* adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 That spaniel found for me)
 Now wanton'd lost in flags and reeds,
 Now starting into sight,
 Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
 With scarce a slower flight.
 It was the time when Ouse display'd
 His lilies newly blown,
 Their beauties I intent survey'd,
 And one I wish'd my own.
 With cane extended far I sought
 To steer it close to land;
 But still the prize, though nearly caught,
 Escap'd my eager hand.
Beau mark'd my unsuccessful pains
 With fixed, consid'rate face,
 And puzzling set his puppy brains
 To comprehend the case.

[* Sir Robert Gunning's daughters.





But with a cherup clear and strong,
 Dispersing all his dream,
 I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
 The winding of the stream.

My ramble ended, I return'd;
Beau, trotting far before,
 The floating wreath again discern'd,
 And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropp'd
 Impatient swim to meet
 My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
 The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, "the world," I cried,
 "Shall hear of this thy deed:
 My dog shall mortify the pride
 Of man's superior breed:

"But chief myself I will enjoin,
 Awake at duty's call,
 To show a love as prompt as thine
 To Him, who gives me all."

THE POET, THE OYSTER, AND THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

AN oyster, cast upon the shore,
 Was heard, though never heard before,
 Complaining in a speech well worded—
 And worthy thus to be recorded:—

"Ah, hapless wretch! condemn'd to dwell
 For ever in my native shell;
 Ordain'd to move when others please,
 Not for my own content or ease;
 But toss'd and buffeted about,
 Now *in* the water and now *out*.
 'Twere better to be born a stone,
 Of ruder shape, and feeling none."

Than with a tenderness like mine,
 And sensibilities so fine!
 I envy that unfeeling shrub,
 Fast-rooted against ev'ry rub."
 The plant he meant grew not far off,
 And felt the sneer with scorn enough;
 Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
 And with asperity replied.

When cry the botanists, and stare,
 Did plants call'd sensitive grow there?
 No matter when—a poet's muse is,
 To make them grow just where she chooses.

"You shapeless nothing in a dish,
 You that are but almost a fish,
 I scorn your coarse insinuation,
 And have most plentiful occasion,
 To wish myself the rock I view,
 Or such another dolt as you:
 For many a grave and learned clerk,
 And many a gay, unletter'd spark,
 With curious touch examines me,
 If I can feel as well as he;
 And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
Says—' Well, 'tis more than one would think!
 Thus life is spent (oh, fie upon't!)
 In being touch'd, and crying—Don't!"

A poet, in his evening walk
 O'erheard and check'd this idle talk.
 "And your fine sense," he said, "and yours,
 Whatever evil it endures,
 Deserves not, if so soon offended,
 Much to be pitied or commended.
 Disputes, though short, are far too long,
 Where both alike are in the wrong;
 Your feelings in their full amount,
 Are all upon your own account.

"You, in your grotto-work enclos'd,
 Complain of being thus expos'd:

Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
 Save when the knife is at your throat,
 Wherever driv'n by wind or tide,
 Exempt from ev'ry ill beside.

“ And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
 Who reckon every touch a blemish,
 If all the plants, that can be found
 Embellishing the scene around,
 Should droop and wither where they grow,
 You would not feel at all—not you.
 The noblest minds their virtue prove
 By pity, sympathy, and love:
 These, these are feelings truly fine,
 And prove their owner half divine.”

His censure reach'd them as he dealt it,
 And each by shrinking show'd he felt it.

THE SHRUBBERY.

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF AFFLICTION.

Oh, happy shades— to me unblest !

Friendly to peace, but not to me !

How ill the scene that offers rest,

And heart that cannot rest agree !

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,

Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,

Might sooth a soul less hurt than mine,

And please, if any thing could please.

But fix'd, unalterable Care

Foregoes not what she feels within,

Shows the same sadness ev'ry where,

And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,

While Peace possess'd these silent bow'rs,

Her animating smile withdrawn,

Has lost its beauties and its pow'rs.

The saint or moralist should tread
 This moss-grown alley musing, slow ;
 They seek like me the sacred shade,
 But not like me to nourish woe !

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
 Alike admonish not to roam ;
 These tell me of enjoyments past,
 And those of sorrows yet to come.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

WHAT Nature, alas ! has denied
 To the delicate growth of our isle,
 Art has in a measure supplied,
 And Winter is deck'd with a smile.
 See, Mary, what beauties I bring
 From the shelter of that sunny shed,
 Where the flow'rs have the charms of the spring,
 Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bow'r of Arcadian sweets,
 Where Flora is still in her prime,
 A fortress to which she retreats
 From the cruel assaults of the clime.
 While Earth wears a mantle of snow,
 These pinks are as fresh and as gay
 As the fairest and sweetest that blow
 On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely surviv'd
 The frowns of a sky so severe ;
 Such Mary's true love, that has liv'd
 Through many a turbulent year.
 The charms of the late blowing rose
 Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,
 And the winter of sorrow best shows,
 The truth of a friend such as you.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE

NECESSARY TO THE HAPPINESS OF THE MARRIED
STATE.

THE lady thus address'd her spouse :—

"What a mere dungeon is this house!
By no means large enough; and was it,
Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,
Those hangings with their worn-out graces,
Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,
Are such an antiquated scene,
They overwhelm me with the spleen"
Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,
Makes answer quite beside the mark:
"No doubt, my dear, I bade him come,
Engag'd myself to be at home,
And shall expect him at the door,
Precisely when the clock strikes four."

"You are so deaf," the lady cried
(And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beside),

"You are so deaf, my dear,
What shall I do to make you hear?"

"Dismiss poor Harry!" he replies;
"Some people are more nice than wise:
For one slight trespass all this stir?
What if he did ride whip and spur,
'Twas but a mile—your fav'rite horse
Will never look one hair the worse."

"Well, I protest 'tis past all bearing"—

"Child! I am rather hard of hearing"—

"Yes, truly; one must scream and bawl:
I tell you, you can't hear at all!"

Then, with a voice exceeding low,

"No matter if you hear or no."

Alas! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
*A plague so little to be fear'd,
As to be wantonly incurr'd,*

To gratify a fretful passion,
 On ev'ry trivial provocation ?
 The kindest and the happiest pair
 Will find occasion to forbear ;
 And something, ev'ry day they live,
 To pity, and perhaps forgive.
 But if infirmities, that fall
 In common to the lot of all,
 A blemish or a sense impair'd,
 Are crimes so little to be spar'd,
 Then, farewell all that must create
 The comfort of a wedded state :
 Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
 And tumult, and intestine war.

The love that cheers life's latest stage,
 Proof against sickness and old age,
 Preserv'd by virtue from declension,
 Becomes not weary of attention ;
 But lives, when that exterior grace,
 Which first inspir'd the flame, decays.
 'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
 To faults compassionate or blind,
 And will with sympathy endure
 Those evils it would gladly cure :
 But angry, coarse, and harsh expression
 Shows love to be a mere profession ;
 Proves that the heart is none of his,
 Or soon expels him if it is.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

Forc'd from home and all its pleasures,
 Afric's coast I left forlorn ;
 To increase a stranger's treasures,
 O'er the raging billows borne.

Men from England bought and sold me,
 Paid my price in paltry gold;
 But, though slave they have enroll'd me,
 Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
 What are England's rights, I ask,
 Me from my delights to sever,
 Me to torture, me to task?
 Fleecy locks and black complexion
 Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
 Skins may differ, but affection
 Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
 Make the plant, for which we toil?
 Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
 Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
 Think, ye masters iron-hearted,
 Lolling at your jovial boards;
 Think how many backs have smarted
 For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
 Is there one, who reigns on high?
 Has he bid you buy and sell us,
 Speaking from his throne the sky?
 Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
 Matches, blood-extorting screws,
 Are the means that duty urges,
 Agents of his will to use?

Hark! he answers—wild tornadoes,
 Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
 Are the voice, with which he speaks.
 He, foreseeing what vexations
 Afric's sons should undergo,
 Fix'd their tyrants' habitations
 Where his whirlwinds answer—no.

By our blood in Afric wasted,
 Ere our necks receiv'd the chain ;
 By the mis'ries that we tasted,
 Crossing in your barks the main ;
 By our suff'rings, since ye brought us
 To the man-degrading mart ;
 All, sustain'd by patience, taught us
 Only by a broken heart.

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
 Till some reason ye shall find
 Worthier of regard, and stronger
 Than the colour of our kind.
 Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
 Tarnish all your boasted pow'rs,
 Prove that you have human feelings,
 Ere you proudly question ours ?

PITY FOR POOR AFRICANS.

*" Video meliora proboque,
 Deteriora sequor."*

I own I am shock'd at the purchase of slaves,
 And fear those who buy them, and sell them, are
 knaves ;
 What I hear of their hardships, their tortures, and
 groans,
 Is almost enough to draw pity from stones.
 I pity them greatly, but I must be mum,
 For how could we do without sugar or rum ?
 Especially sugar, so needful we see ?
 What, give up our desserts, our coffee, and tea !
 Besides, if we do, the French, Dutch, and Dames,
 Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains ;
 If we do not buy the poor creatures, they will,
 And tortures and groans will be multiplied still.

If foreigners likewise would give up the trade,
 Much more in behalf of your wish might be said;
 But, while they get riches by purchasing blacks,
 Pray tell me why we may not also go snacks?

Your scruples and arguments bring to my mind
 A story so pat, you may think it is coin'd,
 On purpose to answer you, out of my mint;
 But I can assure you I saw it in print.

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
 Had once his integrity put to the test;
 His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
 And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.

He was shock'd, sir, like you, and answer'd—"Oh, no.
 What! rob our good neighbour! I pray you don't go!
 Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,
 Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
 But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
 If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
 If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom ponder'd—"I see they will go;
 Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
 Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
 But staying behind would do him no good.

"If the matter depended alone upon me,
 His apples might hang, till they dropp'd from the
 tree;

But, since they will take them, I think I'll go too,
 He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenc'd, Tom felt more at ease,
 And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
 He blam'd and protested, but join'd in the plan;
 He shar'd in the plunder, but pitied the man.

THE MORNING DREAM.

'Twas in the glad season of spring,
 Asleep at the dawn of the day,
 I dream'd what I cannot but sing,
 So pleasant it seem'd as I lay.
 I dream'd, that, on ocean afloat,
 Far hence to the westward I sail'd,
 While the billows high-lifted the boat,
 And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw,
 Such at least was the form that she wore,
 Whose beauty impress'd me with awe,
 Ne'er taught me by woman before.
 She sat, and a shield at her side
 Shed light, like a sun on the waves,
 And, smiling divinely, she cried—
 "I go to make freemen of slaves."—

Then raising her voice to a strain
 The sweetest that ear ever heard,
 She sung of the slave's broken chain,
 Wherever her glory appear'd.
 Some clouds, which had over us hung,
 Fled, chas'd by her melody clear,
 And methought while she liberty sung,
 'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,
 To a slave-cultur'd island we came,
 Where, a demon, her enemy, stood—
 Oppression his terrible name.
 In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
 A scourge hung with lashes he bore,
 And stood looking out for his prey
 From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land
 That goddess-like woman he view'd,
 The scourge he let fall from his hand,
 With blood of his subjects imbru'd.
 I saw him both sicken and die,
 And the moment the monster expir'd,
 Heard shouts that ascended the sky,
 From thousands with rapture inspir'd.
 Awaking, how could I but muse
 At what such a dream should betide?
 But soon my ear caught the glad news,
 Which serv'd my weak thought for a guide—
 That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves
 For the hatred she ever has shown
 To the black-sceptred rulers of slaves,
 Resolves to have none of her own.

THE

NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
 Had cheer'd the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when eventide was ended,
 Began to feel, as well he might,
 The keen demands of appetite;
 When, looking eagerly around,
 He spied far off, upon the ground,
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
 So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
 He thought to put him in his crop.
 The worm, aware of his intent,
 Harangu'd him thus, right eloquent—
 "Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
 "As much as I your minstrelsy,

You would abhor to do me wrong,
 As much as I to spoil your song ;
 For 'twas the self-same pow'r divine
 Taught you to sing and me to shine ;
 That you with music, I with light,
 Might beautify and cheer the night.”
 The songster heard his short oration,
 And warbling out his approbation,
 Releas'd him, as my story tells,
 And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
 Their real int'rest to discern ;
 That brother should not war with brother,
 And worry and devour each other :
 But sing and shine by sweet consent,
 Till life's poor transient night is spent,
 Respecting in each other's case
 The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name,
 Who studiously make peace their aim ;
 Peace both the duty and the prize
 Of him that creeps and him that flies.

ON A GOLDFINCH,

STARVED TO DEATH IN HIS CAGE.

TIME was when I was free as air,
 The thistle's downy seed my fare,
 My drink the morning dew ;
 I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
 My form genteel, my plumage gay,
 My strains for ever new.
 But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
 And form genteel, were all in vain,
 And of a transient date ;
 For caught, and cag'd, and starv'd to death,
 In dying sighs my little breath
 Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
 And thanks for this effectual close
 And cure of ev'ry ill;
 More cruelty could none express;
 And I, if you had shown me less,
 Had been your pris'ner still.

THE PINE-APPLE AND THE BEE.

THE pine-apples, in triple row,
 Were basking hot, and all in blow;
 A bee of most discerning taste,
 Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd.
 On eager wing the spoiler came,
 And search'd for crannies in the frame,
 Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,
 To ev'ry pane his trunk applied;
 But still in vain, the frame was tight,
 And only pervious to the light:
 Thus having wasted half the day,
 He trimm'd his flight another way.
 "Methinks," I said, "in thee I find
 The sin and madness of mankind.
 To joys forbidden man aspires,
 Consumes his soul with vain desires:
 Folly the spring of his pursuit,
 And disappointment all the fruit.
 While Cynthio ogles, as she passes,
 The nymph between two chariot glasses,
 She is the pine-apple, and he
 The silly, unsuccessful bee.
 The maid, who views with pensive air
 The show-glass fraught with glitt'ring ware,
 Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,
But sighs at thought of empty pockets;

Like thine, her appetite is keen,
 But, ah, the cruel glass between !”
 Our dear delights are often such,
 Expos'd to view, but not to touch ;
 The sight our foolish heart inflames,
 We long for pine-apples in frames ;
 With hopeless wish one looks and lingers ;
 One breaks the glass, and cuts his fingers ;
 But, they whom truth and wisdom lead,
 Can gather honey from a weed.

H O R A C E,

Book II. Ode X.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
 So shalt thou live beyond the reach
 Of adverse Fortune's pow'r ;
 Not always tempt the distant deep,
 Nor always timorously creep
 Along the treach'rous shore.
 He, that holds fast the golden mean,
 And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great,
 Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
 Imbitt'ring all his state.
 The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
 Of wint'ry blasts ; the loftiest tow'r
 Comes heaviest to the ground ;
 The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
 His cloud-capt eminence divide,
 And spread the ruin round.
 The well-informed philosopher
 Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
 And hopes, in spite of pain ;
 If Winter bellow from the north,
 Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,
 And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heav'n be overcast,
 The dark appearance will not last;
 Expect a brighter sky.
 The God that strings the silver bow,
 Awakes sometimes the muses too,
 And lays his arrows by.
 If hind'rances obstruct thy way,
 Thy magnanimity display,
 And let thy strength be seen;
 But, O! if fortune fill thy sail
 With more than a propitious gale,
 Take half thy canvass in.

A REFLECTION

ON THE FOREGOING ODE.

ND is this all? Can Reason do no more,
 Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore;
 Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
 The Christian has an art unknown to thee.
 He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
 Where duty bids, he confidently steers,
 Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
 And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

THE nymph must lose her female friend,
 If more admir'd than she—
 But where will fierce contention end,
 If flow'rs can disagree?
 Within the garden's peaceful scene
 Appear'd two lovely foes,
 Aspiring to the rank of queen,
The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon reddened into rage,
 And, swelling with disdain,
 Appeal'd to many a poet's page
 To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,
 A fair, imperial flow'r ;
 She seem'd design'd for Flora's hand,
 The sceptre of her pow'r.

This civil bick'ring and debate
 The goddess chanc'd to hear,
 And flew to save, ere yet too late,
 The pride of the parterre.

"Yours is," she said, "the nobler hue,
 And yours the statelier mien ;
 And, till a third surpasses you,
 Let each be deem'd a queen."

Thus, sooth'd and reconcil'd, each seeks
 The fairest British fair :
 The seat of empire is her cheeks,
 They reign united there.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
 And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ;
 The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
 Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elaps'd, since I last took a view
 Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew ;
 And now in the grass behold they are laid,
 And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
 Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
 And the scene, where his melody charm'd me before,
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hast'ning away,
 And I must ere long lie as lowly as they;
 With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
 Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can,
 To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;
 Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
 Have a being less durable even than he.*

THE GLOW-WORM.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE LATIN.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,
 A worm is known to stray;
 That shows by night a lucid beam,
 Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
 From whence his rays proceed;
 Some give that honour to his tail,
 And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of night,
 That kindles up the skies,
 Gives *him* a modicum of light
 Proportion'd to his size.

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,
 By such a lamp bestow'd,
 To bid the trav'ler, as he went,
 Be careful where he trod.

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
 Might serve, however small,
 To show a stumbling-stone by night,
 And save him from a fall.

* Mr. Cowper afterwards altered this last stanza in the following manner:—

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
 I reflect on the frailty of man, and his joys;
 Short-liv'd as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
 Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
 Is legible and plain,
 'Tis pow'r almighty bids him shine,
 Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
 Teach humbler thoughts to you,
 Since such a reptile has its gem,
 And boasts its splendour too.

THE JACKDAW.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE LATIN.

THERE is a bird, who by his coat,
 And by the hoarseness of his note,
 Might be suppos'd a crow ;
 A great frequenter of the church,
 Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
 And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
 That turns and turns, to indicate
 From what point blows the weather :
 Look up—your brains begin to swim,
 'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
 He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
 Thither he wings his airy flight,
 And thence securely sees
 The bustle and the raree-show,
 That occupy mankind below,
 Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
 On future broken bones and bruises,
 If he should chance to fall.
 No ; not a single thought like that
 Employs his philosophic pate,
 Or troubles it at all.

He sees, that this great roundabout,
 The world, with all its motley rout,
 Church, army, physic, law,
 Its customs, and its bus'nesses,
 Is no concern at all of his,
 And says—what says he?—Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
 Much of the vanities of men;
 And, sick of having seen 'em,
 Would cheerfully these limbs resign
 For such a pair of wings as thine,
 And such a head between 'em.

THE CRICKET.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE LATIN.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
 Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
 Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
 Always harbinger of good.
 Pay me for thy warm retreat
 With a song more soft and sweet;
 In return thou shalt receive
 Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be express'd
 Inoffensive, welcome guest!
 While the rat is on the scout,
 And the mouse with curious snout,
 With what vermin else infest
 Ev'ry dish, and spoil the best;
 Frisking thus before the fire,
 Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
 Form'd as if akin to thee,
 Thou surpasses, happier far,
 Happiest grasshoppers that are;

Theirs is but a summer's song
 Thine endures the winter long,
 Unimpair'd, and shrill, and clear,
 Melody throughout the year.

Neither night, nor dawn of day,
 Puts a period to thy play :
 Sing then—and extend thy span
 Far beyond the date of man.
 Wretched man, whose years are spent
 In repining discontent,
 Lives not, aged though he be,
 Half a span, compar'd with thee.

THE PARROT.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE LATIN.

IN painted plumes superbly dress'd.
 A native of the gorgeous east,
 By many a billow toss'd,
 Poll gains at length the British shore,
 Part of the captain's precious store,
 A present to his toast.
 Belinda's maids are soon preferr'd,
 To teach him now and then a word,
 As Poll can master it ;
 But 'tis her own important charge,
 To qualify him more at large,
 And make him quite a wit.
 " Sweet Poll !" his doating mistress cries,
 " Sweet Poll !" the mimic bird replies ;
 And calls aloud for sack.
 She next instructs him in the kiss ;
 'Tis now a little one like *Mina*,
 And now a hearty smack.

At first he aims at what he hears ;
 And, list'ning close with both his ears,
 Just catches at the sound ;
 But soon articulates aloud,
 Much to th' amusement of the crowd,
 And stuns the neighbours round.

A querulous old woman's voice
 His hum'rous talent next employs ;
 He scolds, and gives the lie.
 And now he sings, and now is sick,
 Here Sally, Susan, come, come quick,
 Poor Poll is like to die !

Belinda and her bird ! 'tis rare,
 To meet with such a well-match'd pair,
 The language and the tone,
 Each character in ev'ry part
 Sustain'd with so much grace and art,
 And both in unison.

When children first begin to spell,
 And stammer out a syllable,
 We think them tedious creatures ;
 But difficulties soon abate,
 When birds are to be taught to prate,
 And women are the teachers.

THE DIVERTING

HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN ;

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE
 INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train-band captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 " Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

" To-morrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton
 All in a chaise and pair.

" My sister and my sister's child,
 Myself, and children three,
 Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
 On horseback after we."

He soon replied, " I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear,
 Therefore it shall be done.

" I am a linendraper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend, the calender,
 Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, " That's well said;
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnished with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
 O'erjoy'd was he to find,
 That, though on pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
 But yet was not allow'd
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
 Where they did all get in,
 Six precious souls, and all agog
 To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
 Were never folk so glad,
 The stones did rattle underneath,
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
 Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got in haste to ride,
 But soon came down again;
 For saddletree scarce reach'd had he,
 His journey to begin,
 When, turning round his head, he saw
 Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
 Although it griev'd him sore,
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew
 Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
 Were suited to their mind,
 When Betty screaming came down stairs,
 "The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
 My leathern belt likewise,
 In which I bear my trusty sword,
 When I do exercise."

Now mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
 Had two stone bottles found,
 To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
 And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
 Through which the belt he drew,
 And hung a bottle on each side,
 To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
 Equipp'd from top to toe,
 His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
 He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
 Upon his nimble steed,
 Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
 With caution and good heed.
 But finding soon a smoother road,
 Beneath his well-shod feet,
 The snorting beast began to trot,
 Which gall'd him in his seat.
 So, "fair and softly," John he cried,
 But John he cried in vain :
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.
 So stooping down, as needs he must,
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.
 His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.
 Away went Gilpin, neck or naught ;
 Away went hat and wig ;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.
 The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till, loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.
 Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung ;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.
 The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
 Up flew the windows all ;
 And ev'ry soul cried out, "Well done!"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
 His fame soon spread around,
 “ He carries weight ! he rides a race !
 ’Tis for a thousand pound ! ”

And still, as fast as he drew near,
 ’Twas wonderful to view,
 How in a trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shatter’d at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse’s flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle brac’d ;
 For all might see the bottle necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 Until he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband wond’ring much
 To see how he did ride.

“ Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here’s the house ”—
 They all at once did cry ;
 “ The dinner waits and we are tir’d ; ”
 Said Gilpin—“ So am I ! ”

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there ;
 For why ?—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong ;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend the calender's
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amaz'd to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him :

“ What news ! what news ! your tidings tell :
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or, why you come at all ?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And lov'd a timely joke ;
 And thus unto the calender
 In merry guise he spoke :

“ I came, because your horse would come ;
 And if I well forebode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here,
 They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Return'd him not a single word,
 But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig
 A wig that flow'd behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus show'd his ready wit:
 " My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

" But let me scrape the dirt away,
 That hangs upon your face ;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case."

Said John, " It is my wedding-day,
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
 " I am in haste to dine ;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
 For which he paid full dear ;
 For, while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear ;
 Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And gallop'd off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
 He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pull'd out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
 That drove them to the Bell,

" This shall be yours, when you bring back
 My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain :
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
 By catching at his rein ;
 But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.
 Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went post-boy at his heels,
 The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumb'ring of the wheels.
 Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
 They rais'd the hue and cry :—
 “ Stop thief ! Stop thief !—a highwayman ! ”
 Not one of them was mute ;
 And all and each that pass'd that way,
 Did join in the pursuit.
 And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space ;
 The toll-men thinking as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.
 And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town ;
 Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
 He did again set down.
 Now let us sing, long live the king,
 And Gilpin long live he ;
 And, when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see !

AN EPISTLE

TO

AN AFFLICTED PROTESTANT LADY IN FRANCE.

MADAM,

A STRANGER's purpose in these lays
 Is to congratulate, and not to praise.
 To give the creature the Creator's due
 Were sin in me, and an offence to you.
 From man to man, or e'en to woman paid,
 Praise is the medium of a knavish trade,
 A coin by craft for folly's use design'd,
 Spurious, and only current with the blind.
 The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
 Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
 No trav'ller ever reach'd that blest abode,
 Who found not thorns and briers in his road.
 The World may dance along the flow'ry plain,
 Cheer'd as they go by many a sprightly strain,
 Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,
 With unshod feet they yet securely tread,
 Admonish'd, scorn the caution and the friend,
 Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end.
 But he, who knew what human hearts would prove,
 How slow to learn the dictates of his love,
 That, hard by nature and of stubborn will,
 A life of ease would make him harder still,
 In pity to the souls his grace design'd
 To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
 Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,
 And said, "Go, spend them in the vale of tears."
 O, balmy gales of soul-reviving air!
 O, salutary streams, that murmur there!
 These flowing from the fount of grace above,
 Those breath'd from lips of everlasting love,

The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys ;
 Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys ;
 An envious world will interpose its frown,
 To mar delights superior to its own ;
 And many a pang, experienc'd still within,
 Reminds them of their hated inmate, Sin ;
 But ills of ev'ry shape and every name,
 Transform'd to blessings, miss their cruel aim ;
 And ev'ry moment's calm that soothes the breast,
 Is giv'n in earnest of eternal rest.

Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast
 Far from the flock, and in a boundless waste !
 No shepherds' tents within thy view appear,
 But the chief Shepherd even there is near :
 Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain
 Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain ;
 Thy tears all issue from a source divine,
 And ev'ry drop bespeaks a Saviour thine—
 So once in Gideon's fleece the dews were found,
 And drought on all the drooping herbs around.

TO THE

REV. W. CAWTHORNE UNWIN.

UNWIN, I should but ill repay
 The kindness of a friend,
 Whose worth deserves as warm a lay
 As ever friendship penn'd,
 Thy name omitted in a page,
 That would reclaim a vicious age.
 An union form'd, as mine with thee,
 Not rashly, or in sport,
 May be as fervent in degree,
 And faithful in its sort,
 And may as rich in comfort prove,
 As that of true fraternal love.

The bud inserted in the rind,
 The bud of peach or rose,
 Adorns, though diff'ring in its kind
 The stock whereon it grows,
 With flow'r as sweet, or fruit as fair,
 As if produc'd by Nature there.

Not rich, I render what I may,
 I seize thy name in haste,
 And place it in this first essay,
 Lest it should prove the last.
 'Tis where it should be—in a plan,
 That holds in view the good of man.

The poet's lyre, to fix his fame,
 Should be the poet's heart;
 Affection lights a brighter flame
 Than ever blaz'd by art.
 No muses on these lines attend,
 I sink the poet in the friend.

AN EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL, Esq.

DEAR JOSEPH—five and twenty years ago—
 s, how time escapes!—'tis even so—
 th frequent intercourse, and always sweet,
 l always friendly, we were wont to cheat
 edious hour—and now we never meet!
 some grave gentleman in Terence says
 vas therefore much the same in ancient days),
 ood lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
 nge fluctuation of all human things!"
 e. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
 distance only cannot change the heart;
 l, were I call'd to prove th' assertion true,
 proof should serve—a reference to you.
 Hence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
 ugh nothing have occur'd to kindle strife,

We find the friends we fancied we had won,
 Though num'rous once, reduc'd to few or none?
 Can gold grow worthless, that has stood the touch?
 No; gold they seem'd, but they were never such.

Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,
 Swinging the parlour-door upon its hinge,
 Dreading a negative, and overaw'd
 Lest he should trespass, begg'd to go abroad.
 "Go, fellow! whither!"—turning short about—
 "Nay. Stay at home—you're always going out."
 "'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end."
 "For what?"—"An' please you, sir, to see a friend."
 "A friend!"—Horatio cried, and seem'd to start—
 "Yea, marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.—
 And fetch my cloak; for though the night be raw,
 I'll see him too—the first I ever saw."—

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
 And was his plaything often when a child;
 But somewhat at that moment pinch'd him close,
 Else he was seldom bitter or morose.
 Perhaps his confidence just then betray'd,
 His grief might prompt him with the speech he made.
 Perhaps 'twas mere good humour gave it birth,
 The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.
 Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,
 Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.

But not to moralize too much, and strain
 To prove an evil, of which all complain
 (I hate long arguments verbosely spun),
 One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.
 Once on a time an emp'ror, a wise man,
 No matter where, in China or Japan,
 Decreed, that whosoever should offend
 Against the well-known duties of a friend,
 Convicted once should ever after wear
 But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.
 The punishment importing this, no doubt,
 That all was naught within, and all found out.

O, happy Britain ! we have not to fear
 Such hard and arbitrary measure here ;
 Else, could a law, like that which I relate,
 Once have the sanction of our triple state,
 Some few, that I have known in days of old,
 Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold ;
 While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
 Might traverse England safely to and fro,
 An honest man, close button'd to the chin,
 Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within.

TO THE
 REVEREND MR. NEWTON.

An Invitation into the Country.

THE swallows in their torpid state
 Compose their useless wing,
 And bees in hives as idly wait
 The call of early Spring.
 The keenest frost that binds the stream,
 The wildest wind that blows,
 Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,
 Secure of their repose.
 But man, all feeling and awake,
 The gloomy scene surveys ;
 With present ills his heart must ake,
 And pant for brighter days.
 Old Winter, halting o'er the mead,
 Bids me and Mary mourn :
 But lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,
 And whispers your return.
 Then April, with her sister May,
 Shall chase him from the bow'rs,
 And weave fresh garlands ev'ry day,
 To crown the smiling hours.

And if a tear, that speaks regret
 Of happier times, appear,
 A glimpse of joy, that we have met,
 Shall shine and dry the tear.

CATHARINA,

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON,
 (AFTERWARDS MRS. COURTNEY).

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—
 And meet perhaps never again ;
 The sun of that moment is set,
 And seems to have risen in vain.
 Catharina has fled like a dream—
 (So vanishes pleasure, alas !)
 But has left a regret and esteem,
 That will not so suddenly pass.
 The last ev'ning ramble we made,
 Catharina, Maria, and I,
 Our progress was often delay'd
 By the nightingale warbling nigh.
 We paus'd under many a tree,
 And much she was charm'd with a tone
 Less sweet to Maria and me,
 Who so lately had witness'd her own.
 My numbers that day she had sung,
 And gave them a grace so divine,
 As only her musical tongue
 Could infuse into numbers of mine.
 The longer I heard, I esteem'd
 The work of my fancy the more,
 And e'en to myself never seem'd
 So tuneful a poet before.
 Though the pleasures of London exceed
 In number the days of the year,
 Catharina, did nothing impede,
 Would feel herself happier here ;

For the close-woven arches of limes
 On the banks of our river, I know,
 Are sweeter to her many times
 Than aught that the city can show.
 So it is, when the mind is endu'd
 With a well-judging taste from above;
 Then, whether embellish'd or rude,
 'Tis nature alone that we love.
 The achievements of art may amuse,
 May even our wonder excite,
 But groves, hills, and valleys, diffuse
 A lasting, a sacred delight.
 Since then in the rural recess
 Catharina alone can rejoice,
 May it still be her lot to possess
 The scene of her sensible choice !
 To inhabit a mansion remote
 From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
 And by Philomel's annual note
 'To measure the life that she leads.
 With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
 To wing all her moments at home ;
 And with scenes that new rapture inspire,
 As oft as it suits her to roam ;
 She will have just the life she prefers,
 With little to hope or to fear,
 And ours would be pleasant as hers,
 Might we view her enjoying it here.

THE MORALIZER CORRECTED.

A TALE.

A HERMIT, (or if 'chance you hold
 That title now too trite and old)
 A man, once young, who liv'd retir'd
 As hermit could have well desir'd,

✓ His hours of study clos'd at last,
 And finish'd his concise repast,
 Stopp'd his cruise, replac'd his book
 Within its customary nook,
 And, staff in hand, set forth to share
 The sober cordial of sweet air,
 Like Isaac, with a mind applied
 To serious thought at ev'ning-tide.
 Autumnal rains had made it chill,
 And from the trees, that fring'd his hill,
 Shades slanting at the close of day
 Chill'd more his else delightful way.
 Distant a little mile he spied
 A western bank's still sunny side,
 And right toward the favour'd place
 Proceeding with his nimblest pace,
 In hope to bask a little yet,
 Just reach'd it when the sun was set.

Your hermit, young and jovial sirs !
 Learns something from whate'er occurs—
 " And hence," he said, " my mind computes
 The real worth of man's pursuits.
 His object chosen, wealth or fame,
 Or other sublunary game,
 Imagination to his view
 Presents it deck'd with ev'ry hue,
 That can seduce him not to spare
 His pow'rs of best exertion there,
 But youth, health, vigour, to expend
 On so desirable an end.
 Ere long approach life's ev'ning shades,
 The glow, that fancy gave it, fades ;
 And earn'd too late, it wants the grace
 That first engag'd him in the chase."

" True," answer'd an angelic guide,
 Attendant at the senior's side—
 " But whether all the time it cost,
 To urge the fruitless chase be lost,

Must be decided by the worth
 Of that, which call'd his ardour forth.
 Trifles pursu'd, whate'er th' event,
 Must cost him shame or discontent ;
 A vicious object still is worse,
 Successful there he wins a curse ;
 But he whom e'en in life's last stage
 Endeavours laudable engage,
 Is paid, at last in peace of mind,
 And sense of having well design'd ;
 And if, he ere attain his end,
 His sun precipitate descend,
 A brighter prize than that he meant
 Shall recompense his mere intent.
 No virtuous wish can bear a date
 Either too early or too late."

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

THE green-house is my summer seat ;
 My shrubs displac'd from that retreat
 Enjoy'd the open air ;
 Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
 Had been their mutual solace long,
 Liv'd happy pris'ners there.
 They sang as blithe as finches sing,
 That flutter loose on golden wing,
 And frolic where they list ;
 Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
 But that delight they never knew,
 And therefore never miss'd.
 But nature works in ev'ry breast,
 With force not easily suppress'd ;
 And Dick felt some desires,
 That, after many an effort vain,
 Instructed him at length to gain
 A pass between his wires.

The open windows seem'd t' invite
 The freeman to a farewell flight ;
 But Tom was still confin'd ;
 And Dick, although his way was clear,
 Was much too gen'rous and sincere
 To leave his friend behind.

So settling on his cage, by play,
 And chirp, and kiss, he seem'd to say,
 " You must not live alone"—

Nor would he quit that chosen stand
 Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
 Return'd him to his own.

O, ye, who never taste the joys
 Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,
 Fandango, ball, and rout !
 Blush, when I tell you how a bird,
 A prison with a friend preferr'd
 To liberty without.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

A TALE.

THERE is a field, through which I often pass,
 Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,
 Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,
 Where oft the bitch-fox hides her hapless brood,
 Reserv'd to solace many a neighb'ring squire,
 That he may follow them through brake and brier,
 Contusion hazarding of neck, or spine,
 Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.
 A narrow brook, by rushy banks conceal'd,
 Runs in a bottom, and divides the field ;
 Oaks intersperse it that had once a head,
 But now wear crests of oven-wood instead ;
 And where the land slopes to its wat'ry bourn,
 Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn ;

Bricks line the sides, but shiver'd long ago,
 And horrid brambles intertwine below;
 A hollow scoop'd, I judge, in ancient time,
 For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.

Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
 With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed;
 Nor Autumn yet had brush'd from ev'ry spray,
 With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away;
 But corn was hous'd, and beans were in the stack,
 Now, therefore, issu'd forth the spotted pack,
 With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats,
 With a whole gamut fill'd of heav'nly notes,
 For which, alas! my destiny severe,
 Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.

The Sun, accomplishing his early march,
 His lamp now planted on Heav'n's topmast arch,
 When, exercise and air my only aim,
 And heedless whither, to that field I came,
 Ere yet with ruthless joy the happy hound
 Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found,
 Or, with the high-rais'd horn's melodious clang
 All Kilwick and all Dingleberry* rang.

Sheep graz'd the field; some with soft bosompress'd
 The herb as soft, while nibbling stray'd the rest;
 Nor noise was heard but of the hasty brook,
 Struggling, detain'd in many a petty nook.
 All seem'd so peaceful, that, from them convey'd,
 To me their peace by kind contagion spread.

But when the huntsman, with distended cheek,
 'Gan make his instrument of music speak,
 And from within the wood that crash was heard,
 Though not a hound from whom it burst appear'd,
 The sheep recumbent, and the sheep that graz'd,
 All huddling into phalanx, stood and gaz'd,
 Admiring, terrified, the novel strain,
 Then cours'd the field around, and cours'd it round
 again;

* Two woods belonging to John Throckmorton, Esq.

But, recollecting with a sudden thought,
 That flight in circles urg'd advanc'd them naught,
 They gather'd close around the old pit's brink,
 And thought again—but knew not what to think.

The man to solitude accustomed long
 Perceives in ev'ry thing that lives a tongue ;
 Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees
 Have speech for him, and understood with ease :
 After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
 He hears the herbs and flow'rs rejoicing all ;
 Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
 How glad they catch the largess of the skies ;
 But, with precision nicer still, the mind
 He scans of ev'ry locomotive kind ;
 Birds of all feather, beasts of ev'ry name,
 That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame ;
 The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
 Have all articulation in his ears ;
 He spells them true by intuition's light,
 And needs no glossary to set him right.

This truth premis'd was needful as a text,
 To win due credence to what follows next.

Awhile they mus'd ; surveying ev'ry face,
 Thou hadst suppos'd them of superior race ;
 Their periwigs of wool, and fears combin'd,
 Stamp'd on each countenance such marks of mind,
 That sage they seem'd, as lawyers o'er a doubt,
 Which, puzzling long, at last they puzzle out ;
 Or academic tutors, teaching youths,
 Sure ne'er to want them, mathematic truths ;
 When thus a mutton, statelier than the rest,
 A ram, that ewes and wethers sad address'd :—

“ Friends ! we have liv'd too long. I never heard
 Sounds such as these, so worthy to be fear'd.
 Could I believe, that winds for ages pent
 In earth's dark womb have found at last a vent,
 And from their prison-house below arise,
 With all these hideous howlings to the skies,

I could be much compos'd, nor should appear
 For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear.
 Yourselves have seen, what time the thunders ro
 All night, me resting quiet in the fold.
 Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,
 I could expound the melancholy tone ;
 Should deem it by our old companion made,
 The ass ; for he, we know has lately stray'd,
 And being lost perhaps, and wand'ring wide,
 Might be suppos'd to clamour for a guide.
 But, ah ! those dreadful yells what soul can hear
 That owns a carcass, and not quake for fear ?
 Demons produce them doubtless, brazen-claw'd
 And fang'd with brass the demons are abroad ;
 I hold it, therefore, wisest and most fit,
 That, life to save, we leap into the pit."

Him answer'd then his loving mate and true,
 But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe :—

"How? leap into the pit our life to save?
 To save our life leap all into the grave?
 For can we find it less? Contemplate first
 The depth, how awful! falling there, we burst:
 Or should the brambles, interpos'd, our fall
 In part abate, that happiness were small;
 'Or with a race like theirs no chance I see
 Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we.
 meantime, noise kills not. Be it Dapple's bray,
 Or be it not, or be it whose it may,
 And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues
 Of demons utter'd, from whatever lungs,
 Sounds are but sounds; and, till the cause appear,
 We have at least commodious standing here.
 The fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast
 In earth or hell, we can but plunge at last."
 While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals,
 Reynard, close attended at his heels
 A baying dog, a tird man, and spatter'd horse,
 Though mere good fortune, took a different course

'The flock grew calm again ; and I, the road
 Foll'wing, that led me to my own abode,
 Much wonder'd, that the silly sheep had found
 Such cause of terror in an empty sound,
 So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound.

MORAL.

Beware of desp'rate steps. The darkest day,
 Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

BOADICEA.

AN ODE.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods.
 Sage beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
 Ev'ry burning word he spoke
 Full of rage, and full of grief.
 " Princess ! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.
 " Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt ;
 Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.
 " Rome, for empire far renown'd,
 Tramples on a thousand states ;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !
 " Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name ;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway ;
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow :
 Rush'd to battle, fought and died ;
 Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heav'n awards the vengeance due ;
 Empire is on us bestow'd,
 Shame and ruin wait for you.

HEROISM.

- THERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire
 Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire ;
 When, conscious of no danger from below,
 She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.
 No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
 The blooming groves that girdled her around.
 Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines,
 (Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
 The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
 In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.
 When on a day, like that of the last doom,
 A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,

She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,
 That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
 Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
 And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring skies,
 While through the Stygian veil, that blots the day,
 In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play,
 But, oh! what muse, and in what pow'rs of song,
 Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
 Havoc and devastation in the van,
 It marches o'er the prostrate works of man;
 Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
 And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
 See it an uninform'd and idle mass;
 Without a soil t' invite the tiller's care,
 Or blade that might redeem it from despair.
 Yet time at length (what will not time achieve?)
 Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live.
 Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
 And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
 O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats,
 O charming Paradise of short-lived sweets!
 The selfsame gale, that wafts the fragrance round,
 Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound:
 Again the mountain feels th' imprison'd foe,
 Again pours ruin on the vale below.
 Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
 That only future ages can restore.

Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,
 Who write in blood the merits of your cause,
 Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,
 Glory your aim, but justice your pretence;
 Behold in *Ætna's* emblematic fires,
 The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires!

Fast by the stream, that bounds your just domain,
 And tells you where ye have a right to reign,
 A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
Studious of peace, their neighbours' and their own.

Ill-fated race ! how deeply must they rue
 Their only crime, vicinity to you !
 The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
 Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road ;
 At ev'ry step beneath their feet they tread
 The life of multitudes, a nation's bread !
 Earth seems a garden in its lovely dress
 Before them, and behind a wilderness.
 Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,
 Attend to finish what the sword begun ;
 And echoing praises, such as fiends might earn,
 And Folly pays, resound at your return.
 A calm succeeds—but Plenty, with her train
 Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again,
 And years of pining indigence must show
 What scourges are the gods that rule below.

Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees,
 (Such is his thirst of opulence and ease)
 Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,
 Gleans up the refuse of the gen'ral spoil,
 Rebuilds the tow'rs, that smok'd upon the plain,
 And the sun gilds the shining spires again.

Increasing commerce and reviving art
 Renew the quarrel on the conqu'ror's part ;
 And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,
 That wealth within is ruin at the door.
 What are ye, monarchs, laurell'd heroes, say,
 But Ætnas of the suff'ring world ye sway ?
 Sweet Nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
 Deplores the wasted regions of her globe :
 And stands a witness at Truth's awful bar,
 To prove you there destroyers as ye are.

O, place me in some Heav'n-protected isle,
 Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom smile ;
 Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
 No crested warrior dips his plume in blood ;
 Where Pow'r secures what Industry has won ;
 Where to succeed is not to be undone ;

A land, that distant tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign !

ON THE RECEIPT OF

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

OUT OF NORFOLK :

The Gift of my Cousin, Ann Bodham.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me :
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“ Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away ! ”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
'The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
'To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learn'd that thou wast dead
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorr'wing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.

I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
 But was it such?—It was.—Where art thou gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
 Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd.
 And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
 By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,
 Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 'Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;
 And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
 Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair;
 That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
 A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum:
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that new no fall,

Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humour interpos'd too often makes ;
 All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight;
 Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might—
 But no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
 So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reach'd the shore,
 " Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"*
 And thy lov'd concert on the dang'rous tide
 Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distress'd—

* Garth.

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
 Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
 Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
 'The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
 And now, farewell—'Time unrevok'd has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem'd t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
 To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine;
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 'Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to sooth me left.

FRIENDSHIP.

✓ WHAT virtue, or what mental grace,
 But men unqualified and base
 Will boast it their possession?
 Profusion apes the noble part
 Of liberality of heart,
 And dulness of discretion.
 If ev'ry polish'd gem we find,
 Illuminative heart or mind,
 Provoke to imitation;
 No wonder friendship does the same,
 That jewel of the purest flame,
 Or rather constellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend
 The requisites that form a friend,
 A real and a sound one ;
 Nor any fool, he would deceive,
 But prove as ready to believe,
 And dream that he had found one.

Candid, and generous, and just,
 Boys care but little whom they trust,
 An error soon corrected—
 For who but learns in riper years,
 That man, when smoothest he appears,
 Is most to be suspected ?

But here again a danger lies,
 Lest, having misapplied our eyes,
 And taken trash for treasure,
 We should unwarily conclude
 Friendship a false ideal good,
 A mere Utopian pleasure,

An acquisition rather rare
 Is yet no subject of despair ;
 Nor is it wise complaining,
 If either on forbidden ground,
 Or where it was not to be found,
 We sought without attaining.

No friendship will abide the test,
 That stands on sordid interest,
 Or mean self-love erected ;
 Nor such as may a while subsist,
 Between the sot and sensualist,
 For vicious ends connected.

Who seek a friend should come dispos'd,
 T' exhibit in full bloom disclos'd
 The graces and the beauties,
 That form the character he seeks,
 For 'tis a union, that bespeaks
 Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,
 And equal truth on either side,
 And constantly supported ;
 'Tis senseless arrogance t' accuse
 Another of sinister views,
 Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice ?
 It is indeed above all price,
 And must be made the basis ;
 But ev'ry virtue of the soul
 Must constitute the charming whole,
 All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
 The closest knot that may be tied,
 By ceaseless sharp corrosion ;
 A temper passionate and fierce
 May suddenly your joys disperse
 At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
 In hopes of permanent delight—
 The secret just committed,
 Forgetting its important weight,
 They drop through mere desire to prate,
 And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
 All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
 If envy chance to creep in ;
 An envious man, if you succeed,
 May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,
 But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possess'd,
 So jealousy looks forth distress'd
 On good that seems approaching :
 And, if success his steps attend,
 Discerns a rival in a friend,
 And hates him for encroaching,

Hence authors of illustrious name,
 Unless belied by common fame,
 Are sadly prone to quarrel,
 To deem the wit a friend displays
 A tax upon their own just praise,
 And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renown'd for repartee
 Will seldom scruple to make free
 With friendship's finest feeling,
 Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
 And say he wounded you in jest,
 By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
 For tattlers will be sure to hear
 The trumpet of contention;
 Aspersion is the babbler's trade,
 To listen is to lend him aid,
 And rush into dissention.

A friendship, that in frequent fits
 Of controversial rage emits
 The sparks of disputation,
 Like hand in hand insurance plates,
 Most unavoidably creates
 The thoughts of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
 True as a needle to the pole,
 Their humour yet so various—
 They manifest their whole life through.
 The needle's deviations too,
 Their love is so precarious.

The great and small but rarely meet
 On terms of amity complete;
 Plebeians must surrender
 And yield so much to noble folk,
 It is combining fire with smoke,
 Obscurity with splendour.

Some are so placid and serene
 (As Irish bogs are always green)
 They sleep secure from waking ;
 And are indeed a bog, that bears
 Your unparticipated cares
 Unmov'd and without quaking.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
 Their het'rogenous politics
 Without an effervescence.
 Like that of salts with lemon juice,
 Which does not yet like that produce
 A friendly coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
 And make a calm of human life ;
 But friends that chance to differ
 On points, which God has left at large,
 How freely will they meet and charge !
 No combatants are stiffer.

To prove at last my main intent
 Needs no expense of argument,
 No cutting and contriving—
 Seeking a real friend we seem
 adopt the chemist's golden dream,
 With still less hopes of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
 A blemish in due time made known
 By trespass or omission ;
 Sometimes occasion brings to light
 Friends defect long hid from sight,
 Or even from suspicion.

Judge yourself, and prove your man
 Unspectably as you can,
 Having made election,
 No negligence of yours,
 A friend but ill endures,
 He his affection.

That secrets are a sacred trust,
 That friends should be sincere and just,
 That constancy befits them,
 Are observations on the case,
 That savour much of common-place,
 And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,
 An architect requires alone,
 To finish a fine building—
 The palace were but half complete,
 If he could possibly forget
 The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
 And proves by thumps upon your back
 How he esteems your merit,
 Is such a friend, that one had need
 Be very much his friend indeed,
 To pardon or to bear it.

As similarity of mind,
 Or something not to be defin'd,
 First fixes our attention;
 So manners decent and polite,
 The same we practis'd at first sight,
 Must save it from declension.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
 "Say little and hear all you can."
 Safe policy, but hateful—
 So barren sands imbibe the show'r,
 But render neither fruit or flow'r,
 Unpleasant and ungrateful.

The man I trust, if shy to me,
 Shall find me as reserv'd as he;
 No subterfuge or pleading
 Shall win my confidence again;
 I will by no means entertain
 A spy on my proceeding.

These samples—for alas ! at last
 These are but samples, and a taste
 Of evils yet unmention'd—
 May prove the task a task indeed,
 In which 'tis much if we succeed
 However well-intention'd.

Pursue the search, and you will find
 Good sense and knowledge of mankind
 To be at least expedient,
 And, after summing all the rest,
 Religion ruling in the breast
 A principal ingredient.

The noblest friendship ever shown
 The Saviour's history makes known,
 Though some have turn'd and turn'd it ;
 And, whether being craz'd or blind,
 Or seeking with a biass'd mind,
 Have not, it seems discern'd it.

O Friendship, if my soul forego
 Thy dear delights while here below ;
 To mortify and grieve me,
 May I myself at last appear
 Unworthy, base, and insincere,
 Or may my friend deceive me !

THE ENCHANTMENT DISSOLVED.

BLINDED in youth by Satan's arts,
 The world to our unpractis'd hearts
 A flattering prospect shows ;
 Our fancy forms a thousand schemes
 Of gay delights, and golden dreams,
 And undisturb'd repose.

So in the desert's dreary waste,
 By magic pow'rs produc'd in haste,
 (As ancient fables say)

Castles, and groves, and music sweet,
The senses of the trav'ler meet,
And stop him in his way.

But while he listens with surprise,
The charm dissolves, the vision dies,
'Twas but enchanted ground :
Thus if the Lord our spirit touch,
The world, which promis'd us so much
A wilderness is found.

At first we start and feel distress'd,
Convinc'd we never can have rest
In such a wretched place ;
But He whose mercy breaks the charm
Reveals his own Almighty arm,
And bids us seek his face.

Then we begin to live indeed,
When from our sin and bondage freed
By this beloved Friend ;
We follow him from day to day,
Assur'd of grace through all the way,
And glory at the end.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARK

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning Providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,*
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

TEMPTATION.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
 Out of the depths to thee I call,
 My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me through the storm ;
 Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
 Control the waves, say, " Peace, be still."

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of every shape and name
 Attend the followers of the Lamb,
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
 And leave it to return no more.

* John xiii. 7.

ough tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
 Saviour through the floods I seek ;
 neither winds nor stormy main
 ce back my shatter'd bark again.

SUBMISSION.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?
 No let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to Thee ;
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.
 Thy favour, all my journey through
 Thou art engag'd to grant ;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist them both ?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth !
 But, ah ! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway ;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.

STANZAS

*Subjoined to the Yearly Bill of Mortality
Parish of All-Saints, Northampton.*
Anno Domini, 1787.*

*Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.*

*Pale Death with equal foot strikes wide the door
Of royal halls, and hovels of the poor.*

WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run,
The Nen's barge-laden wave,
All these, life's rambling journey done,
Have found their home, the grave.
Was man (frail always) made more frail
Than in foregoing years?
Did famine or did plague prevail,
That so much death appears?
No; these were vig'rous as their sires,
Nor plague nor famine came:
This annual tribute Death requires,
And never waves his claim.
Like crowded forest-trees we stand,
And some are mark'd to fall;
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.
Green as the bay tree, ever green,
With it's new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen,
I pass'd—and they were gone.
Read, ye that run, the awful truth,
With which I charge my page;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

* Composed for John Cox, parish Clerk of Northampton.

No present health can health ensure
 For yet an hour to come ;
 No med'cine, though it oft can cure,
 Can always baulk the tomb.

And, O! that humble as my lot,
 And scorn'd as is my strain,
 These truths, though known, too much forgot,
 I may not teach in vain.

So prays your clerk with all his heart,
 And ere he quits the pen,
 Begs *you* for once to take *his* part,
 And answer all—Amen!—

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

For the year 1788.

Quod adest, memento
 Componere sequis. Cætera fluminis
 Ritu feruntur. Horace.

Improve the present hour, for all beside
 Is a mere feather on a torrent's tide.

COULD I, from Heav'n inspir'd, as sure presage
 To whom the rising year shall prove his last,
 As I can number in my punctual page,
 And item down the victims of the past ;
 How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet,
 On which the press might stamp him next to die ;
 And, reading here his sentence, how replete
 With anxious meaning, Heav'nward turn his eye!
 Time then would seem more precious than the joys,
 In which he sports away the treasure now ;
 And pray'r more seasonable than the noise
 Of drunkards, or the music-drawing bow.

Then doubtless many a trifler, on the brink
 Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore
 Forc'd to a pause, would feel it good to think,
 Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah self-deceiv'd ! Could I prophetic say
 Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
 The rest might then seem privileg'd to play ;
 But, naming *none*, the Voice now speaks to *AL*.

Observe the dappled foresters, how light
 They bound and airy o'er the sunny glade—
 One falls—the rest, wide-scatter'd with affright,
 Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we often warn'd,
 Still need repeated warnings, and at last,
 A thousand awful admonitions scorn'd,
 Die self-accus'd of life run all to waste ?

Sad waste ; for which no after-thrift atones.
 The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin ;
 Dew-drops may deck the turf that hides the bones,
 But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then, ye living ! by the mouths be taught
 Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,
 That, soon or late, death also is your lot,
 And the next op'ning grave may yawn for you.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

For the year 1789.

—Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit. Virgil.
 There calm at length he breath'd his soul away.

“ O most delightful hour by man
 Experienc'd here below.
 The hour that terminates his span,
 His folly, and his woe !

“ Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
 Again life's dreary waste,
 To see again my day o'erspread
 With all the gloomy past.

“ My home henceforth is in the skies,
 Earth, seas, and sun, adieu !
 All Heav'n unfolded to my eyes,
 I have no sight for you.”

So spake Aspasio, firm possess'd
 Of faith's supporting rod,
 Then breath'd his soul into its rest,
 The bosom of his God.

He was a man among the few,
 Sincere on virtue's side;
 And all his strength from Scripture drew,
 To hourly use applied.

That rule he priz'd, by that he fear'd,
 He hated, hop'd, and lov'd ;
 Nor ever frown'd, or sad appear'd,
 But when his heart had rov'd.

For he was frail, as thou or I,
 And evil felt within :
 But, when he felt it, heav'd a sigh,
 And loath'd the thought of sin.

Such liv'd Aspasio ; and at last
 Call'd up from Earth to Heav'n,
 The gulf of death triumphant pass'd,
 By gales of blessing driv'n.

His joys be *mine*, each Reader cries,
 When my last hour arrives ;
 “ They shall be yours,” my Verse replies,
 Such only be your lives.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

For the year 1790.

Ne commonentem recta sperne.

Buchanan.

Despise not my good counsel.

He who sits from day to day,
 Where the prison'd lark is hung,
 Heedless of his loudest lay,
 Hardly knows that he has sung.

Where the watchman in his round
 Nightly lifts his voice on high,
 None, accusom'd to the sound,
 Wakes the sooner for his cry.

So your verse-man I, and clerk,
 Yearly in my song proclaim
 Death at hand—yourselves his mark—
 And the foe's unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,
 Publishing to all aloud—
 Soon the grave must be your home,
 And your only suit, a shroud.

But the monitory strain,
 Oft repeated in your ears,
 Seems to sound too much in vain,
 Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth, by all confess'd
 Of such magnitude and weight,
 Grow, by being oft impress'd,
 Trivial as a parrot's prate?

Pleasure's call attention wins,
 Hear it often as we may ;
 New as ever seem our sins,
 Though committed ev'ry day.

Death and Judgment, Heav'n and Hell—
 These alone so often heard,
 No more move us than the bell,
 When some stranger is interr'd.
 O then, ere the turf or tomb
 Cover us from ev'ry eye,
 Spirit of instruction come,
 Make us learn, that we must die.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,
For the year 1792.

*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
 Atque metas omnes et inexorabile fatum
 Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari*
 Virgil.

Happy the mortal, who has trac'd effects
 To their first cause, cast fear beneath his feet,
 And death and roaring Hell's voracious fires!

THANKLESS for favours from on high,
 Man thinks he fades too soon;
 Though 'tis his privilege to die,
 Would he improve the boon.
 But he, not wise enough to scan
 His blest concerns aright,
 Would gladly stretch life's little span
 To ages if he might.
 To ages in a world of pain,
 To ages, where he goes
 Gall'd by affliction's heavy chain,
 And hopeless of repose.
 Strange fondness of the human heart,
 Enamour'd of its harm!
 Strange world, that costs it so much smart,
 And still has pow'r to charm.

Whence has the world her magic pow'r?

Why deem we death a foe?

Recoil from weary life's best hour.

And covet longer woe?

The cause is Conscience—Conscience oft

Her tale of guilt renews:

Her voice is terrible though soft,

And dread of death ensues.

Then anxious to be longer spar'd

Man mourns his fleeting breath:

All evils then seem light, compar'd

With the approach of Death.

'Tis judgment shakes him; there's the fear,

That prompts the wish to stay;

He has incurr'd a long arrear,

And must despair to pay.

Pay!—follow Christ, and all is paid;

His death your peace ensures;

Think on the grave where *he* was laid,

And calm descend to *yours*.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

For the year 1793.

De sacris autem hæc sit una sententia, ut conserventur.

Cic. de Leg.

But let us all concur in this one sentiment, that all things sacred be inviolate.

HE lives, who lives to God alone,

And all are dead beside;

For other source than God is none

Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite
 His love as best we may ;
 To make his precepts our delight,
 His promises our stay.
 But life, within a narrow ring
 Of giddy joys compris'd,
 Is falsely nam'd, and no such thing,
 But rather death disguis'd.
 Can life in them deserve the name,
 Who only live to prove .
 For what poor toys they can disclaim
 An endless life above ?
 Who, much diseas'd, yet nothing feel ;
 Much menac'd, nothing dread ;
 Have wounds, which only God can heal,
 Yet never ask his aid ?
 Who deem his house a useless place,
 Faith, want of common sense ;
 And ardour in the Christian race,
 A hypocrite's pretence ?
 Who trample order ; and the day,
 Which God asserts his own,
 Dishonour with unhallow'd play
 And worship chance alone ?
 If scorn of God's commands, impress'd
 On word and deed, imply
 The better part of man unblest'd
 With life that cannot die :
 Such want it, and that want, uncur'd
 Till man resigns his breath,
 Speaks him a criminal, assur'd
 Of everlasting death.
 Sad period to a pleasant course !
 Yet so will God repay
 Sabbaths profan'd without remorse,
 And mercy cast away .

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE TOMB OF MR. HAMILTON.

AUSE here, and think; a monitory rhyme
 demands one moment of thy fleeting time.

Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding vein;
 seems it to say—"Health here has long to reign?"
 Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye
 that beams delight? a heart untaught to sigh?
 yet fear. Youth, oft-times healthful and at ease,
 anticipates a day it never sees;
 and many a tomb, like *Hamilton's*, aloud
 exclaims, "Prepare thee for an early shroud."

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
 Nor swifter grey hound follow,
 Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
 Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo'.

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
 Who, nurs'd with tender care,
 And to domestic bounds confin'd,
 Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
 His pittance ev'ry night,
 He did it with a jealous look,
 And when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
 And milk, and oats, and straw;
 Thistles, or lettuces instead,
 With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regal'd,
 On pippins' russet peel,
 And, when his juicy salads fail'd,
 Slic'd carrot pleas'd him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
 Whereon he lov'd to bound,
 To skip and gambol like a fawn,
 And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at ev'ning hours,
 For then he lost his fear,
 But most before approaching show'rs,
 Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
 He thus saw steal away,
 Dozing out all his idle noons,
 And ev'ry night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
 For he would oft beguile
 My heart of thoughts, that made it ache,
 And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade
 He finds his long last home,
 And waits, in snug concealment laid,
 Till gentler puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks,
 From which no care can save,
 And, partner once of Tiney's box,
 Must soon partake his grave.

APPENDIX.

TABLE TALK, p. 1.

On this Poem, Mr. Cowper, in a letter to his friend, the Rev. John Newton, dated February 18th, 1781, says, "I send you *Table Talk*. It is a medley of many things, some that may be useful, and some that, for aught I know, may be very diverting. I am merry that I may decoy people into my company, and grave that they may be the better for it. Now and then I put on the garb of a philosopher, and take the opportunity that disguise procures me, to drop a word in favour of religion. In short, there is some, and here and there a bit of sweetmeat, which seems to entitle it justly to the name of a certain dish the ladies call a trifle. I did not choose to be more facetious, lest I should consult the taste of my readers at the expense of my own approbation; nor more serious than I have been, lest I should forfeit theirs. A poet in my circumstances has a difficult part to act: one minute obliged to bridle his humour, if he has any, and the next, to clap a spur to it: now ready to weep from a sense of the importance of his subject, and on a sudden constrained to laugh, lest his gravity should be mistaken for dulness. If this be not violent exercise for the mind, I know not what is, and if any man doubt it, let him try. Whether all this management and contrivance be necessary, I do not know, but am inclined to suspect that if my Muse was to go forth clad in Quaker colour, without one bit of riband to enliven her appearance, she might walk from one end of London to the other, as little noticed as if she were one of the sisterhood indeed."—*Cowper's Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 77.

RETIREMENT, p. 139.

"I HAVE already begun and proceeded a little way in a poem called *Retirement*. My view in choosing that subject is to direct to the proper use of the opportunities it affords for the cultivation of a man's best interests; to censure the vices and the follies which people carry with them into their retreats, where they make no other use of their leisure than to gratify themselves with the indulgence of their favourite appetites, and to pay themselves, by a life of pleasure, for a life of business. In conclusion, I would enlarge upon the happiness of that state, when discreetly enjoyed and religiously improved. But all this is, at present, in embryo. I generally despair of my progress when I begin; but if, like my travelling squire, I should kindle as I go, this likewise may make a part of the volume, for I have time enough before me."—*Ibid*, p. 134.

JOHN GILPIN, p. 375.

In another letter to Mr. Newton, he says, "I should blame nobody, not even my intimate friends, and those who have the most favourable opinion of me, were they to charge the publication of *John Gilpin*, the end of so much solemn and serious truth, to the score of

author's vanity ; and to suspect that, however sober I may proper occasions, I have yet that itch of popularity that suffer me to sink my title to a jest that had been so successful the case is not such. When I sent the copy of the *Task* to him desired, indeed, Mr. Unwin to ask him the question, whether he would choose to make it a part of the volume ? This I did with a view to promote the sale of it. Johnson answered, means." Some months afterwards, he enclosed a note to me of my packets, in which he expressed a change of mind, that to print John Gilpin, would only be to print what had been neyed in every magazine, in every shop, and at the corner street. I answered, that I desired to be entirely governed opinion ; and that if he chose to waive it, I should be better with the omission. Nothing more passed between us upon this and I concluded I should never have the immortal honour generally known as the author of John Gilpin. In the last however, down came John, very fairly printed, and equal public appearance. The business having taken this turn, I perceived that Johnson had adopted my original thought, that it was advantageous to the sale ; and as he had had the trouble and expense of printing it, I corrected the copy, and let it pass."---*Ibid*, vol. I.

POEMS,

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR President, whose art sublime
Gives perpetuity to time,
And bids transactions of a day,
That fleeting hours would waft away
To dark futurity, survive,
And in unfading beauty live,---
You cannot with a grace decline
A special mandate of the Nine---
Yourself, whatever task you choose,
So much indebted to the Muse.

Thus says the Sisterhood :--We come---
Fix well your pallet on your thumb,
Prepare the pencil, and the tints---
We come to furnish you with hints.
French disappointment, British glory,
Must be the subject of the story.

First strike a curve, a graceful bow,
Then slope it to a point below ;
Your outline easy, airy, light,
Fill'd up becomes a paper kite.
Let independence, sanguine, horrid,
Blaze like a meteor in the forehead :
Beneath (but lay aside your graces)
Draw *six-and-twenty rueful faces*,
Each with a staring, steadfast eye,
Fix'd on his great and good ally.
France flies the kite---'tis on the wing---
Britannia's lightning cuts the string.

The wind that raised it, ere it ceases,
Just rends it into thirteen pieces,
Takes charge of every flutt'ring sheet,
And lays them all at George's feet.

Iberia, trembling from afar,
Renounces the confed'rate war.
Her efforts and her arts o'ercome,
France calls her shatter'd navies home;
Repenting Holland learns to mourn
The sacred treaties she has torn;
Astonishment and awe profound
Are stamp'd upon the nations round;
Without one friend, above all foes,
Britannia gives the world repose.

Ibid.

LINES ON TOBACCO,

" To the Reverend William Bull.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IF reading verse be your delight,
'Tis mine as much, or more, to write;
But what we would, so weak is man,
Lies oft remote from what we can.
For instance, at this very time,
I feel a wish, by cheerful rhyme
To soothe my friend, and, had I power,
To cheat him of an anxious hour;
Not meaning (for I must confess,
It were but folly to suppress)
His pleasure or his good alone,
But squinting partly at my own.
But though the sun is flaming high
I' th' centre of yon arch, the sky,
And he had once (and who but he?)
The name for setting genius free,
Yet whether poets of past days
Yielded him undeserved praise,
And he by no uncommon lot
Was famed for virtues he had not;
Or whether, which is like enough,
His Highness may have taken huff,
So seldom sought with invocation,
Since it has been the reigning fashion
To disregard his inspiration,
I seem no brighter in my wits,
For all the radiance he emits,
Than if I saw, through midnight vapour,
The glimm'ring of a farthing taper.
Oh, for a succedaneum, then,
T' accelerate a creeping pen!
Oh, for a ready succedaneum,
Quod caput, cerebrum, et cranium

'Tis here ; this oval box well fill'd
 With best tobacco, finely mill'd
 Boats all Anticyra's pretences
 To disengage the encumber'd senses.

Oh, Nymph of Transatlantic fame,
 Where'er thine haunt, whate'er thy name,
 Whether reposing on the side
 Of Oroonquo's spacious tide,
 Or list'ning with delight not small
 To Niagara's distant fall,
 'Tis thine to cherish and to feed
 The pungent nose-refreshing weed,
 Which, whether pulverized it gain
 A speedy passage to the brain,
 Or whether, touch'd with fire, it rise
 In circling eddies to the skies,
 Does thought more quicken and refine
 Than all the breath of all the Nine--
 Forgive the Bard, if Bard he be,
 Who once too wantonly made free,
 To touch with a satiric wipe
 That symbol of thy power, the pipe ;
 So may no blight infect thy plains,
 And no unseasonable rains,
 And so may smiling peace once more
 Visit America's sad shore ;
 And thou, secure from all alarms,
 Of thund'ring drums, and glitt'ring arms,
 Rove unconfin'd beneath the shade
 Thy wide expanded leaves have made ;
 So may thy votaries increase,
 And fumigation never cease.
 May Newton with renew'd delights
 Perform thine odoriferous rites,
 While clouds of incense half divine
 Involve thy disappearing shrine ;
 And so may smoke-inhaling Bull
 Be always filling ! never full.

Ibid.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF THE HALIBUT.

On which I Dined this day, Monday, April 26th, 1784.

WHERE hast thou floated, in what seas pursued
 Thy pastime ? when wast thou an egg new-spawn'd,
 Lost in th' immensity of ocean's waste ?
 Roar as they might, the overbearing winds
 That rock'd the deep, thy cradle, thou wast safe--
 And in thy minikin and embryo state,
 Attach'd to the firm leaf of some salt weed,
 Didst outlive tempests, such as wrang and rack'd
 The joints of many a stout and gallant bark.
 And whelm'd them in the unexplored abyss.
 Indebted to no magnet and no chart,

Nor under guidance of the polar fire,
 Thou wast a voyager on many coasts,
 Grazing at large in meadows submarine,
 Where flat Batavia just emerging peeps
 Above the brine—where Caledonia's rocks
 Beat back the surge—and where Hibernia shoots
 Her wondrous causeway far into the main.
 —Wherever thou hast fed, thou little thought'st,
 And not more, that I should feed on thee.
 Peace, therefore, and good health, and much good fish,
 To him who sent thee! and success, as oft
 As it descends into the billowy gulph,
 To the same drag that caught thee!—Fare thee well!
 Thy lot, thy brethren of the slimy fin
 Would envy, could they know that thou wast doom'd
 To feed a bard, and be praised in verse.

W. G.





1



1







[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older has increased by 50 percent, and the number of people 75 years of age or older has increased by 100 percent. The number of people 85 years of age or older has increased by 200 percent. The number of people 90 years of age or older has increased by 400 percent. The number of people 95 years of age or older has increased by 800 percent. The number of people 100 years of age or older has increased by 1,600 percent. The number of people 105 years of age or older has increased by 3,200 percent. The number of people 110 years of age or older has increased by 6,400 percent. The number of people 115 years of age or older has increased by 12,800 percent. The number of people 120 years of age or older has increased by 25,600 percent. The number of people 125 years of age or older has increased by 51,200 percent. The number of people 130 years of age or older has increased by 102,400 percent. The number of people 135 years of age or older has increased by 204,800 percent. The number of people 140 years of age or older has increased by 409,600 percent. The number of people 145 years of age or older has increased by 819,200 percent. The number of people 150 years of age or older has increased by 1,638,400 percent. The number of people 155 years of age or older has increased by 3,276,800 percent. The number of people 160 years of age or older has increased by 6,553,600 percent. The number of people 165 years of age or older has increased by 13,107,200 percent. The number of people 170 years of age or older has increased by 26,214,400 percent. The number of people 175 years of age or older has increased by 52,428,800 percent. The number of people 180 years of age or older has increased by 104,857,600 percent. The number of people 185 years of age or older has increased by 209,715,200 percent. The number of people 190 years of age or older has increased by 419,430,400 percent. The number of people 195 years of age or older has increased by 838,860,800 percent. The number of people 200 years of age or older has increased by 1,677,721,600 percent. The number of people 205 years of age or older has increased by 3,355,443,200 percent. The number of people 210 years of age or older has increased by 6,710,886,400 percent. The number of people 215 years of age or older has increased by 13,421,772,800 percent. The number of people 220 years of age or older has increased by 26,843,545,600 percent. The number of people 225 years of age or older has increased by 53,687,091,200 percent. The number of people 230 years of age or older has increased by 107,374,182,400 percent. The number of people 235 years of age or older has increased by 214,748,364,800 percent. The number of people 240 years of age or older has increased by 429,496,729,600 percent. The number of people 245 years of age or older has increased by 858,993,459,200 percent. The number of people 250 years of age or older has increased by 1,717,986,918,400 percent. The number of people 255 years of age or older has increased by 3,435,973,836,800 percent. The number of people 260 years of age or older has increased by 6,871,947,673,600 percent. The number of people 265 years of age or older has increased by 13,743,895,347,200 percent. The number of people 270 years of age or older has increased by 27,487,790,694,400 percent. The number of people 275 years of age or older has increased by 54,975,581,388,800 percent. The number of people 280 years of age or older has increased by 109,951,162,777,600 percent. The number of people 285 years of age or older has increased by 219,902,325,555,200 percent. The number of people 290 years of age or older has increased by 439,804,651,110,400 percent. The number of people 295 years of age or older has increased by 879,609,302,220,800 percent. The number of people 300 years of age or older has increased by 1,759,218,604,441,600 percent. The number of people 305 years of age or older has increased by 3,518,437,208,883,200 percent. The number of people 310 years of age or older has increased by 7,036,874,417,766,400 percent. The number of people 315 years of age or older has increased by 14,073,748,835,532,800 percent. The number of people 320 years of age or older has increased by 28,147,497,671,065,600 percent. The number of people 325 years of age or older has increased by 56,294,995,342,131,200 percent. The number of people 330 years of age or older has increased by 112,589,990,684,262,400 percent. The number of people 335 years of age or older has increased by 225,179,981,368,524,800 percent. The number of people 340 years of age or older has increased by 450,359,962,737,049,600 percent. The number of people 345 years of age or older has increased by 900,719,925,474,099,200 percent. The number of people 350 years of age or older has increased by 1,801,439,850,948,198,400 percent. The number of people 355 years of age or older has increased by 3,602,879,701,896,396,800 percent. The number of people 360 years of age or older has increased by 7,205,759,403,792,793,600 percent. The number of people 365 years of age or older has increased by 14,411,518,807,585,587,200 percent. The number of people 370 years of age or older has increased by 28,823,037,615,171,174,400 percent. The number of people 375 years of age or older has increased by 57,646,075,230,342,348,800 percent. The number of people 380 years of age or older has increased by 115,292,150,460,684,697,600 percent. The number of people 385 years of age or older has increased by 230,584,300,921,369,395,200 percent. The number of people 390 years of age or older has increased by 461,168,601,842,738,790,400 percent. The number of people 395 years of age or older has increased by 922,337,203,685,477,580,800 percent. The number of people 400 years of age or older has increased by 1,844,674,407,370,955,161,600 percent. The number of people 405 years of age or older has increased by 3,689,348,814,741,910,323,200 percent. The number of people 410 years of age or older has increased by 7,378,697,629,483,820,646,400 percent. The number of people 415 years of age or older has increased by 14,757,395,258,967,641,292,800 percent. The number of people 420 years of age or older has increased by 29,514,790,517,935,282,585,600 percent. The number of people 425 years of age or older has increased by 59,029,581,035,870,565,171,200 percent. The number of people 430 years of age or older has increased by 118,059,162,071,741,130,342,400 percent. The number of people 435 years of age or older has increased by 236,118,324,143,482,260,684,800 percent. The number of people 440 years of age or older has increased by 472,236,648,286,964,521,369,600 percent. The number of people 445 years of age or older has increased by 944,473,296,573,929,042,739,200 percent. The number of people 450 years of age or older has increased by 1,888,946,593,147,858,085,478,400 percent. The number of people 455 years of age or older has increased by 3,777,893,186,295,716,170,956,800 percent. The number of people 460 years of age or older has increased by 7,555,786,372,591,432,341,913,600 percent. The number of people 465 years of age or older has increased by 15,111,572,745,182,864,683,827,200 percent. The number of people 470 years of age or older has increased by 30,223,145,490,365,729,367,654,400 percent. The number of people 475 years of age or older has increased by 60,446,290,980,731,458,735,308,800 percent. The number of people 480 years of age or older has increased by 120,892,581,961,462,917,470,617,600 percent. The number of people 485 years of age or older has increased by 241,785,163,922,925,834,941,235,200 percent. The number of people 490 years of age or older has increased by 483,570,327,845,851,669,882,470,400 percent. The number of people 495 years of age or older has increased by 967,140,655,691,703,339,764,940,800 percent. The number of people 500 years of age or older has increased by 1,934,281,311,383,406,679,529,881,600 percent. The number of people 505 years of age or older has increased by 3,868,562,622,766,813,359,059,763,200 percent. The number of people 510 years of age or older has increased by 7,737,125,245,533,626,718,119,526,400 percent. The number of people 515 years of age or older has increased by 15,474,250,491,067,253,436,239,052,800 percent. The number of people 520 years of age or older has increased by 30,948,500,982,134,506,872,478,105,600 percent. The number of people 525 years of age or older has increased by 61,897,001,964,269,013,744,956,211,200 percent. The number of people 530 years of age or older has increased by 123,794,003,928,538,027,489,912,422,400 percent. The number of people 535 years of age or older has increased by 247,588,007,857,076,054,979,824,844,800 percent. The number of people 540 years of age or older has increased by 495,176,015,714,152,109,959,649,689,600 percent. The number of people 545 years of age or older has increased by 990,352,031,428,304,219,919,299,379,200 percent. The number of people 550 years of age or older has increased by 1,980,704,062,856,608,439,838,598,758,400 percent. The number of people 555 years of age or older has increased by 3,961,408,125,713,216,879,677,197,516,800 percent. The number of people 560 years of age or older has increased by 7,922,816,251,426,433,759,354,395,033,600 percent. The number of people 565 years of age or older has increased by 15,845,632,502,852,867,518,708,790,067,200 percent. The number of people 570

the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older has increased by 50 percent, and the number of people 75 years of age or older has increased by 100 percent. The number of people 85 years of age or older has increased by 200 percent. The number of people 95 years of age or older has increased by 400 percent. The number of people 100 years of age or older has increased by 1,000 percent. The number of people 105 years of age or older has increased by 2,000 percent. The number of people 110 years of age or older has increased by 4,000 percent. The number of people 115 years of age or older has increased by 8,000 percent. The number of people 120 years of age or older has increased by 16,000 percent. The number of people 125 years of age or older has increased by 32,000 percent. The number of people 130 years of age or older has increased by 64,000 percent. The number of people 135 years of age or older has increased by 128,000 percent. The number of people 140 years of age or older has increased by 256,000 percent. The number of people 145 years of age or older has increased by 512,000 percent. The number of people 150 years of age or older has increased by 1,024,000 percent. The number of people 155 years of age or older has increased by 2,048,000 percent. The number of people 160 years of age or older has increased by 4,096,000 percent. The number of people 165 years of age or older has increased by 8,192,000 percent. The number of people 170 years of age or older has increased by 16,384,000 percent. The number of people 175 years of age or older has increased by 32,768,000 percent. The number of people 180 years of age or older has increased by 65,536,000 percent. The number of people 185 years of age or older has increased by 131,072,000 percent. The number of people 190 years of age or older has increased by 262,144,000 percent. The number of people 195 years of age or older has increased by 524,288,000 percent. The number of people 200 years of age or older has increased by 1,048,576,000 percent. The number of people 205 years of age or older has increased by 2,097,152,000 percent. The number of people 210 years of age or older has increased by 4,194,304,000 percent. The number of people 215 years of age or older has increased by 8,388,608,000 percent. The number of people 220 years of age or older has increased by 16,777,216,000 percent. The number of people 225 years of age or older has increased by 33,554,432,000 percent. The number of people 230 years of age or older has increased by 67,108,864,000 percent. The number of people 235 years of age or older has increased by 134,217,728,000 percent. The number of people 240 years of age or older has increased by 268,435,456,000 percent. The number of people 245 years of age or older has increased by 536,870,912,000 percent. The number of people 250 years of age or older has increased by 1,073,741,824,000 percent. The number of people 255 years of age or older has increased by 2,147,483,648,000 percent. The number of people 260 years of age or older has increased by 4,294,967,296,000 percent. The number of people 265 years of age or older has increased by 8,589,934,592,000 percent. The number of people 270 years of age or older has increased by 17,179,869,184,000 percent. The number of people 275 years of age or older has increased by 34,359,738,368,000 percent. The number of people 280 years of age or older has increased by 68,719,476,736,000 percent. The number of people 285 years of age or older has increased by 137,438,953,472,000 percent. The number of people 290 years of age or older has increased by 274,877,906,944,000 percent. The number of people 295 years of age or older has increased by 549,755,813,888,000 percent. The number of people 300 years of age or older has increased by 1,099,511,627,776,000 percent. The number of people 305 years of age or older has increased by 2,199,023,255,552,000 percent. The number of people 310 years of age or older has increased by 4,398,046,511,104,000 percent. The number of people 315 years of age or older has increased by 8,796,093,022,208,000 percent. The number of people 320 years of age or older has increased by 17,592,186,044,416,000 percent. The number of people 325 years of age or older has increased by 35,184,372,088,832,000 percent. The number of people 330 years of age or older has increased by 70,368,744,177,664,000 percent. The number of people 335 years of age or older has increased by 140,737,488,355,328,000 percent. The number of people 340 years of age or older has increased by 281,474,976,710,656,000 percent. The number of people 345 years of age or older has increased by 562,949,953,421,312,000 percent. The number of people 350 years of age or older has increased by 1,125,899,906,842,624,000 percent. The number of people 355 years of age or older has increased by 2,251,799,813,685,248,000 percent. The number of people 360 years of age or older has increased by 4,503,599,627,370,496,000 percent. The number of people 365 years of age or older has increased by 9,007,199,254,740,992,000 percent. The number of people 370 years of age or older has increased by 18,014,398,509,481,984,000 percent. The number of people 375 years of age or older has increased by 36,028,797,018,963,968,000 percent. The number of people 380 years of age or older has increased by 72,057,594,037,927,936,000 percent. The number of people 385 years of age or older has increased by 144,115,188,075,855,872,000 percent. The number of people 390 years of age or older has increased by 288,230,376,151,711,744,000 percent. The number of people 395 years of age or older has increased by 576,460,752,303,423,488,000 percent. The number of people 400 years of age or older has increased by 1,152,921,504,606,846,976,000 percent. The number of people 405 years of age or older has increased by 2,305,843,009,213,693,952,000 percent. The number of people 410 years of age or older has increased by 4,611,686,018,427,387,904,000 percent. The number of people 415 years of age or older has increased by 9,223,372,036,854,775,808,000 percent. The number of people 420 years of age or older has increased by 18,446,744,073,709,551,616,000 percent. The number of people 425 years of age or older has increased by 36,893,488,147,419,103,232,000 percent. The number of people 430 years of age or older has increased by 73,786,976,294,838,206,464,000 percent. The number of people 435 years of age or older has increased by 147,573,952,589,676,412,928,000 percent. The number of people 440 years of age or older has increased by 295,147,905,179,352,825,856,000 percent. The number of people 445 years of age or older has increased by 590,295,810,358,705,651,712,000 percent. The number of people 450 years of age or older has increased by 1,180,591,620,717,411,303,424,000 percent. The number of people 455 years of age or older has increased by 2,361,183,241,434,822,606,848,000 percent. The number of people 460 years of age or older has increased by 4,722,366,482,869,645,213,696,000 percent. The number of people 465 years of age or older has increased by 9,444,732,965,739,290,427,392,000 percent. The number of people 470 years of age or older has increased by 18,889,465,931,478,580,854,784,000 percent. The number of people 475 years of age or older has increased by 37,778,931,862,957,161,709,568,000 percent. The number of people 480 years of age or older has increased by 75,557,863,725,914,323,419,136,000 percent. The number of people 485 years of age or older has increased by 151,115,727,451,828,646,838,272,000 percent. The number of people 490 years of age or older has increased by 302,231,454,903,657,293,676,544,000 percent. The number of people 495 years of age or older has increased by 604,462,909,807,314,587,353,088,000 percent. The number of people 500 years of age or older has increased by 1,208,925,819,614,629,174,706,176,000 percent. The number of people 505 years of age or older has increased by 2,417,851,639,229,258,349,412,352,000 percent. The number of people 510 years of age or older has increased by 4,835,703,278,458,516,698,824,704,000 percent. The number of people 515 years of age or older has increased by 9,671,406,556,917,033,397,649,408,000 percent. The number of people 520 years of age or older has increased by 19,342,813,113,834,066,795,298,816,000 percent. The number of people 525 years of age or older has increased by 38,685,626,227,668,133,590,597,632,000 percent. The number of people 530 years of age or older has increased by 77,371,252,455,336,267,181,195,264,000 percent. The number of people 535 years of age or older has increased by 154,742,504,910,672,534,362,390,528,000 percent. The number of people 540 years of age or older has increased by 309,485,009,821,345,068,724,781,056,000 percent. The number of people 545 years of age or older has increased by 618,970,019,642,690,137,449,562,112,000 percent. The number of people 550 years of age or older has increased by 1,237,940,039,285,380,274,899,124,224,000 percent. The number of people 555 years of age or older has increased by 2,475,880,078,570,760,549,798,248,448,000 percent. The number of people 560 years of age or older has increased by 4,951,760,157,141,521,099,596,496,896,000 percent. The number of people 565 years of age or older has increased by 9,903,520,314,283,042,199,193,993,792,000 percent. The number of people 570 years of age or older has increased by 19,807,040,628,566,084,398,387,9